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MY MEMOIRS

Princess Caroline Murat.

MY MEMOIRS

BY

THE PRINCESS CAROLINE MURAT

LONDON

EVELEIGH NASH

FAWSIDE HOUSE

1910

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INTRODUCTION

Amid the throng of Memoirs of the Second Empire there would appear to be little room for yet another to find place. Every phase of the period, both personal and political, has already been so fully discussed and dealt with, that there remain few events, and fewer anecdotes, that have not been garnered into the literary granaries. But I judge that the present volume offers especial claims to attention in the circumstance that it is the autobiography of an actual member of the Imperial family, who lived and moved among the activities and gaieties of the Court of Napoleon III, and who enjoyed unexampled opportunities of observation at first hand.

Princess Caroline had not thought of writing her memoirs until I suggested to her that her intimate souvenirs would be interesting to English readers. We were sitting together at her fireside one winter evening. She was in a reminiscent mood. She spoke of her childhood in America, of her girlish joy when, the ban of exile being removed by the fall of Louis Philippe, her family were permitted to return to France. She gave

me her first impressions of Paris—so different from the Paris of which she had dreamed—of Louis Napoleon, of the Duke de Morny; and told many stories of the habitués of the Court at the Tuileries, Compiègne, and Fontainebleau. Her personal recollections of the salon of her aunt Princess Mathilde, and of the men and women of letters and art with whom she had daily associated at the Rue de Courcelles, were especially interesting to me. She spoke of the audacities of Princess de Metternich, the extravagances of Countess de Castiglione. She discussed the mysterious murder of her handsome young relative Count Camerata, expressed her candid opinion of the Empress Eugénie, vividly recalled the disasters of the war, the flight from Paris, her years of exile in England, and dwelt with a note of sadness on the death of the Emperor, and the sacrifice of Imperial hopes in the tragic fate of the Prince Imperial.

"Princess," I said, "you ought really to write your memoirs."

The suggestion surprised her. It had never occurred to her that she possessed information which had not already been made public by the scores of irresponsible gossips who had been prying into the secrets of the Court and mingling their imperfectly ascertained facts with clumsily invented fictions. She objected that she had had no literary training, that she had kept no diary, no notes, that she could not pretend to a know-

ledge of politics. All that she could do would be to set down her personal souvenirs, perhaps very crudely, and in exceedingly ungrammatical English. The attempt would at least afford her an agreeable occupation in the seclusion of her country home in Suffolk.

In the spring of 1902, the Princess was engaged upon the work. She wrote to me occasionally to supply a date, a forgotten name, or to ask advice. She had no access to books or documentary records by which to verify her recollections. In July of the same year, she invited me to Redisham to review the results of her literary labours. My visit was interrupted by her illness. She took to her bed on the 13th of the month. She always had a superstitious fear of the number 13. In this, as in so many instances connected with her family, there was a fatal association. After a ten days' illness, Princess Caroline passed away on the 23rd of July, 1902.

These Memoirs now appear in the condition in which their author left them, unembellished and fragmentary. Had Princess Caroline lived to fulfil her intentions, she would have expanded and elaborated certain sections of the book. I am not sure that she would not have re-written it entirely. She particularly wished to revise the chapter referring to the literary receptions at the Rue de Courcelles, and one would have been glad to have the fuller details which she could have

given. Apart from the hostess herself, no one was better equipped than Princess Caroline to write an account of that incomparable assemblage of all that was best and brightest in the intellect of the Second Empire.

It is probable that had the Princess lived to see her work in the printer's proofs, she would have omitted, or at least softened, many comments and criticisms on eminent persons which in the rush of spontaneous writing she had set down. Some of them appear unduly harsh and even a little unkind. One can understand, and perhaps condone, her prejudices against England and the English. She was aware that they had little justification, and that her insistence upon the point was unnecessary. But she had the courage of her opinions regarding individuals, and bitter though her statements concerning the Empress Eugénie sometimes are, I doubt if she would willingly have withdrawn or qualified any of them.

In preparing her manuscript for the press, I have taken no liberties beyond making a few literal corrections and adding some translations from her own notes. I believe Princess Caroline wished me to do more than this ; but to alter her phrasing or smooth down her convictions would have been to rob the book of its character as an autobiography, and I have preferred to leave it as it is.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

London, 1910.

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MY MEMOIRS

CHAPTER I

ANTECEDENTS

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SHALL I write my memoirs? Many times has this question arisen in my mind. I have hesitated for two reasons. First, I have never studied the English language. All the teaching I ever had, ended with my nursery days. Secondly, I fear I might fail to make my life, eventful though it has been, sufficiently interesting to attract and captivate the attention of my readers. Nevertheless, I have decided to make a venture.

It is a matter of history that in the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, Joachim Murat took a leading part and stood by Napoleon in that crisis of his life when, entering the Council of the

Five Hundred at St. Cloud, he was received with the cry "Down with the tyrant." Murat's answer was, "Charge!—Bayonets!" and the battalion of soldiers under him, with firm step and levelled pieces, marched into the hall and dissolved the Assembly. Not long afterwards, Murat being at the time thirty-three years old, the Emperor gave him his youngest sister, Caroline Bonaparte, in marriage. A fortnight after his marriage he accompanied Napoleon across the St. Bernard into Italy. At Marengo he commanded the cavalry. The Emperor later lavished favours on his favourite brother-in-law, who became Grand Admiral, Prince of the Empire, Grand Duke de Berg and Cleves, and finally King of Naples.

I have read that my grandfather's three distinguishing characteristics were high chivalric courage, great skill as a general, and almost unparalleled coolness in the hour of peril. His form was tall, his tread like that of a king, his face strikingly noble, while his piercing glance few men could bear. He had heavy black whiskers and long black locks, which contrasted singularly with his fiery blue eyes. He usually wore a three-cornered hat, with a magnificent white plume of ostrich feathers. This plume, with many other relics, is now in the possession of my eldest brother, Prince Murat.

My grandfather's dazzling exterior made him

a mark for the enemy's bullets. The wonder is that, being so conspicuous, he was never shot down and was rarely wounded. At one battle a bullet grazed his cheek. Like lightning his sword punished the offender by carrying away two of his fingers. I have read that at the battle of Aboukir he charged with his cavalry straight through the Turkish ranks, driving column after column into the sea.

The affection of a single man could conquer him whom the enemy seemed unable to overcome. His own life was nothing, but the life of a friend was surpassingly dear to him. At one time during the Russian campaign he stood calmly waiting the ball that might shatter him, when, casting his eye round, he saw General Belliard still by his side, notwithstanding he had ordered his guard to leave him. The King asked the general why he did not withdraw. "Every man is master of his own life," was the reply, "and as your Majesty seems determined to dispose of yours, I must stand or fall beside you." The generous heart of the King was touched by the love and fidelity of the brave general. Turning his horse, he galloped out of the fire. The King's determination to remain arose from a dispute between the Emperor and himself, Napoleon being vexed at the opinion boldly expressed by Murat that a march to Moscow would be the destruction of the army.

There was a striking contrast between the Emperor Napoleon and his brother-in-law, King Joachim of Naples, as they rode side by side along the lines before a battle. The Emperor, with his short square figure, his plain three-cornered hat, leather breeches, and the ever famous *redingote grise*, was certainly a counter-foil to the tall imposing figure and magnificent array of the King, whose towering white plume was seen leading the way for the thousands that struggled behind him. The Emperor once said, "Murat is the bravest man in the world," and many times he was seen to watch the white plume as it charged like a beam of light, as though the plume were the star of his destiny.

I remember hearing that at some battle, perhaps Aboukir, when watching thus, the Emperor saw Murat in the hottest of the fight: he was almost alone in the centre of the Turkish cavalry for a while. The battle thickened where the white plume stooped and rose as the charger reared and plunged amid the sabre strokes that fell on every side. Then a single rider burst from the crowd, his sword red and dripping to the hilt. His steed, staggering under him, seemed ready to fall, but he, with a shout which those around him never forgot to their last day, turned his horse on the foe, and, followed by a body of his own cavalry, trampled down all that stopped his way.

In 1807, in mid-winter and in a piercing snow-storm, perhaps the most important, and certainly the most bloody battle was fought, I mean the battle of Eylau. During this strange fight, seeing a knot of Russian soldiers who for some time had kept up a fierce fire on his men, Murat galloped his horse towards their levelled muskets. A few of his guards followed. Without waiting to count his foes, he seized the bridle in his teeth, and with a pistol in one hand and his drawn sword in the other burst in headlong fury on them and cleared the way as if swept by a hurricane.

My grandfather loved the Emperor with supreme devotion. The treaty of Austria caused their first, I may say their only, estrangement, and this was the reason of the King's absence from Waterloo. It was during the heat of that battle that the Emperor exclaimed, "Ah! had I my faithful Murat with me, the day would not be lost!"

I must relate two anecdotes which my grandmother was wont to tell. One relates to the sad event of the death of the Duc d'Enghien—the one stain, to my mind, on the glorious career of the greatest military genius that ever lived. It was nine o'clock in the morning when General Macdonald, coming into the room of King Joachim, told him the Duc d'Enghien had been secretly put to death in his prison. My grand-

father jumped from his bed in a passion of pain and anger, and seizing a valuable Sèvres vase on his table threw it violently to the floor, saying, "'Tis treachery! I had the Emperor's word."

The second anecdote is this: in 1804 Georges Cadoudal, one of the chiefs of Vendée, took a leading part with Pichegru in the plot, called the plot of the Infernal Machine, directed against the First Consul. Later on, when the Emperor offered Cadoudal his pardon, he refused to accept the token of clemency unless all those incriminated with him who acted under his orders were pardoned also. King Joachim happened to be present when Fouché, the Secretary of Police, communicated the decision of Cadoudal to the Emperor. Napoleon, turning to my grandfather, said, "What is your opinion?" "My advice, sire," returned Murat, "is, pardon all the band of brigands. Those Bretons will make splendid grenadiers. I will take Cadoudal for my aide-de-camp." The Emperor made no answer, but Fouché interposed, bringing forward some strong arguments that carried the day. The Emperor listened in silence, then, after some moments of deep thought, said hurriedly, "You are right, Fouché. Let justice have its course." Murat turned to Fouché, who could not repress a look of triumph, and casting at him the one word "Viper!" thundered out of the room, not choosing to see or return Fouché's obsequious bow.

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The King of Naples lost the battle of Tolentino, May 2, 1815. He gave up the command of his troops and retreated to Naples, arriving there on May 18, late in the evening. He was cheered by his people, as if he had returned victorious at the head of his army instead of a heart-broken monarch returning to bid adieu to Naples, his wife and children, and fly for his life. The Queen, who had used every persuasion to prevent this war with Austria, feeling a secret presentiment of evil, was full of reproaches and anger. So unkind were her words of greeting that the unhappy King exclaimed, "If you see me alive, madam, pray believe it is that I have sought death in vain!"

This was their last interview. In the middle of the night King Joachim left the palace secretly, accompanied by a few faithful friends. Thus, on horseback, with a small escort, he left his kingdom for ever, determined to join the Emperor Napoleon and offer his sword and his services once again to fight for France, remembering alas! too late that he was a Frenchman.

The King carried a large amount of money and a quantity of very valuable diamonds. These were sewn in the lining of his waistcoat and in a wide belt he wore. At a small place—I cannot remember the name—boats belonging to fishermen were hired, and the King and his party gained Ischia, and accepted for a night or two the

hospitality of a French merchant. Later on they took refuge on board the *Santa Caterina*, and landed at Cannes at the end of May.

It was from this place that the King sent a messenger with letters to the Emperor—who declined his services, saying that under existing circumstances it would be most imprudent to allow him to join the army, that he must wait and hope for better times.

It was also at Cannes that the news of the flight of the Queen reached King Joachim. His grief was increased by the fact that, putting herself and her children under the protection of the Austrians, she was escorted to Trieste under the Austrian flag, there to await the decision of King Ferdinand as to her future destination.

My father, Napoleon Lucien Charles Murat, was then eleven years old, having been born at Milan, May 16, 1803. He bore the title of Prince de Ponte Corvo. Often during my childhood his recollections led him back to those early years, and his voyage to Trieste on board the *Tremendous*.

The Duc d'Enghien was shot in the castle moat outside Vincennes, on the 31st of March, 1804. Many years later a similar fate awaited my grandfather, who was taken prisoner at Pizzo. Beaten at Tolentino, he lost in one day both his army and his throne. He fled to Corsica and thence to Pizzo, where, through the

treachery of a sea-captain, he was captured. The order came from Naples that he was to be court-martialled on the spot. One general, one colonel, two lieutenant-colonels, and two captains composed the commission chosen to judge a hero and a King. He refused to accept, or appear before, such a tribunal, and was therefore condemned without defence. On being asked if he had any request to make, he said he wished to have a bath prepared for him and perfumed with a bottle of eau-de-Cologne, and, as a last request, that his eyes should not be bandaged. Both wishes were granted, and, by order sent by King Ferdinand, twelve of his own soldiers were selected to shoot him. When the fatal hour came, seeing the emotion of his men, Murat said, "My friends, if you wish to spare me, aim at my heart." These were his last words. It was the *13th* of October, 1815.

Little wonder that the old superstition against the number 13 should be intensified with us, and it is strange that the letter *M* is the 13th letter of the alphabet. My mother was born and my father was buried on the 13th day of the month.

I have told you my family traditions: legends of glory with which my cradle was rocked, my childhood taught. They have grown up and grown old with me. Yet how imperfect they all seem to picture the brave soldier of *two hundred battles!*

CHAPTER II

IMPERIAL EXILES IN THE UNITED STATES

My birth and childhood in Bordentown—Point Breeze—King Joseph—Prince Joseph—The Bonapartes deficient in the musical sense—The d'Argaiz—General Bertrand—Billy Vanderbilt—Edwin Stevens—A Peach Dance—Hamilton Beckett—A Broken Engagement—"Aunt Becky"—Fanny Kemble—Mr. Townsend—The Connover Girls—Charlie Wentworth and his romantic story

My father, Prince Napoleon Lucien Charles, was in exile in the United States, and so it happened that I was born in America, on the borders of the Delaware. I came into the world with the last sigh of the old year, that is to say at midnight on the 31st December, 1833. Of course I have been told I was a most wonderful specimen of humanity. I seemed older than the usual run of babies. My hair being quite long, of a bright golden colour, at six weeks old, it was held back from my eyes by small combs. It was so extraordinary that a lock was cut and preserved by my mother and presented to me when I was fifteen. This lock of hair I still have.

I have said that my father was in exile. When

he was eleven years old his mother left Naples with her four children—two girls and two boys, and retired to the Château de Frohsdorff, taking the title of Comtesse de Lipona—Napoli transposed. There my father lived till he was joined by his uncle, the Emperor Napoleon's eldest brother, King Joseph of Spain, who on the fall of the First Empire had retired to the United States and taken a lovely place near Bordentown, New Jersey, where he lived for eleven years as Count de Survilliers. Joseph Bonaparte had already been in America in 1800, having been chosen by the First Consul as Plenipotentiary to the United States. After Waterloo he accompanied Napoleon to Rochfort, himself taking ship to New Jersey and becoming an American citizen. He returned to Europe in 1832. His wife, Marie Clary (1777–1845), daughter of a wealthy citizen of Marseilles, and sister-in-law of Bernadotte, King of Sweden, bore him two daughters. It was at Bordentown that I entered this sorry world, my father having in 1831 married a Miss Carolina Georgina Fraser, of Scotch origin, descending from the old family of Lovat. Her father was an officer in the British Army who, having served during the American Revolution, married a young Virginian and settled in South Carolina. They owned very extensive plantations near Charleston, and some of the women slaves, devoted to their mistress, were given to her on

her marriage and came north with her; among them a dear old negress called Jeannette, who was deaf and dumb, but such an intelligent creature! She takes a place among my earliest recollections. She taught me to speak by signs almost before I could use my tongue. Before I was four years old I could read both French and English—and at the early age of eight I can remember reading the newly published *Mystères de Paris* aloud to my father during an illness.

My grandmother left by her will the portion of her fortune termed by French law *part disponible* to my eldest brother; very much to the displeasure of Prince Achille Murat, her elder son, who unfortunately for him had no children. Achille married in 1826 a Miss Catherine Bird Willis, great-niece of George Washington, and lived in Tallahassee, Florida, where he acted as director of posts. Dying in 1847, he left no heir direct. He took his revenge of the Queen's act by constituting Comte Joachim Murat, son of a cousin, sole legatee of all family relics, as well as all his share of claims to which the family might be entitled from the government of Naples, or from large properties in France which had been confiscated by the restoration.

The King of Naples owned the Palace of the Elysée (now belonging to the State and kept as the official residence of the President of the Republic), the Écuries d'Artois, the Château de

THE MURAT HOUSE, BORDENTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

From a Painting by Princess Caroline.

Neuilly, La Mothe Saint Hérage in the Department of Deux Sèvres, and other properties. It will be seen later on that the Emperor Napoleon III [1] renounced all claims of all kinds for every member of the Bonaparte and the Murat family. My own small share in the Queen's last expressed wishes consisted of a bracelet in black and white enamel, twisting in and out like so many snakes, the centre a beautiful stone cameo representing the King ; a bracelet with plain wide gold band, the centre a very large opal—the stone of ill omen !—and an original painting of the King on horseback.

My father, on hearing of the Queen's illness,

[1] It is noticeable that Princess Caroline, who subsequently knew the Emperor so intimately, makes no reference to the visit of Louis Napoleon to America in 1837. This was when she was a child of three years. He was for two months in New York, where he lived at the Washington Hotel, Broadway. Several of his cousins were in the United States at the time, but he does not appear to have met any of them, although it was his intention to visit Jérôme Bonaparte at Baltimore and Achille Murat in Florida, and probably he would have done so had he not been recalled to Europe by the news of his mother's illness and by Conneau's imperative "Venez, venez !" It is interesting, however, to know that he made the acquaintance of Washington Irving, whom he visited at Sunnyside. Irving had also met Mlle. de Montijo. On the occasion of the Emperor's marriage, in 1853, he wrote : "Louis Napoleon and Eugénie de Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France ! one of whom I have had as a guest at my cottage on the Hudson, and the other of whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada !"

sailed immediately for France, and although an exile without passport, crossed Paris and proceeded to Italy. He passed the frontier disguised as a courier, and entered Florence standing behind his mother's carriage, sent to meet him. He had not lost an hour in hastening to her, but he arrived too late to see her alive. The Queen died in her Palace in Piazza Ogni Santi, Florence, in 1839. She was born at Ajaccio in 1782 and married in 1800. I have heard my father tell of the dreadful looting in the palace at the moment it was known the Queen had breathed her last. Maids and valets, in fact the whole household, seemed to have organized a raid in anticipation of the event, each had a friend or friends waiting below on the piazza, ready to receive the stolen treasures. Dresses, furs, laces, jewels, were thrown from every window, and many valuable things were carried off before the pillage could be stopped.

On leaving Italy, my father decided to gain Gibraltar, thinking he would be quite safe under the protection of England; but, like the great Emperor, he was mistaken, and his trust nearly proved fatal. He was arrested and kept prisoner on a vessel in port. It was said he was to be shot. Each day he awaited his sentence, wondering if he should see another dawn; days spent in the agony of suspense, when one morning an eagle was seen hovering over the ship. The poor prisoner felt his heart leap with joy. An eagle—

surely a sign of good luck! The very same day the Prince was given his liberty and started for America.

At the time of my father's return to America we were living in a large red-brick house. The particular attraction, I might say the only one, of which the house could boast, was a long row of very fine linden trees running along the front and extending on each side beyond the building, forming a wide gravelled way, or terrace, stretching from end to end. This mansion and garden nearly joined King Joseph's estate, Point Breeze; only an avenue dividing our grounds and the Park.

In one of the houses on this avenue lived the son and grandson of old Judge Hopkinson. The younger of the two boys, Charley, or Chip as he was best known, was a very devoted admirer and rather a favourite of mine. The poor boy came over to France in 1853, I think, with my aunt, Princess Achille Murat, and we spent some happy months in Paris. We had been children together; then boy and girl lovers, and it was sad to see how much he felt the parting when the hour came. I tried to cheer him with visions of a future meeting, but he could not be comforted, and very shortly after we had news of his death.

On reaching Bordentown on his return from Europe one hot summer night, wishing to surprise us, my father walked into the half-lighted room,

eager to embrace us after his long absence, forgetting in his haste the long mirror that occupied one end of the hall, almost from floor to ceiling. Through this he crashed, closely followed by a beautiful Italian greyhound, the Queen's favourite dog, which he had brought from Florence.

Point Breeze, the Count de Survillier's place, was indeed lovely, and the estate one of the finest in the country, extending as it did on both sides of the high road which ran from Bordentown to Trenton, being about seven miles from the latter and scarcely two from the former place. As I look back, an old woman, through this long vista of years, it seems to me that I have seen nothing on this side of the Atlantic that can in any way compare with Point Breeze, and the remembered scenes of my childhood. Does memory lend its enchantments? Could I see once again this spot —could I once more stand on the river's banks and watch the glorious sunsets—should I be disappointed? Perhaps so, and it is well that I should keep my illusions, if illusions they are. Nothing is more sad than to lose them.

The house was built in the style of an Italian villa, only one storey high and with a flat terrace roof overlooking the park and woods. There was a large marble entrance-hall, with wide staircase at one end, the steps broad and very low, so that each step seemed a small landing—this to avoid any fatigue to the Count, who, no longer young,

was in delicate health. The state rooms and picture gallery were on the ground floor, the first floor being reserved for every-day life. The picture gallery held the whole façade on the garden, which led from one terrace to another till the park was reached. In the middle of this gallery stood a marble column holding the bust of Princess Zenaïde, the Count's favourite daughter, the bust a beautiful one by Canova. By the Count's orders the marble column was wreathed with fresh flowers each morning.

Among family portraits were also magnificent pictures by the most celebrated of the old masters. I can scarcely tell at this distance of time of all the wonders and treasures accumulated in this exile home where the Count loved to live, surrounded by all the souvenirs and luxuries of his early life. There were many examples of the Italian masters, such as Luca Giordano and Correggio, but of all the pictures I think I loved those of Rubens best. The glorious colouring, the cherub faces of his babies, charmed my infant mind. I should like to describe the beauties of park and woods and tell of the giant trees, as old as the new world; the great lake with its blue waters surrounded by wide walks from which rose high banks, almost hills, thickly clothed to the summit with green bushes and masses of wild rhododendrons of every shape and hue. It was my delight to climb these banks, breaking my way where no

pathway was, till, reaching the top, I could see the outer world. A beautiful panorama stretched before me, with the Delaware flowing peacefully at my feet. Not so peaceful was my return home with tangled hair, torn frock, and face and hands the worse for my battle with the brambles, to encounter the cross looks and angry reprimand of nurse and governess.

Far away in the woods, some miles no doubt, stood a fountain built near a natural spring, supposed to be charmed. There was a sort of pond parlour with stone seats around, and here people came from far and near to wish and drink the charmed waters. Near this fountain were most of the picnics of our salad days. My brother, myself, and young friends, mostly boys—I am almost ashamed to say I never cared for girls. And many times have I there been crowned Queen of the May.

This spot was also haunted by a great friend of mine, a poor half-witted creature—he lived in the woods winter and summer, day and night, taking shelter only in the keepers' huts. He never understood strangers, and disliked them, rushing away if he caught sight of an unfamiliar face, uttering the most unearthly sounds. He had a certain cunning about him, as often with these uncanny things. He spent his time taming squirrels, such lovely little animals, not like English squirrels, but much bigger and dark

bluish grey, more the colour of a blue roan horse. I forget the name of this "man of the bush," who could rarely be persuaded to accept any food, living entirely on nuts and wild fruit, principally on persimmons. The persimmon tree abounded in the park and woods. The poor idiot was very fond of me, and always greeted me with smiles and an offering of wild flowers. I have often felt sorry that I never knew what became of my friend of early days.

The Count had a large retinue of people round him. I have forgotten the names of most of them. Mr. Maillard, his private secretary, I knew later on. From him we received the news of the Count's death during a visit to Florence in 1844. The Count himself I can never forget—his face and person were so deeply impressed on my mind by a large oil painting, taken after his death as he was lying in state, in evening dress, with the broad ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur across his chest and, strange though it seems, a rosebud in his buttonhole. He was considered to bear a resemblance to his younger brother, the Emperor Napoleon, but more in figure and habit than in face.

King Joseph left all his American property to his grandson Joseph, son of Princess Zenaïde, who bore the title of Prince de Musignano. He came to Point Breeze after his grandfather's death, and there were great rejoicings and

illuminations for his arrival. He took a great fancy to me, and I was very proud of my big cousin, but his stay in America was very short and I never saw him in after years. He died when still young. He had a very Italian face, but was not handsome, being short and inclined, as all the Bonapartes, to be stout. A certain charm of manner and a bewitching smile were his chief attractions. He spoke with a strong Italian accent, even when speaking French, but he was a real Prince, and his advent in the United States created quite a flutter among the American belles. Finding himself for the first time away from home and country, with not one familiar face to greet him, he felt dull and lonely. He did not care for the invitations that came like rain from every side, so I was allowed to ride, drive, row, or wander with him in the mossy woods, where lilies-of-the-valley grew, where all breathed of peace and gladness. The sweet singing of the birds, the soft rustling of the leaves, the ripple of the stream as it wandered on its way —all told of the quiet and happiness that childhood only knows before the sad awakening into the troubled sea of life—of the world with its vanities, its jealousies, its turmoil, its sorrows. The Prince was a charming companion, very clever, talked well on all subjects, and knew how to make himself agreeable and fascinating to young and old. Perhaps you will say my opinions given are

scarcely those of my age. Granted; but you must not forget I was an *American* girl, and also brought up to a life far beyond my years.

In one of the highest parts of the park, reached by a long flight of stone steps, there was a platform, or rather a wide square, paved, except on the side where it overlooked a deep ravine; on this side was a gravel walk and high railing, formed by stone columns supporting a parapet. In the centre of the paved part stood a belvedere, with winding stairs inside and balconies running round the building at different heights on the exterior. When the top of this observatory was reached, it disclosed a magnificent panorama of the surrounding country. Prince Joseph was extravagantly fond of music, and delighted on summer evenings in holding little impromptu open-air concerts and suppers at the belvedere. My mother both played and sang. The harp, on which she excelled, was her favourite instrument. She gathered round her on these occasions all that the place afforded of youthful musical talent for the Prince's amusement. Alas! no true Bonaparte was ever musical. Though a Murat as well, I am no exception to the rule. For one year, when I was twelve, an Italian prima donna lost her time, and my father spent his money, but no efforts could make me turn a tune. To this day I am still incapable even of singing "Yankee Doodle."

This belvedere was all that remained of Point Breeze, as it was long before I knew it. The house then stood on the height I have described, and all around were thousands of beautiful trees, reaching and touching each other over the drives and pathways—ravines filled with dark, thick foliage, sheltering the hillside. By the careless act of a guest, who started for Philadelphia leaving his room locked and a large wood fire on the hearth, this magnificent dwelling was burnt to the ground. Something in the room caught fire, and dense clouds of smoke, rising in columns above the house, first gave the alarm. The delay in gaining entrance to the room and, no doubt, the want of engines and ready means of extinguishing the flames, quite unknown in those days, caused the entire destruction of the building. Only a few pictures of price and other valuable heirlooms were saved.

The Count built the "new house," the one I remember, in the lower part of the park, nearer and facing the Trenton road, which ran through part of the Point Breeze grounds. The stables, which occupied this spot, were used to form the body of the new building, from which a long underground passage ran to the boat-house, constructed on the eastern bank of the lake.

Adolphe Maillard was the handsome son of the Count's secretary, who married a Miss Ward. He brought her to Bordentown, to a house at the

end of the town and just at the top of the hill leading to Point Breeze. Her arrival created quite a sensation among the Bordentonians. She was tall, elegant, well dressed, and had a pretty face. When first I saw her I was struck by her appearance, and have never forgotten the impression she made on my girlish fancy. I did not, however, see much of them, but the house they lived in was one I knew well, as it was occupied for some time by the Spanish Minister, Don Pedro Alcantara d'Argaiz, and his family, consisting of two sons, and a daughter about my own age. The eldest boy, Émile Mouravega, was Mme. d'Argaiz' son by a first marriage, and the younger, Joseph, or Pépé as we called him, was quite a child. My father and the Minister were intimate friends, almost like brothers, and we lived quite as one family ; so much so, that on the occasion of the visit of old General Bertrand to America, they came to our rescue in this way :

It must have been early in the 'forties—I cannot say which year—probably 1842 or 1843, that the old General, who had been but a short time in the United States, suddenly announced his intention to visit Bordentown to see my father. He was preceded by some of his suite, who appeared one fine morning in the most unexpected manner. I ought perhaps to remind my readers that Bertrand accompanied the Emperor Napoleon to St. Helena, and, sharing his banishment, was his

dearest friend, confidant and intimate secretary. He, as well as Mme. Bertrand, and his children, remained with the Emperor to the last. General Bertrand had the sad honour of accompanying the Prince de Joinville to St. Helena, whence in 1840 he brought back to France the remains of Napoleon. Too long, alas! had his ashes rested on English soil! General Bertrand, born in 1773, must have been, when I remember him, about seventy years of age. His health was greatly impaired, and the information was given us that he never ate anything but fish. Every course throughout the dinner was to be of different kinds of fish. Great was the consternation of the household. What was to be done? The famous shad of the Delaware was all we had at our disposal. Our neighbours, the d'Argaiz, were only more fortunate inasmuch as their French chef, a treasure, was able to procure some rock-fish, and with these two inhabitants of the waters, he made a splendid feast of several courses, so admirably disguised in their different aspects, that the bill of fare offered a varied list of ingenious names to tempt the appetite, and the dinner was a great success. At least, so we were told, my young friends and myself, who were allowed to peep at the great man unseen. The General and his suite left on the following day. In 1844 we heard of his death at Châteauroux. He was buried at the Invalides; in death as in life faithful to the hero he had served.

Monsieur d'Argaiz, whose health was in a very precarious state, was obliged to resign his post and return to Spain, where he died some time later. Christine, his daughter, married a Mr. Founes, and after her marriage we never met; but long years after, Émile, who was appointed Secretary of Legation at Vienna, spent a few days at Paris before joining his post. It was a great pleasure to meet once again, and we thoroughly enjoyed a long evening at the Avenue Montaigne. Many were the reiterated promises to correspond and not lose sight of each other. He sent me a long letter on arriving at Vienna, beautifully written on gilt-edged paper and perfumed with violets. I have it still—but alas! for broken promises, we never wrote a second time. Where is he now? *Chi lo sa!* Paris life left little time for thought.

In 1870, when, after our disasters, we took refuge in England, I found my old friend Joseph d'Argaiz Secretary to the Spanish Legation in London.

Among other persons familiar to my early recollections, Billy Vanderbilt stands prominent; a tall, slim, shy, sandy-haired youth as I knew him. His father, Cornelius Vanderbilt, was then beginning the great fortune which has brought his name so prominently before the English world of finance and society. And I must not forget an old commodore—Commodore Stewart. I often

saw him, a good-natured, good-humoured, real sailor face, and most kind to children. He lived in a nice old country house overlooking the Delaware and surrounded—almost closed in—by high silver pines. I read some years ago, I think in an American magazine, that "he had sailed for the unknown Port at the advanced age of ninety-one."

Yet another person comes before my mind, the family physician, Doctor Cook, who brought me into the world. He was a very ugly man with a game leg. It was said that I was so slow in making my appearance that he was quite overcome, and when at last he held me in his arms he fainted away.

Mr. Edwin Stevens, the great railway contractor in the days when railways were in their infancy, had a pretty place not far from the river. He had no children, but a sweet wife, so gentle and loving. She endeared herself to all around, rich and poor. Mr. Stevens' peach orchards, which extended for miles away, were renowned, and his great pride was to show them.

The summer of which I am writing, 1846, was a glorious one, the nights surpassing the days in loveliness. We begged for an open-air ball in honour of Prince Joseph. Mr. Stevens, whose hospitality was unlimited, was always ready to add to our pleasures and amusements. He decided to give a Peach Dance. He had

the orchards brilliantly illuminated, garlands of lanterns hung from tree to tree, lighting up the beautiful fruit with which the branches were laden. At the nearest end of the orchards, two immense tents spread their wings, one with parquet floor prepared for dancing, the other with tables for supper, where every luxury abounded, from canvas-back, terrapins and blue-points, to pine-apples, jellies and ices. We danced till the sun was high up in the skies, throwing a mellow light over all things. Long was the Peach Dance remembered and talked of! I was Queen of the *fête*. It was my first big dance, in the first year of my "teens," and I had two devoted dancers in Prince Joseph and Hamilton Beckett.

Mr. Beckett, belonging to an old English family, lived quite near us on the outskirts of the town. He was a wealthy man, with only one son, by his first wife. His second wife was almost an invalid, with shattered nerves and broken health. They occupied a large red-brick house with extensive gardens, beautiful old trees and shaded walks, lawns and pastures. His son, Hamilton Beckett, and I were great friends, brought together from our earliest years by the friendship of our fathers. He was several years older than myself, and spent a great part of the year in England with a maiden aunt for the benefit of his education. When he was at home

in Bordentown, we were never apart. We had grown up to a kind of boy and girl flirtation. The advent of Prince Joseph had perhaps blown Hamilton's slumbering affection into a sudden flame; I am not quite sure. But certain it is that when he was forced again to return to England, in the sad parting hour, as he said good-bye, he slipped his mother's betrothal ring with its half-hoop of magnificent pearls on my finger and bade me wear it till he could claim his bride. He left me. Our destinies strayed far apart. He left me scarcely more than a child—on an autumn evening in 1846, standing under the linden trees. When next we met, years had passed. It was in a London drawing-room in 1857. We both were married. His wife, who was a daughter of Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, stood beside him. The gong sounded for luncheon. I was seated by his side, for he was host; white powdered footmen glided round us; we talked of early days, of our last chestnut feast in the woods of Point Breeze, sighed over some fondly remembered spot, laughed at an old joke. I heard from him that Point Breeze had been sold; the house and private park bought by his father, the rest of the grounds sold for speculation. A grove of villas had sprung up where once the giant oaks and sycamores held their sway.

The winter of 1846–7 was a severe one.

Long icicles hung suspended from housetop and tree, glittering in the sunshine as if studded with diamonds, the ground white with two or three inches of snow, frozen hard. The sleigh bells filled the air with their jingle, the merry occupants of the sleighs muffled in furs, and full of mirth and fun, kept up a noise in harmony. I was one among them, but neither the fresh crisp brightness of the scene nor the gay laughter of those around me could chase away my gloomy mood. The ring had been sent back. My mother raised her shoulders and shook her head at the absurdity of such an engagement. Thus my first love was crushed. So young in life, I lost an illusion—and I was desolate.

Weeks rolled on—the cold continued intense. The Delaware was completely frozen. The traffic from Camden to Philadelphia by ferry was interrupted. I was going to stay with some old friends of my mother to whom I often went on a visit. We drove in our sleigh across the river, running and sliding instead of driving part of the way. Our friends lived in Chestnut Street No. 2, Boston Row. They were a Jewish family—a dear old maiden lady, her two brothers and a niece. Miss Moses, or rather "Aunt Becky," as we always called her, had lived in Scotland. She was the heroine of Sir Walter Scott's Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*. She had still a very beautiful face, a most perfect type of the Jewish beauty. Her

form and figure, cast in nature's happiest mould, few could rival. She was kindness itself, and I enjoyed being with her.

Nothing of interest occurred during my visit, unless it was spending an evening at Mrs. Butler's (Fanny Kemble) and hearing her read one of Shakespeare's plays. Her rendering of it was so marvellous that, young as I was, it made a great impression on me which I have never forgotten. Fanny Kemble had gone to America with her father in 1832. She married Pierce Butler, a southern planter, in 1834.

My visits to Philadelphia were always associated with the dentist; so they left no very pleasant memories. My mother had a mania about our teeth. Unfortunately my mouth was too small for my thirty-two grinders; I was periodically taken to Mr. Townsend, a neat, clean-looking little man in a white linen jacket. His voice saying, "Yes, this one, this one, this one and this one, must all be sacrificed to make room," still rings in my ears, and the horror I felt as I listened is among my most vivid recollections.

I must skip 1847, a dull, weary, uninteresting year of waiting and longing and hoping for the unknown future. One thing I may relate. In the summer of this year I was allowed to pay a visit to Mr. Stevens at his villa at Hoboken, near Brooklyn. His wife was dead. Some cousins, the Connovers, were staying with him. Two of the

Connover girls were my dearest, I might almost say my only, girl friends. My brother, eighteen months younger than myself, was at a private tutor's in New York—a kind old Frenchman, Monsieur Peuguet, who was educating a few boys with his own sons. He had two charming daughters, whose acquaintance I made, as I was asked to stay a few days with my brother on my way through New York. Of the boys I knew several. My brother always brought one or other of his fellow-students home for the holidays. In one of these I was much interested—Charlie Wentworth—an English boy. I liked him personally, and his story I thought so sad and pathetic, not to say romantic. He was brought over from England when quite a little fellow, by a gentleman whose name I forget. Arrangements were made to leave him with M. Peuguet, a certain sum to be paid each year for his education and maintenance. For some years the money was regularly paid; then suddenly it stopped. No reason was given. No answer was received to the numerous letters sent to the person who had deposited the boy in New York, and who had no doubt given a false name and address. Years went on. M. Peuguet was kindness itself to the boy, treating him as a son. I heard all this and the fact that M. Peuguet knew nothing more than the statement made by the person in charge of the child, viz. that he was the son of

a rich and titled English lady, who had family reasons for wishing the birth of her son to be kept a secret for a time, and that the boy would be claimed by his mother as soon as it was possible to acknowledge him, as he was heir to a title and large estates. When I left America, M. Peuguet, I believe, knew no more than I have told, and had no clue that could lead to the discovery of the boy's parentage. Charlie at this time was about sixteen years old. He was a dear boy, and felt dreadfully his painful position. He was not even sure that Wentworth was his name. I have often wondered what has become of him. If alive, he may read these lines. How strange it would be!

The younger of M. Peuguet's daughters married a Mr. Forli, a descendant of one of the old Huguenot families of La Rochelle. They lived in New York, but I met them once when her husband brought her to make the acquaintance of some members of his family residing in the Charente Inférieure.

Of my mother's family I have said little, perhaps because, with the exception of two sisters —both old maids—and a cousin, I knew very little. One sister died a few years after my birth, the other, Aunt Jane, came to Paris and lived with us till her death, an old woman of ninety-one. Our cousin, George Crofts, often came north and spent a portion of the year with us.

As a small child I was very fond of him, and, indeed, had things turned out differently, I might have been, as he always playfully called me, "the rose of his wilderness."

The Wilderness was a beautiful place he owned in one of the Southern States—one of those States which suffered the most in the disastrous American war of 1861–2. I believe my cousin was nearly ruined, as were all those who had large plantations and a number of slaves. So I have never regretted that another and no doubt a more beautiful "Rose" flourished at the Wilderness.

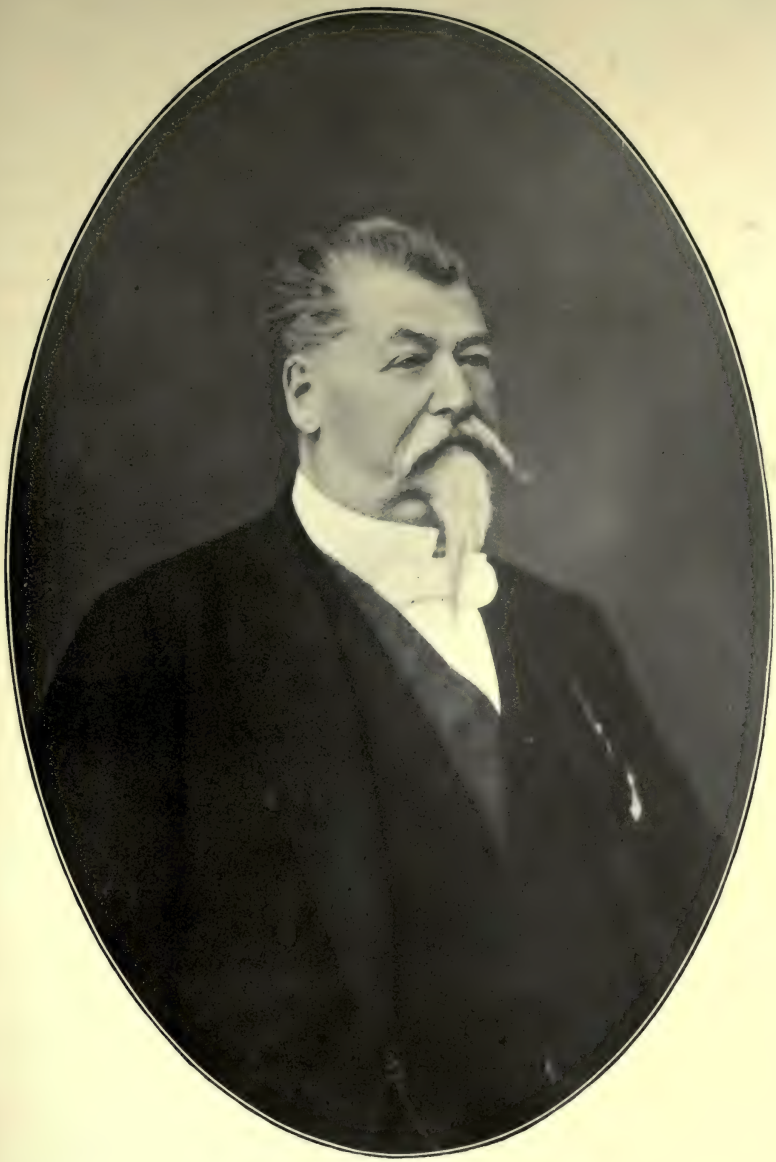
CHAPTER III

THE REVOLUTION OF 1848 AND THE PRESIDENCY

Downfall of Louis Philippe—Our Removal to France—Voyage to Havre—Escape from Fire—My First Impressions of Paris—Prince Louis Napoleon—His candidature as President of the Republic—My first meeting with him—His personal character—The Pavillon de Breteuil—The Princess Mathilde—The Château de St. Gratien—The Prince and Princess de Wagram—Nicolas Clary's foot—A Recollection of 1870

At last the trumpet sounded that called the exile to his home again. The revolution of February 1848 came like a thunderbolt. The news of the downfall of Louis Philippe seemed to us almost too good to be true. It affected all our prospects and we were "no longer contraband." My father left immediately for France. All my dreams of happiness were surely realized! Visions of crowns and thrones, grandeur and state, crowded on my dizzy brain, not seen in the dim past but now spread before me in a wide horizon, picturing the future arising in golden splendour from the cloud that so long obscured our destiny.

I knew this sheltered nook was not my per-



THE PRINCE MURAT.
Father of Princess Caroline.

manent home—though I had friends, some little sweethearts too; and many were the tears we shed, and fond the whispered words in the sad hours of parting! My elder brother was still with his tutor in New York, and we spent some time there, at Astor's Hotel, preparing for our voyage to Europe.

So in October 1848 I bade adieu to America for ever, and sailed for Havre with my mother, my younger sister Anna, and two brothers, Joachim and Achille. The vessel was called the *St. Nicholas.* We were tossed for twenty-seven days on the seas, having some fine and some very stormy weather. My mother had decided on a sailing vessel in preference to a steamer, as with maids and nurses and our worldly possessions we were a large party and the expense was not so great, while the ship would be less crowded than one of Mr. Cunard's paddle boats.

I only remember one incident of the voyage worthy of note. I was dreadfully ill, and while all the other passengers were able to be on deck, playing games or enjoying music, I was forced to lie down all day; sometimes on deck, but more frequently below in a small ladies' cabin, where a mattress was put on the floor. This was my bed night and day. I had such a dislike of a stuffy berth. It seemed those weary weeks would never end as I lay there thinking and wishing the days away. One evening, some little time after the bell

had summoned us all to supper, I was lying trying to read—the book was *The Vale of Cedars.* Suddenly I thought I saw a streak of light from under the door of the cabin belonging to the second mate across the alleyway. For a few moments I watched, wondering what the light could be. As I watched it got brighter. Springing up, forgetting I felt both sick and giddy, I made my way to the saloon to give the alarm. I knew the ship must be on fire. Had it not so happened that I was on the floor and noticed the light, no one would have known that a forgotten candle had set fire to some article of clothing, and we should undoubtedly have been burnt to death, though in mid-ocean, which at first thought seems impossible. Soon all hands were at work to extinguish the flames; in a short time we were out of danger and only suffered from the fright and a slightly longer passage owing to some damage done.

The *St. Nicholas* sailed into the port at Havre one lovely morning, the last day of October. On landing we made our way to the hotel, where rooms had been retained for us, amid a bustle and confusion of shouts and noise and din of voices that sounded like the roll of distant thunder. We only remained one night in the town, leaving the next day for Paris. The only thing I remember of Havre is a long street where every other house seemed to me to be occupied

by a bird fancier. Cages of every description hung from every window, and their merry little occupants filled the air with their mirth and songs. Poor little prisoners, brought from their different countries and kept captive in a foreign land! I can feel for and pity them now that my life, like theirs, is caged on foreign soil, so far, and so changed from the old days of sunny France!

Our journey to Paris was uneventful, and writing at this distance of time I can only tell of events as I remember them. Impressions have many of them faded from my mind. Some struck me too deeply to be effaced. Of these was my first sight of the Seine—the beautiful river of which I had heard so often. Born on the borders of the Delaware, I had never realized how small and insignificant it would appear when compared with the mighty stream I had left behind me.

We arrived in Paris at seven o'clock in the evening, and drove to the Rue de Lille, in the Faubourg St. Germain, where my father had taken an apartment for us, just opposite the military barracks, and the first sound that caught my ear as I left the carriage was that of the drums beating the retreat. Every one seemed to be in a state of great agitation and everything under military rule. The dull old street, with the duller houses, looking like barracks with their great *portes cochères* and façades all alike, struck a chill to my heart, which was increased tenfold when we

reached the first floor; the rooms were certainly large and lofty, but bare; the furniture scanty and old-fashioned, not a picture on the walls, not a carpet to be seen; the floors polished like mirrors, with a rug here and there. My room, when reached, gave the finishing stroke to my despair. Weary and disappointed, I felt more inclined to sit down and cry than to dress for dinner. The room looked out at the back, next to the nurseries—the floor was paved in small red brick tiles, varnished over to look like china. The curtains and furniture were dark and dingy. And this was Paris!—the Paris of my dreams, for which I had longed and hoped and prayed!

Days went by, all filled with people coming and going, with business faces as long and ugly as the rooms were gloomy. I felt so miserable, so depressed, so unhappy. All this was such a contrast to Point Breeze and the world I had lived in, the life I had heretofore led, a free and happy child, surrounded with every luxury, spoilt and loved and flattered. I went out seldom unless accompanied. It was not considered safe at that time to be in the streets of Paris without proper escort. Then my mother fell ill. She had taken a severe chill, and for days and weeks we saw no one but doctors and nurses. Sitting in her darkened room with a book, I often could not see to read. My principal amusement was to crawl under the dressing-table which stood in the

window, and, through a crack in the closely drawn curtains, watch the soldiers as they trotted past, carrying dispatches, or others slowly patrolling the street two by two. Had I been older, I doubt if my life would have been different. In these days of agitation and strife there really was nowhere to go, nothing to do. Politics were the all-absorbing topic. Most salons, certainly all those of the noble faubourg, had closed their doors after the famous days called *les Journées de Juin*. Paris trade suffered considerably, and the shopkeeper world regretted the fall of the house of Orleans.

My father had been elected *Représentant du Peuple* by an immense majority in the Department du Lot, the cradle of his family. The représentants received nine thousand francs per year. I still have my father's silver medal, such as each représentant was given, with the date upon it.

Prince Louis Napoleon, the future President of the Republic, who was living in London, came over to Paris and offered himself to the electors. He was returned by two or three departments and took his seat in the Chamber, but only for two days. Being accused of taking the position as Pretender to the throne of France and annoyed at the hostile attitude of the Executive Commission then in power, the Prince returned to England, where he remained till again called by the electors

in September of the same year when, urged by his friends, he decided again to take his seat in the Legislative Chamber.

The rooms the Prince occupied at the Hôtel du Rhin, Place Vendôme, were on the ground floor—a small bachelor suite ; he was accompanied by M. de Persigny, his private secretary and friend. His candidature as President of the French Republic now seemed definitely settled. His principal and rather serious opponent was General de Cavaignac. With what success he conquered his rival and the triumph with which he was proclaimed belong to history. To describe them would be too ambitious an enterprise for the souvenirs of a girl just in her "teens," but I can tell how proud I was the first time I was taken to his rooms. The thought of seeing and speaking to the "Prisoner of Ham," the hero of so many adventures, filled my heart with rapture. Nor were my romantic anticipations disappointed. My youthful imagination saw in him another Napoleon, destined to inaugurate a new era of glory and splendour for France. Alas! vain glory, cruel splendour, so soon to be crushed and buried under the shame and horrors of 1870!

On the tenth day of December, 1848, Prince Louis Napoleon by an overpowering majority was created President of the Republic. The Palace of the Elysée was to be his residence. This palace at one time belonged to my grandfather, and with

les Écuries d'Artois, Mont de Marsau, and the beautiful château of La Mothe Saint Hérage formed part of the Murat claims against the French Government.

Prince Louis Napoleon as President and Emperor is too well known in England for me to attempt to describe him. At all events not the outward man. I may speak of him as I knew him in those early days of his career, when although heir to the great name of Napoleon, a legend in itself, the Prince found systematic opposition in all the higher classes of society, who persisted in seeing in him only the adventurer of Strasburg and Boulogne. Prince Louis Napoleon's smile was deep and sad, giving one the feeling of great kindness and gentleness. His eyes looked far away into the shadowy unseen. He spoke slowly and softly, as if talking to himself and listening to his own thoughts rather than to the voices around him. He had a firm will, yet at times was yielding almost to weakness. He judged men and made use of them, but treated them with slight consideration. Very reserved, he spoke little, and held that in politics, as in war, your greatest force lies in concealing your plans of attack from the enemy. Alone, without allies or money, he fought his battle. Alone, with the aid of his secretary and friend, the Duke de Persigny, whose devotion and intelligence in the service of his master were worthy of the highest praise.

The Duke de Persigny's real name was Victor Failin, but this is unimportant, as he was always known as de Persigny. He had entered the French army in 1828, but was expelled for insubordination in 1831. He won the favour of Louis Napoleon and had the chief hand in the affairs of Strasburg (1836) and Boulogne (1840) where he was arrested and condemned to twenty years' imprisonment. He strenuously supported his patron in 1848 and 1851, and became Minister of the Interior. From 1855 to 1860 he was ambassador to England, and he was a senator until the fall of the Empire.

The President of the Republic, the Princess Mathilde, her brother Prince Napoleon, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who lived and died in England, and his brother Prince Pierre Bonaparte, were all *first* cousins of my father's; and according to an old French custom the children of first cousins give their elders the title of Uncle and Aunt. This form of address is called *la mode de Bretagne* to distinguish it from the ordinary uncle and aunt. Of these relatives it was the Princess Mathilde that I saw most. From the time of our arrival in Paris she took a kindly interest in me, and I spent most of my hours at her mansion in the Rue de Courcelles.

On the 10th of December, day of the election, Paris was in almost as excited a state as we were ourselves. The vote was a national acclamation.

Out of seven and a half millions of votes recorded, over five and a half millions were given in favour of Louis Napoleon. Cavaignac received barely a million and a half. Late in the evening we were told by some one coming from the Place Vendôme that the square was crowded with the people, some of whom had collected quantities of voting papers with Cavaignac's name on them to scatter at the foot of the column, tokens of the humble homage of the nation to the name of Napoleon.

Political antagonism frequently manifests itself in a second generation. Many years later than this [August 1868], when General de Cavaignac's son was a young collegian, he refused to accept a prize from the hand of the Prince Imperial, who was distributing the awards at the Lycée Bonaparte to successful students in the General Competition between the Public Schools. This insult came as a severe blow to the Empress. It was a blow to her pride : the first foreshadowing of the disasters that were to come.

The winter of 1848–9 left nothing very remarkable in my mind, though it was my first winter in Paris. After the election of the 10th December, we left the Rue de Lille and moved into a small house, lent to us by a friend of my father's, situated in the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré. Here we were nearer the Rue de Courcelles, where most of my time was spent.

The spring of 1849 brought the cholera with

it: one of the most violent epidemics I have known. The mortality was very great. Paris was in mourning. People crowded the stations, all hurrying away from the plague-stricken city. My father was unable to leave on account of his duties at the Chamber, but I went with my mother to the Pavillon de Breteuil—a sure refuge from melancholy, if not from cholera.

The Pavillon de Breteuil, the summer residence of the Princess Mathilde, was situated in the park of St. Cloud, and formed part of this domain belonging to the State. It stood on the side of a hill, near one of the gates of the park—the one leading to the road called Route de Versailles, and immediately facing the old manufactory of Sèvres. On the other side, its pretty gardens ran sloping down almost to the banks of the Seine.

The house, of no particular style, was a long and rather low building, only one room deep, the dining-room and library forming the two ends of the house, their length running the depth, whilst the drawing-room, boudoir and the Princess Mathilde's chamber formed the middle, the great dining-room opening into a large hall that ran back of the boudoir and bedroom. At one end of the hall a wide staircase led to the first floor.

A few yards from the house stood a building which was turned into a studio, where most of our day was spent, the Princess being devoted to painting. After breakfast, usually at eleven

o'clock, we betook ourselves to the atelier. The Princess painted: she was doing the head of an Italian model. Comte de Nieuwerkerke, the Directeur du Musée des Beaux Arts, who was also a sculptor of great merit, was modelling my bust. Madame Desprez, one of the ladies of the household, read aloud, and I can see myself, as I write, perched on a high table, cramped and uncomfortable, yet afraid to move—almost afraid to breathe—lest I should lose the pose. How glad I was to hear the carriage wheels and the clock striking three, telling me I was free till the morrow!

Each day when weather allowed, we drove or rode in the park or environs. I liked our long drives to Versailles, or Ville d'Avray, or Marnes. More often we went to Meudon, the residence of Prince Jérôme, the Princess Mathilde's father. The woods of Meudon join those of Verrieres and Clamart and are some of the prettiest in the environs of Paris. Best of all, I loved my morning walks in the Bois de Boulogne, or more often my rambles in the park of St. Cloud.

The Princess never made her appearance till breakfast: we were allowed to spend our mornings as we liked. At seven o'clock, one of the maids brought a cup of *café au lait*, drew back the heavy curtains and opened my window to the soft morning air. My room overlooked the garden, and from my window the view was a mass of flowers with the dark trees beyond. The perfumed air

seemed to invite me to sleep again, and so I was often late for our run through the woods. Madame Desprez, M. de Nieuwerkerke, myself, and any guests staying at Breteuil formed the joyous band that ventured forth at that early hour in pursuit of pleasure. Days and weeks rolled on thus—August melted into September, and soon autumn tints gave the glorious colouring that bronzes the vivid brightness of green summer.

St. Cloud was *en fête*. It was the week of the Great Fair, held in the public part of the park. It was our pleasure on these occasions to mix with the crowd. The organs grinding, drums beating, flutes playing, women singing, children shouting, men calling out their wares to sell—all the confusion and discordant din delighted me. Well I remember the booths filled with dolls, gingerbread men and women, crackers and clowns ; and the gipsy who told my fortune for the piece of money with which I crossed her hand ! How I longed for a ride in the merry-go-round on horse or in boat ! How I longed to join in the fun, often echoing the wish, "Ah ! if I were only the daughter of a charcoal burner !"

One morning in late October the Princess Mathilde decided on driving to Enghien to visit Mademoiselle de Courbonne, a very old friend, who had taken a villa on the borders of the lake. The drive was a long one. The Princess, M. de Nieuwerkerke and myself, with barouche and

post horses, left Breteuil about nine o'clock, arriving at Enghien just in time for a twelve o'clock *déjeuner à la fourchette*. After breakfast we walked to the Château de St. Gratien, visited the château itself, and also a small pavilion just outside the grounds, which had at one time belonged to the famous Nicolas Catinat. The Princess was delighted with Enghien—so prettily seated at the foot of Montmorency, with the lake and all its surroundings. She could talk of nothing else during our journey home, and, indeed, before we reached Breteuil, she had made up her mind that St. Gratien and Catinat's sunny nest should be hers. At St. Gratien, when it became her property, she entertained a constant succession of friends throughout the whole summer. It was her greatest joy thus to receive and retain her guests.

I have written of Breteuil as I knew it for so many years. What is it now? 1870 left it a ruin without roof or windows—its walls ribbed with the cannon balls of the enemy. I fancy the pavilion has been restored, more lucky than the Château de St. Cloud, still, in the middle of its pastures, a mass of ruins, throwing a sad gloom over what was once one of the gayest and brightest scenes of the country round Paris.

The autumn found us once more in the Rue d'Anjou. My mother was still in very delicate health, not able to bear fatigue of any kind, so

that, except when staying with friends at country houses, I was taken out entirely by the Princess Mathilde. The first week in November we spent at Grosbois, the seat of Prince de Wagram, to fête the St. Hubert and the St. Charles, 3rd and 4th of November, in hunting with the famous hounds.

It was a very cold month of November. The room I occupied was large and lofty. The wood fire, with huge smoky logs, threw out no flame and no warmth. The furniture was old-fashioned, and to me uncanny. The cold gloom of the room depressed me; I felt chilled, morally and physically. To add to my discomfort the maid had forgotten to supply me with matches, and in this well-regulated establishment, by the Princess de Wagram's orders, nothing forgotten to be asked for in the morning could be had after twelve o'clock. I had to borrow the needful from a neighbouring room, and somehow I got into my evening dress. Suddenly I found myself conveyed by somebody into a long dining-room with a thousand lights, a table glittering with gold and silver, and a dozen servants standing round, some in the gorgeous Wagram liveries, others in black silk stockings and knee breeches with ribbon bows. For a moment I was dazzled by the splendour of it all, but I soon recovered, and found myself chatting gaily to the men on either side of me. This was my first day at Grosbois.

The Princess de Wagram was a Mademoiselle Clary. She was short, inclined to be stout, with a pleasant face, dark hair, and small dark eyes, like two big jet beads. Such she appeared to me when I first saw her with her baby girl in her arms. She had two other children, a daughter a few months older than myself, and a son a year or two younger. Prince de Wagram was very fair, tall, with rather a German face. His son, Prince Alexander, was dark, like his mother and all the Clarys, but the girls in face and form were absolute Wagrams, or rather, I should say, Berthiers, for Berthier is the family name. Malcy, the eldest, who was destined to become my sister-in-law, always objected to being called anything but "Mam'selle Berthier," as she playfully called herself.

The Prince was not a courtier or a great favourite at the Elysée, though on friendly terms with the Prince President. He had sympathies with the Royalists, many of whom were intimate friends and relations, such as the de Mailles, who, like many others, never rallied to the Empire.

Princess de Wagram's three brothers were my father's most intimate friends, the youngest, Nicolas, more especially. He lived in the Rue d'Anjou, quite near us, such a pretty bachelor residence, *entre cour et jardin*. The house was furnished with all the luxury that great wealth could give, and with all the taste of an artist.

Pictures of old masters covered the walls—some of Greuze's heads were my delight. Baron Clary had bought two of these from the widow of my father's elder brother. Two heads of children—one, such a lovely face, was "Terror," the other, with golden locks, "Joy," both beautiful. Nicolas Clary was very proud of his pictures, his house, his garden, and his foot—the smallest foot, I suppose, a man ever had. He boasted one day that he could wear my shoe, which was not a very large one. We had a bet. He certainly put it on and walked about the room: he won his bet, but I doubt if he could have worn my shoe all day. The garden, a very large one for the centre of Paris, ran back to the Rue Romford, a street now long disappeared. Like many others, it made way in later years for Baron Haussmann's improvements. The Boulevard Haussmann was cut right through this part of Paris, sweeping everything that came in its way, and taking a slice of Baron Clary's garden, for which the Ville de Paris, at the decision of the Préfect de la Seine and the Municipal Council, offered him a very poor remuneration. The little man's anger knew no bounds.

In 1848, when Prince Louis Napoleon came from England with small resources to fight the great battle for the Napoleon dynasty, Clary proved himself a friend indeed. He was one of the very few willing to risk fortune as well as

leisure in the interest of the cause. He lent at different times considerable sums of money to the Prince. In the day of victory, then, when at last, after the sharp struggle, the Prince was elected President, Clary was no stranger, and was able years after to defeat M. Haussmann by laying his claim before the Emperor; with the success that an ample compensation was made to him for every foot of ground taken. But the boulevard had to run its course. To change the plans would have been next to impossible.

September 4, 1901.

My pen has been silent for some days; sometimes—I cannot tell why—I cannot write, I cannot think, I cannot remember, I cannot put two ideas together.

The ill-fated date at the top of my page brings back only too vividly all my recollections, and I must pause in the narration of the past to write of a nearer past. The 4th of September, 1870—how can I tell the sad memories, the painful feelings, that overwhelm me?—a date, only a date, and it all comes back to me as if it were yesterday. The news of the battle of Sedan, the sleepless nights, lying all dressed on our beds: the sudden order to fly, brought by an estafette from the Tuileries at four o'clock in the morning: the last good-bye to all we loved: the drive across Paris to catch the morning express: the rushing train

carrying us on, on, far away from Paris, friends, glory, fortune, rank—the steamer that waited to bear us once more into exile: the clasping of hands that might meet no more and, last, one long and lingering glance of adieu to France as the steamer sped on its way. The picture is before me as I write. I am no hypocrite, I wish I were: I would pretend, as some of us do, that I love England. No. I am grateful to England for the home it has given me, for the children that have blessed me. I admire England as a nation; but the more I am forced to admire, the less I love it. No one who *really loves* France could honestly say he is devoted to the English. The few friends I have had the good fortune to make here in England are very dear to me, and I trust they and all who read these lines may understand and forgive me when I add that not one day, not one hour, for twenty-five years have I ceased to regret, to love, and long for my country. Why have I remained in England all these years? Those who care to know must have patience with me and follow me through these pages to the end of my story. I will take up my life to-morrow where I left it a few days since—I have no heart for it to-day.

CHAPTER IV

NOTRE DAME DES ARTS

Princess Mathilde—My father is sent as Ambassador to Italy —I take lessons from Giraud—Receptions at the Rue de Courcelles—Prince Demidoff—The Princess and her friends—Madame de Solms

ONE of our quiet evenings at the Rue de Courcelles comes back to my mind. The Princess Mathilde in her particular arm-chair near the fire with two or three of the great wits of the time around her, amusing her with their brilliant conversation; the old Baronne de Rediny, who had been with the Princess since her school-days, knitting in a corner half asleep, waking now and then with a start as a laugh or a loud voice roused her; Comte de Nieuwerkerke, seated at a long table which ran along one end of the room, drawing a monogram and design for a piece of embroidery; Giraud, the well-known pastel painter, near him and working with him in the sketch they were both attempting; near them Arago, so sharp, so witty, and so amusing, was composing odds and ends of rhymes, taking off all around him and keeping up at the same time

lively repartees with Madame Desprez and the Ratoniskis, two Polish friends of the Princess—man and wife; and last, myself and my fifteen summers on a stool at the Princess's feet, listening, wondering and admiring, with all the enthusiasm, all the *sauvagerie* of my nature. It must have been on such an evening that I was described, by one of those vicious-tongued wits who never open their mouth without taking a piece out of some one, as looking like "a turkey swallowing walnuts."

The winter of 1849 my father was sent as Ambassador to Italy, where he remained till late in the spring of 1850. I am under the impression that, being Pretender to the throne of Naples, he found his position rather a difficult one at Turin, and he asked to be recalled, although the King, Victor Emmanuel, treated him with marked favour, as did Azeglio, the then Premier at the Court of Sardinia; but this special favour created great jealousies among the representatives of other Powers.

During my father's absence from Paris, my mother only attended the official receptions and the dinners and soirées *très intimes* at the Elysée. To these I accompanied her, but with this exception I went with the Princess Mathilde everywhere and spent my days at her house. We generally passed our mornings in her studio, a delightful room on the first floor, leading out of

her boudoir, a room partly atelier, partly winter garden. I was learning to draw, and Giraud was giving me lessons. His despair was comic, for I made no progress, notwithstanding all his efforts. My drawing, like my singing, proved a failure. Indeed, I was no genius, and my only talent, if talent it can be called, was in dancing. In this I think I may say I excelled. The Princess was painting my portrait—she fancied painting me as a nun. The necessary costume was procured; all around me agreed that it suited me to perfection. In truth it did, although I never realized it at the time: I have since. The head-dress of the nun's costume completely hid the worst feature in my face—a very ugly double chin. The portrait was finished, beautifully done and very like. It was presented to some one. I never knew whom.

Princess Mathilde's evening receptions were of the very few remaining of the kind which in old days—far older days than those of which I am writing—were termed "salons." No salon such as I speak of exists in this *fin de siècle*. We must live with our times: chivalry, gallantry, sentiment, powder and lace, are things of the past. The perfect deference and respect of speech and manner that characterized another generation would be out of place in these days of progress when women ride bicycles, make speeches to crowded assemblies, take long drinks, smoke

their cigarettes, and are anything and everything but womanly.

The Princess received in the old-fashioned way, with all the grace and charm that so particularly belong to her. She was at home to all her friends every evening, and was surrounded by all the literary and artistic world who had any claim to merit. She was often called by her favourites by the pretty name of Notre Dame des Arts, and so much did she win the loyalty of her friends that they were referred to as being, not Bonapartists, but Matildians. Her manners, so simple and unaffected, so full of youth and happiness and sympathy, threw a magnetic influence on all around her. My girlhood's love for her was almost worship. Many of the happiest hours of my life were spent in the Rue de Courcelles.

Dignified as Imperial Highness, the niece of two emperors, and the cousin of a third, she had more illustrious family connections than the Emperor himself, and she had the ambition and the faculty to rule. She must have been uncommonly beautiful in her young womanhood; she was still very handsome when I knew her first, and she always remained a woman of distinguished presence. Unquestionably she was the most cultured and talented of all the Bonapartes; and she was probably one of the most cultured women in France during her time. Her salon was a court in itself. Begun during the reign of Louis

PRINCESS MATHILDE.

From the Original Painting by Giraud.

Philippe, it had no equal in the nineteenth century for length of ascendency. For fifty years it was an important institution, the home and centre of Parisian intellect, stamped with her own strongly-marked individuality. Her great wealth enabled her to entertain lavishly, and it was her desire to extend unlimited hospitality, and to make her home the meeting-place of the choice spirits of the day.

I have said that she was the niece of two Emperors. These were Napoleon I and Nicholas I. During her lifetime Fate placed two crowns within her reach, yet never allowed her to wear one. She did not regret the irony. In her independence of character and originality, she was satisfied with her rôle as patron of the Arts. During her youth she spent much of her time in the Court of Würtemberg, under the tutelage of that admirable woman Queen Catherine. She was a favourite of Queen Hortense, whose hospitality she enjoyed at the Castle of Arenenberg, and who looked forward to a marriage between Princess Mathilde and her own son Louis Napoleon. In the opinion of many it was a misfortune for France that this ambition on the part of Queen Hortense was not fulfilled. But while Louis Napoleon was languishing in the fortress of Ham, a "prisoner for life," Princess Mathilde in her sunny youth in Tuscany, with her charms of mind and person,

attracted many suitors. Among them was the heir of the wealthy Marquis Aquado, who proffered tens of millions if his son should succeed in winning the favour of the niece of the great Napoleon. Young Aquado was not successful. Refused by Princess Mathilde, he transferred his attentions to the beautiful Eugénie de Montijo, and lived to shed tears when he learned that Louis Napoleon had crossed his path.

Whatever might have been her feelings towards Count Aquado, the Princess Mathilde had already manifested her preference. She had Russian sympathies, and her girlish fancy had been caught by the strikingly handsome personality of the son of the Russian Ambassador to Rome and Florence. Count Anatole Nicolaiewich Demidoff, Tuscan Prince di San Donato, had other recommendations than his rank and his handsome figure. He was heir to the fabulous wealth of the mines of Ural; he had natural talent, a pretty taste in literature, an appreciation of art, and there is no doubt that he was deeply in love. Their betrothal had the sanction of the Emperor Nicholas, and their marriage took place in Florence on the 1st of November, 1840.

The union was not a happy one. Prince Demidoff, who was himself something of a Don Juan, was afflicted with an extremely jealous disposition, and he treated her with great cruelty. The painful position came to a crisis in the

reception-rooms of the San Donato Palace, the scene of a brilliant gathering, when he suddenly, in a fit of savage and unreasonable jealousy, strode up to his young wife and slapped her on both cheeks in a manner so truly Caucasian, so publicly insulting, that forgiveness was impossible. The Princess hastened to her uncle in St. Petersburg. The Emperor Nicholas insisted upon the inevitable separation, and Demidoff, whose income was then £90,000 a year, was ordered to pay his wife £8,000 annually, and to abstain from going anywhere within a hundred miles of where she might be staying.

This jointure, added to her private means, which were considerable, and her annual allowance of £20,000 from the French Civil List, enabled her to support many charities with her bounty, to keep up a luxurious household, and extend her hospitalities with a lavish hand.

Personally she was well equipped as a leader of intellectual society. Her ability as a painter was far beyond that of an amateur, and her criticisms on art subjects were always searching and full of knowledge. Her collections of pictures and sculptures gave evidence of her cultured taste. Her private library was one of the best of its kind in Paris. Without being obtrusive or dictatorial, she shone in conversation, and her opinions on all subjects were always listened to with respect. Many are the witty sayings, the

amusing anecdotes, which every one who knew her remembers and associates with her name. One subject the Princess banished—politics. Indeed, no politician, as such, found favour in her eyes. It was not till after, or about, the year 1852 that of necessity her receptions became partly political.

Although she was at home to her friends every evening, her companions differed in type with the days of the week. Sundays she reserved for current invitations and new introductions. Tuesdays were set aside for the reception of official personages, and Wednesdays for her chosen intimates, who were always exclusively artists. The Sunday soirées at the Rue de Courcelles were especially popular, attended by crowds of distinguished men and women, whose names remain familiar to a later generation. If I were asked to mention all those whom I saw at her house I should have to enumerate more than half of the celebrities in literature, science, painting, sculpture, and music in the days of the Empire. But I am neither a Goncourt nor a Viel-Castel, and I must refer my readers to their more ample chronicles.

The large *salon de conversation*, whose walls were hung with choice examples of ancient and modern paintings, was always the most densely thronged. Princess Mathilde found little satisfaction in frivolous dissipation and the empty

display of fashion. She preferred conversation to all other pleasures. Her customary place was at the corner of the fire-place, where she sat with one of her favourite dogs on her lap or with myself at her feet. Here she would engage in a general discussion with a group of such brilliant talkers as Edmund About, Octave Feuillet, Flaubert, Taine, Alphonse Daudet, and Barbey d'Aurevilly, who were all of her circle, as were Alexandre Dumas and Victor Hugo. She was fond of exercising her skill in argument with such thinkers as Ernest Renan and Monsieur Caro, who gave her assemblies a tincture of philosophy. Théophile Gautier received the Princess's warmest friendship. The Goncourts, Sainte-Beuve, and Prosper Mérimée were frequently to be heard joining in the sparkling talk on Sunday evenings; and on Wednesdays one was sure to find among the company of her artist friends such men as Hébert, Giraud, Corot, Baudry, Fromentin, or Arry Scheffer. Always, on whatever night, there was a gathering of men and women of intellect—idealists, apostles of æstheticism—each contributing his own personal note of sincerity, taste, sentiment.

Princess Mathilde encouraged general conversation rather than *tête-à-tête* interviews, but often of necessity the crowded gathering would be divided into many groups. After a pause at the end of a discussion or anecdote, or while the

laughter lingered after a smart repartee or flash of wit, she would rise and pass through the various rooms, and whenever she broke in upon a conversation it was always with a shaft of sparkling wit or happy comment. In blending the congenial elements she was greatly assisted by her recognized lover, Count de Nieuwerkerke, superintendent of Fine Arts under the Empire, tall, bearded, handsome, who acted as a kind of master of ceremonies.

One afternoon the Princess was receiving in the drawing-room when her favourite Italian greyhound curvetted up to her for her caress. The pretty dog was gently rebuked, but on making a second attempt was scolded more warmly. Some one interceded. "No, no!" said the Princess, "Chance is in disgrace to-day. All through the night she kept me awake by jumping on my bed." She had hardly spoken when Count Nieuwerkerke entered the room. The greyhound, greeting him, was reprimanded. "Go away, you naughty dog. Thanks to you, I never got a wink of sleep last night. How dare you jump on people's beds!" The guests exchanged meaning glances. Doubtless they were engaged in making the natural inference.

Her guests as a rule were carefully chosen to harmonize. They were guests whom every one was proud to meet; every one, that is to say, excepting Count Horace de Viel-Castel. But

Viel-Castel was a bitter-tongued cynic, whom nothing could wholly satisfy. He disliked Giraud, he disliked the Dumas; he objected to the Abbé Coquereau; the sight of Count Laborde inspired him with insensate fury, and he hated Madame Desprez like the plague, and called her "a disgrace to her sex" because she wanted to peep into the contents of his Black Book.

I seem to have ignored that women took more than a listening part in these conversations. There were many who added brilliance to the play of wit. The Princess de Metternich was conspicuous. Madame Sardou was another, and I should not forget the Countess de Pourtalés, the Marquise de Contades, the Countess de Beaulaincourt, Countess Walewska, the three sisters la Roche-Lambert,[1] or the Countess Le Hon. It is true, however, that the *salon de conversation* was more usually thronged with men than women. Perhaps this was because so few women, apart from those I have mentioned, were at that time sincerely interested in art, in culture, and in new literary developments. "Amongst the many women one meets or receives," the Princess objected on one occasion, "how few there are with whom one can really converse! If a woman were to come in now, I

[1] These three sisters were the Countess de la Bédoyère, Countess de la Poëze, and Madame de Valon.

should have to change the subject of conversation at once."

It followed that while her men guests were mostly to be sought in the groups of talkers, the women overflowed the music-rooms. "What I love best about music is the women who listen to it," I overheard Jules de Goncourt remark once, as he stood under a palm by the door of the music-room. And he expressed the feeling of many of his sex.

Those who had a preference for music passed on through other rooms to the semi-circular salon, where they might listen to the vocal virtuosities of Adelina Patti, or to Christine Nilsson singing some dreamy song of Sweden, to Miolau-Carvalho repeating an air from *The Huguenots*, or Gardoni interpreting the melodies of Verdi. That gifted amateur, Madame Conneau, might be heard singing "Son vergine vezzosa," or the Princess's orchestra, directed by M. Sauzay, would discourse their instrumental music. Occasionally Strauss himself would contribute to the entertainment, and more than once the Abbé Liszt came with the Comtesse d'Agoult, who claimed literary recognition. Marie de Flavigny, Comtesse d'Agoult, is perhaps better known by her literary pseudonym of "Daniel Stern" and her authorship of *Esquisses Morales*. She was born in Frankfurt, 1805, and married the Comte d'Agoult in 1827, but soon left him for Liszt, by whom she had

three daughters. The eldest of these married Émile Ollivier, the second sister married the Marquis Guy de Chanacé, and the youngest, Cosima, was in turn the wife of Hans von Bülow and Richard Wagner.

Occasionally the music salon was converted into a theatre, and some comedy, since become well known—some two-part trifle by Octave Feuillet or Théodore de Banville—would be enacted to give opportunity to Coquelin to display his marvellous gifts of characterization. These theatrical evenings were memorable.

The Princess Mathilde had her imitators, of course. Princess de Metternich had a separate salon of her own, and also dabbled in art when she had a moment's leisure from her more lively occupations. Madame de Pourtalés held receptions, Comtesse de Beaumont occupied herself seriously with literature and had a literary salon. Madame de Solms painted miniatures in the intervals of writing her romances, histories and magazine articles, and the Marquise de Contades and, afterwards, even the Empress herself sought to gain some reputation for skill in transferring their ideas to canvas or presenting portraits in pastel.

Of these, Madame de Solms was the most flattering of imitators. She was also known as Madame de Rute, and better still as Madame Rattazzi; but I knew her before she had confused her identity in a multiplicity of names. I

saw her for the first time at a ball at the Hôtel de Ville. She was a very favourite niece of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who lived so long in England that he became almost an Englishman. Prince Lucien, by the way, was devoted to Queen Victoria, who was always most gracious to him. He had not the right to be addressed as Imperial Highness, this title being reserved to those in direct succession to the throne; but he always said after the downfall of the Empire that he was Imperial Highness by the courtesy of the Queen of England, who addressed him so when writing to him.

Madame de Solms was a very beautiful woman — bearing some resemblance to the Princesses of the First Empire—her mother being the daughter of the Emperor Napoleon's brother Lucien. She married a Mr. Wyse, and her children have always called themselves Bonaparte-Wyse. Why? They could have no possible right to the name. She was not only beautiful, but very clever, a very highly-educated scholar (as were all that branch of the Bonapartes) and bubbling over with the ready, sparkling wit that flows like champagne in France. She was slightly deaf—even in those early years of which I speak—the first years of the Second Empire. The ball was at its height when she passed me—a perfect picture—leaning on the arm of her uncle Prince Lucien, who was with her during one of his short stays in Paris.

She was in her way a very wonderful woman, and her career was a varied one. She contrived to dispose of three husbands of different nationalities: Count Frederick Solms, who was a German; Urbano Rattazzi, the eminent Italian statesman; and ultimately Señor Luis de Rute, ex-Secretary of State in Spain. She offended the Emperor by the publication of her book, *Les Mariages d'une Créole*, in which she seriously libelled M. Schneider the great iron-master and Walewski's successor at the Chamber. She made an enemy of the Empress, dabbled too dangerously in politics, and held a literary and political salon to which many persons not in favour at Court were admitted. In these and other ways, her conduct displeased their Majesties; so much so that she was exiled from Paris and struck off the Emperor's list of annuitants with the loss of £2,000 a year. At one time Madame de Solms declared her ambition to become the Madame de Staël of the Second Empire, but it was in vain that she piled up volumes of history, poetry, romance, travel, and politics. Few of her literary productions were read; and I suspect all are forgotten. Nevertheless, her talents were considerable and versatile. While editing the *Nouvelle Revue Internationale* she was acting in plays written by herself and adding to her reputation as an accomplished musician. She rivalled Madame de Mirbel in the delicate art of miniature painting, and her admirers went so far as to say that she would have equalled Meissonier

himself in genre painting had she chosen to exert herself.

Before she committed the offences which led to her dismissal from the Court, the Emperor once said of her: "My pretty cousin is the perfection of all the virtues. She has them all—the good and the bad," and he added, "She plays charmingly with the fan, but also, unfortunately, with the pen. It is pardonable that she commits herself to poetry, but she is also getting herself talked about, and that is much more serious."

Ultimately the prohibition against her appearance in Paris society was removed and her annuity restored to her. When I met her she congratulated herself that she was "no longer contraband." I met her once again at Aix les Bains, where I spent a few weeks with my father, who had there a conference of a political character with Cavour. It was at the Casino. On leaving Paris, Mme. de Solms took a villa on the borders of the Lac du Bourget, where she lived surrounded by her little court of followers. The evening of which I speak she wore a beautiful lace skirt, the design of which embraced a number of bees —the Imperial Bee; while she was conversing, some one dexterously cut out several of these from the back of her dress, leaving great holes in the valuable lace. Who did it, and whether by order, I never heard. I only knew her "by sight," as she was not supposed to be recognized at Court. On her marriage with Rattazzi, she

soon became as celebrated in Italy as in Paris. She established the famous "Matinées d'Aix les Bains." When she married Rattazzi her receptions became "Les Matinées Italiennes." It was later on, after the fall of the Empire, that she married M. de Rute. She then lived in Paris, and I believe a daughter was born when she was considerably over fifty. The daughter was, I heard, quite deformed, but Mme. de Rute gave incontestable proof of her originality, as well as of her tender maternity, by taking upon herself to nurse her latest offspring somewhat publicly. Jules Oppert, noticing the young child at one of her parties, inquired to whom it belonged, and on being told, he said, after a hesitation in which he seemed to calculate the mother's age, "After all, it is quite possible. She gets other people to write her music and her articles, and to carve her statuettes. She is quite capable of getting some one to have children for her." I never could understand the great influence she exercised over men of all ages, conditions and countries. Mme. de Rute had one sister, a protégée of the Empress Eugénie, by whose wish she was for some time at a convent in Paris. I forget if it was the Sacré Cœur or Les Oiseaux. Later on she went to Italy and married General Türr. I think Madame Türr died before 1870, but I am rather vague on this point.

But I am forgetting my chronology, and must now go back to earlier events.

CHAPTER V

THE COUP D'ÉTAT

Receptions at the Elysée—Mrs. Ridgeway's *soirées dansantes*—Madame Musard—I excel in dancing, and dance myself into an engagement with M. de Chassiron—The difficulty of getting married—My honeymoon—The Orleanist set—A bridegroom in a fix—The Imperial family—A duel by cards—The *Coup d'État*—My adventure at the Elysée Palace

THE winter of 1849–50 was a very gay one. The balls and receptions at the Elysée, where the Princess Mathilde did the honours as hostess, the *soirées dansantes* without number, filled the programme of our weeks till Lent put a stop to our festivities. The houses most in vogue in the unofficial world, whose doors were hospitably thrown open to their numerous friends, were those of Mesdames de Beaumont, de Béhague, Hope Bingham, and Ridgeway. The dances at Mrs. Ridgeway's were perhaps the prettiest. Her husband, her daughter and herself lived in one of the old hotels of the Noble Faubourg. She was a rich American, and could afford to pay a high price for the privilege of living in the middle of the old aristocracy, with their frowns and airs and

closed doors. Her balls were very select. The *élite* of Paris, all the *jeunesse dorée d'alors*, crowded her rooms, and many well-known Americans visited her, which was interesting to me, as I had myself been brought up in the United States, and was glad to meet any one who could talk with me of New York and Philadelphia, if not of Bordentown.

Another wealthy American who dazzled Paris by the gorgeous luxury she displayed was Madame Musard. She was exceedingly beautiful; her beauty was great enough to be resented by many who could not claim so large a share of that distinguishing quality at a time when to be beautiful was even more desirable than to be clever or wealthy. Those who envied Madame Musard, however, affected to console themselves with remembrance of her origin. She had, I believe, been a maid-servant at a wayside inn in Ohio, when a French musician became infatuated with her dancing and her playing on the violin, no less than by her beauty. Her name was Eliza Parker, and soon after she became Madame Musard she crossed the Atlantic without taking the previous precaution of untying the matrimonial knot. For a time she played a prominent part on the stage of European gallantry, and at Baden her charms attracted the admiration of the phlegmatic William III of Holland, who invited her to take a position at his side in his palace. The strict

moral code of the House of Orange might not have suited her in any case, but the husband left in the United States was an insuperable obstacle. When the beautiful American suggested to the King that she was willing to accept a professional fee, he hit upon a form of remuneration entirely in accord with his principles of economy. He gave her a bundle of share certificates which had never yielded a dividend, and which he believed to be utterly valueless. But as the bonds represented shares in an American petroleum oil company, it was in actuality a huge fortune that he was unwittingly bestowing upon Madame Musard. The shares quickly rose in value, and were materialized in a sumptuous mansion in Paris, with magnificent horses and carriages, powdered footmen, and a grand-tier box at the opera.

Madame Musard's receptions and lavish entertainments attracted some literary celebrities and artists. I remember seeing Théophile Gautier and Arsène Houssaye at one of them. Houssaye, I believe, was a frequent guest of hers. Some of her footmen were negroes, who looked funny in their full-bottomed wigs, crimson plush breeches, buckles and silk stockings. Ultimately she retired from Paris society. The fatigue, I fancy was mutual on the part of herself and her guests. She bought a country mansion at Villeguier, and her splendid landau, with its four

horses, ceased to be seen as they had formerly been at the hour when the world drove through the Bois.

A rival of Madame Musard was the Marquise de Païva, whose establishment in the Champs Elysées, where none but men were admitted, was kept up with the most insolent luxury. At the same time, receptions and balls were given by the Aguados in Rue d'Elysée, by the Tascher de la Pageries at the Hôtel d'Albe, by the Metternichs at the Austrian Embassy, the Walewskis at the Ministry of Foreign affairs, and, of course, at the hospitable home of the Duke and Duchess de Morny.

All through the carnival we met every night at one house or the other, danced and supped after the cotillon, and, as the song says, went home in the morning early. We rested all through Lent, only to begin again with renewed vigour after Easter.

My father returned from Italy about this time, very much disgusted and decidedly annoyed to find that I had allowed myself and been allowed to dance myself into an engagement with the Baron de Chassiron.

My projected marriage met with a good deal of opposition and some trouble. When we thought everything definitely settled, we found that the necessary certificates were missing. In France there is more difficulty in being born, in

being married, or in dying, than in any other country in the world. The formalities to be gone through are so much more strict in France than elsewhere. My birth was registered at Trenton, New Jersey. Great was our astonishment on receiving a reply to the application for my birth certificate, made through the French Ambassador, to the effect that there had been, some years before, a great fire at Trenton, that the church and vestry had been burnt down, and that not the vestige of a register remained! After much delay and many consultations, the officials declared it was impossible the marriage could take place unless four witnesses to my birth could be produced. Rather a strong order! Luckily, my father's cousin, Prince Pierre Bonaparte, had visited America in 1833–4, and was in the house at Bordentown on the day of my birth. My mother's sister was a second witness, and we had to send to America to request Mr. Stevens and another friend to come to France for the purpose of identifying me, which they very kindly did.

So in July 1850 I was married, on the 10th day of the month. My marriage took place at Vicomte Clary's country seat near Paris, called Le Pavillon. From the Pavillon we drove to Corteil *en route* for Nantes and a trip through Brittany.

We wished to visit all the noted places of this country, so full of historical interest, where

PRINCESS CAROLINE IN 1851.
From a Painting by Benedict Mason.

the wars of Vendée and the scenes of the Revolution had left so many and such lasting souvenirs. After a few days at Nantes, where M. de Chassiron had several members of his family whose acquaintance he wished me to make, we sped on our way in a post chaise to Clisson, to visit the ruins of the old castle, so well known in the history of Brittany. The country round there is lovely, and I was so interested that we decided to remain a day at the old inn, perched on the top of a hill, with the quaint little village at the foot. We strolled out: I found among the ruins of the castle a doorway, still in perfect preservation, and so beautiful that the fancy took me to make a sketch. I fear poor Giraud, could he have seen my efforts, would have thrown up his arms in despair. Luckily, however, M. de Chassiron, who could paint and draw well, came to the rescue, and I was able to take my doorway with me in my portfolio when I left. I visited the donjon where, according to the traditions of the place, Abelard was at one time imprisoned. The next day we drove to Tiffauges, where we took rooms and remained for a week or more making excursions in the neighbourhood—one of the most picturesque of Vendée. From the inn to the valley below we went down a narrow path cut in a steep descent and filled with a mass of small stones, very pointed, on which we walked as if on eggs, the process being most

painful to my feet, with Paris shoes, thin soles and high Louis XV heels. We hired rods and fishing-tackle to worry the poor little fish in the stream that ran through the valley: so we whiled away the summer hours till our return to Nantes, to do duty in family dinners and evening parties, given in our honour.

M. de Chassiron, of whom I have said very little, was Nantais by his mother. The de Goulains, the Turennes—old Royalist families—were his first cousins. His father belonged to the Charente Inférieure. De Chassiron is the name of an old French family whose barony dates back to the days when barons were seigneurs. So his ancestors were Seigneurs de l'ile d'Oléron et de l'ile de Ré. His father was a staunch Royalist—Orleanist, I should say. M. Duchâtel, minister of Louis Philippe, was M. de Chassiron's most intimate friend. Thus, by my marriage I was thrown into the Royalist and Orleanist set. I must say I liked them immensely. To me they were extremely courteous, especially the Dampierres, the Duchâtels, and Puységurs.

We travelled from Nantes to St. Brieux, Côtes du Nord, where we had been invited to stay with the Count and Countess de Turennes—dear old people who lived entirely in the depths of their wood, in rather a tumble-down old château, but picturesque and overlooking a wide panorama of beautiful scenery.

We posted all the way from Nantes to St. Brieux. *En route*, about mid-day we changed horses at Dinan, a little village in those days, but the pretty country around has since attracted the attention of many English, who are always so prompt to discover a pretty foreign place and make it a little colony all their own. Pau, Cannes, Biarritz, and even Algiers and Ajaccio have their colony of English, and the people are quite accustomed to English habits and English tastes. Batter puddings, suet dumplings, and hot cross buns follow them everywhere. Roast beef and plum pudding have become French as well as tea.

From St. Brieux, we travelled back to Paris with a young couple on their honeymoon, but parted company at the Gare d'Orleans. The bridegroom was so fast asleep, we had some difficulty in waking him, and when we at last succeeded, he was unable to leave the carriage. He had taken off his boots to sleep more comfortably, and his feet had become such a size during his slumbers that nothing could induce them into the boots again. I never heard the end of the adventure.

For some days past I have been too unwell to write. It is always, I feel, very difficult to take up the thread of my ideas where I left them. If I never stopped writing, I could go on for ever. This sounds very Irish. It is nevertheless true.

When I have collected my thoughts and thrown myself once more into the dear past, the present all vanishes from my mind. I see, hear, feel nothing around me. I live over again the years from 1848 to 1870—the years when I really *lived* —when each day brought some new pleasure, some fresh excitement, a wished-for jewel, a "sentiment" or a caprice. The days when the first thought in the morning was "what shall we do to-day to amuse ourselves?" The last thought, "how shall we amuse ourselves to-morrow?" In a word, the days of the Empire—days of glory, of luxury, of love, of folly; with no looking back, with no looking forward—the retreat from Moscow—the life and death of the King of Rome—the battle of Waterloo—the sad drama of St. Helena—all, all forgotten, disappeared in one round of triumphal glory and pleasure. Who thought of a future? Who dreamt of a reverse? The sovereigns in Paris—the nations at our feet —the Czar, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, the Prince of Wales by the side of the Emperor Napoleon—all smiled upon us: who could foresee 1870—? Had it been prophesied, who would have believed it?

We took up our quarters in a small pied-à-terre, which had been engaged for us in the Rue des Écuries d'Artois. My father and all my family had left the Rue d'Anjou for a pretty villa near the Bois de Boulogne, on account of my

mother's health. We remained in Paris for some months, till after the New Year, and then went on a visit to M. de Chassiron's father at the Château de Beauregard, near La Rochelle, Charente Inférieure.

While in Paris, we were very gay, theatres and suppers—*en petit comité.* Prince Pierre Bonaparte, of whom I have spoken as being present at my birth, was with us at many of our festivities. He was like the Emperor Napoleon I in face and figure, much more so than any other member of the family except Prince Napoleon, son of King Jérôme, who, it will be remembered, married a Miss Paterson when on a visit to the United States, which marriage was declared null by the Pope (under pressure), as the Emperor refused to recognize his brother's union. Later, King Jérôme married the Princess Catherine of Würtemburg and had two children, Princess Mathilde and Prince Napoleon. This branch under the Second Empire formed the so-called Imperial family—the other branches and members composed the so-called *famille civile.*

Prince Pierre, like ourselves, belonged to this last, also his elder brothers, Prince de Canino and Prince Louis Lucien, the *savant,* who died in England. Prince Pierre, like his brothers, had great literary talents—a very cultivated mind, and great powers of speech. Yet he was scarcely what you could call refined. He had very strong republican

opinions, principles and prejudices. He had spent all the early part of his life in Corsica, and in character and manner was more Italian than French. I liked him, perhaps because I knew him more intimately than my other relations—perhaps because none of the others could tolerate him. Perhaps because he was considered the black sheep of the family on account of his advanced politics—and I thought him unjustly set aside.[1] However that may be, I did like him, and had I been a little older, or had a marriage been suggested with him, instead of some other prince I will not name, my destiny might have been very different. Many anecdotes have been told me of his life in Corsica and elsewhere. One of these I must relate.

'Twas said that the two brothers, Prince Louis Lucien and Prince Pierre, in their early youth, when shooting mouflons in the mountains in

[1] Princess Caroline appears to have forgotten Prince Pierre's unfortunate altercation with Victor Noir at Auteuil in 1870, an altercation which resulted in the impulsive young Corsican drawing his revolver and fatally wounding Noir. The sensation which this affair created in Paris was profound, and it involved the Government in serious trouble. Public sympathy was wholly with Victor Noir. Prince Pierre himself was arrested and sent summarily for trial at the High Court of Justice at Tours. He was acquitted of the capital charge, but sentenced to pay £1,000 as compensation to the Noir family. There is no room for doubt that Prince Pierre was a black sheep. He was reckless, extravagant, quarrelsome, and became a continual thorn in the flesh of the Emperor.

Corsica, came across a beautiful peasant girl, with whom they both fell violently in love. Who she was, and whether she favoured both brothers or neither, I cannot tell. Be that as it may, they quarrelled. *Les preux chevaliers* of old would, no doubt, in similar occurrence have had recourse to lance and sword. The Corsican princes decided to play for their belle a game of cards. They went to the nearest inn and wrote and signed a paper agreeing that whichever won the game should marry the lady fair. Prince Lucien won and, faithful to his word, a short time after married her.[1] She never left the island, as far as I know. Prince Lucien lived in England, securing to her a comfortable income which she received till her death, a few years ago, somewhere about the spring of 1891.

On December 2, 1851, the Prince-President effected his celebrated *Coup d'État*. The presumption is that if he had not abruptly deposed the Assembly, the Assembly would have deposed the President. Whatever history may have to say of the occasion, there can be no doubt that Louis Napoleon held the trump cards, and that, spurred by De Morny, he played them with success. The big battalions were on his side. He made his power effective and solved for the time the difficulties in which France was plunged.

[1] She was Maria Cecchi, of Lucca. He married her in 1833 and was separated from her in 1850.

I am not a politician. I do not pretend to understand the intricacies of political movements. My own recollections of the *Coup d'État* are associated only with a personal adventure.

It was in the evening. The Elysée Palace, we heard, was being mobbed ; there was serious rioting ; blood was being shed ; the Prince-President was in danger. Princess Mathilde, with whom I was staying in the Rue de Courcelles, was extremely anxious. Fearing the worst, she had packed up all her valuable jewels, and was sitting on her jewel-cases. She implored me to drive to the Elysée and see what was happening, and bade me as a precaution to take a small loaded revolver with me. I drove through the crowded streets and arrived in safety in the courtyard of the palace. But as the gates were opened the excited mob rushed in. As I stepped from the carriage I was startled by a shot quite close to me. In my terror I imagined that some one had attempted my assassination. I had forgotten my own revolver, and as I alighted the weapon had fallen to the pavement and been accidentally discharged. The people, on their part, thought that I was shooting at them, and the incident might have ended very differently had not the footman and one of the Elysée servants hastened to my rescue and hustled me indoors. I returned to the Rue de Courcelles, but the Princess, still more and more uneasy, begged me

to pass the night at the Elysée, in order to give her the news. So I was installed in a room at the porter's lodge. The night was undisturbed by the smallest incident, and I slept like an Englishman in his four-poster.

CHAPTER VI

RESTORATION OF THE EMPIRE

The Imperial Eagles—The Prince-President's tour of the Provinces—His speech at Bordeaux—Miss Howard couples my name with that of the future Emperor—The Prince honours me with a visit to Beauregard—Restoration of the Empire—Matrimonial negotiations—Mademoiselle de Montijo—The Emperor's speech announcing his betrothal—The Empress Eugénie—Des Pierettes—Visit of Queen Victoria—English Beauties at Compiègne—Birth of the Prince Imperial—The Prince of Orange and the Mabille Gardens—A Royal arrest—Death of the Prince of Orange

May 11, 1902

A LETTER, a word, a tune, and old recollections come floating back, and things and scenes of long ago and long forgotten come suddenly before our eyes. A date—the 11th of May, 1852, just half-a-century ago—brings back to my mind, as if it were yesterday, the imposing ceremony of the distribution of the Imperial Eagles to the army. The famous Eagles that had slept with the Emperor Napoleon, buried with him for thirty-seven years, were once again to carry our flags to victory, and, casting their shadows before, proclaim to the world a second Empire. Four

months of my nineteen winters had passed over my head when, accompanying the Princess Mathilde, I stood on the balcony of the École Militaire. The Champs de Mars in all its glory was before me. Regiment after regiment in line, and every colonel of every absent regiment ordered to be present. . . . An immense chapel had been erected, open on all four sides, for the Mass and benediction of the Eagles. The Prince-President, King Jérôme, his uncle, Prince Napoleon, all the foreign princes and princesses of the Imperial family, the Marshals St. Arnaud and Magnan, and all the officers and great dignitaries of the State arrived as the clock struck twelve. The shouts of "Vive Napoleon!" "Vive le Prince-Président!" rent the air as he passed along the front of each regiment of the garrison of Paris and Versailles. The sun, how brightly it shone upon us! Weather and faces were alike radiant. The Prince-President entered a sort of stand reserved for him, and before presenting the flags to the colonels, all assembled before him, he addressed the troops. Then the Archbishop, after blessing the Eagles, delivered a short allocution. And, the colonels receiving the flags, the air again resounded with deafening cries.

The Prince, leaving the Champs de Mars, passed along a balcony where we stood. How we cheered! We waved our handkerchiefs—we blew kisses in the air. Our enthusiasm knew no

bounds. We were wild with delight. My pen could never tell or give any idea of the picture that flashes before me as I am carried back to 1852. That evening Paris was splendidly illuminated. Most magnificent fireworks were sent off from the Place de la Concorde. Dense crowds filled every place and every street. And joy filled all our hearts at the Palace of the Elysée. Hearts that, with very few exceptions, will never beat again.

The Princess Mathilde is the only one left of the older generation. She was born on May 27, 1820, one year later than Queen Victoria. Of the younger I alone am left to remember—of those old enough to be present.

The members of the family present besides the Princess Mathilde and myself were, of the older generation—

The Princess Bacciochi,
The Princess Caroline Murat (my mother),
The Princess Marie of Baden—Duchess of Hamilton;

And of the younger generation—

Princess Julie Bonaparte—Marquise Roccagiovini,
Princess Charles Bonaparte, *née* Princess Ruspoli,
Princess Charlotte Bonaparte — Comtesse Primoli,

Princess Augusta Bonaparte — Princess Gabrielli.

On the 11th of May this year, 1902, I wrote to the Princess Mathilde to ask her if she remembered. This is her answer, written on the eve of her eighty-second birthday.

24 *May*, 1902.

My dear Caroline,

I remember everything. I think often of everything. I steep myself in tears and souvenirs. I thank you. I embrace you.

Your affectionate aunt,

Mathilde.

In the autumn of 1852, having earlier in the year made a progress to Strasburg, the Prince-President decided to set forth on a visit to the provinces of Southern France, in order to ascertain for himself the sentiment of the people on the subject of the accession to the Imperial throne. After passing through several of the departments, where he was most enthusiastically received, he made at Bordeaux the well-known speech, "L'empire c'est la Paix," in the course of which he said: "I have conquests to make, but they are conquests of peace. We have vast waste territories to drain and cultivate, roads to open, ports to be deepened, canals to be completed, rivers to be made navigable, railways to be connected. . . . This is how I shall interpret the Empire, if the Empire is to be re-established.

These are the conquests which I meditate; and you who surround me, who desire the good of your country, you are my warriors."

I joined his suite at Bordeaux and was present with him on the gala night at the Opera House. The opera was *Le Prophète*. I had some trouble in preventing the Prince from going to sleep in the middle of the performance. He was not a lover of music, and the opera was a heavy one. We had seen it so many times before.

From Bordeaux the Prince went on to Angoulême to pay his flying visit to Les Charentes, reputed to be the cradle of the dawning Empire. I went on to receive him at Rochefort. He was to be at the Préfecture Maritime. An official dinner and a ball was the programme. One of my horses went down as I entered the town. I deplored the catastrophe and the consequent delay, but, luckily, my best hat was the only sufferer. A postilion put his foot through it. I was doomed not to look my best, which, as may be supposed, slightly annoyed the bloom of eighteen. I was spared the dinner, however, and arrived at the ball just in time to take my place as the Prince's partner in the *quadrille d'honneur*. During the rest of the evening he paid great attention to me; so much so, that remarks were freely made.

Miss Howard, who always followed *incognita* in the Prince's suite, remarked to a friend, who,

of course repeated the *propos* to me, "*Cette petite sotte* would have been Empress of the French if she had had the good sense to wait —the only unmarried Princess in the family. And such a match would have had my approval."

From a letter which came into my possession long afterwards, I extract the following—

"What shall I say about the ball? Nothing very remarkable—except, perhaps, the presence of Miss Howard, the President's mistress who, like the favourites of olden days, was in a position of honour, although she was not too obvious. I approached her and, in the course of our talk, she spoke these words, which have never passed from my memory: 'Hasn't she been foolish, this little princess—to marry de Chassiron? If she had willed it I myself should have made of her—who knows?—perhaps a future Empress.'

"I repeated this the same evening to the Princess, who replied to me: 'Yes, I know. A great many people think the same—my family among others; but I'm not made to reign over France. My ambition does not go as far as that. One would have to reach a height of character to which I should never be able to attain. No, I will be content to rule over a few French hearts.'"

Early the next day my maids and valet were sent on to La Rochelle. On my arrival, just in time to dress, I heard there had been another accident, owing to the careless driving of the

postilion. The wheel of the travelling carriage caught the *porte cochère*, with the result that trunks, portmanteaux, boxes, travelling-case, etc., were sent flying from the top into mid-air, landing in various parts of the courtyard. Luckily the maids and jewel-cases inside took no harm—but the trunks were in pieces, and most of my belongings had been gathered up here, there and everywhere. Notwithstanding, I had to be in full battle array to receive the Prince. I put on my war-paint as best I could with the remains of the wreck, and just got to the hall as the Prince was signalled. Another dinner and another ball, and so ended a very trying and tiring day.

Beauregard, our country seat, was six miles from La Rochelle, and the Prince announced his intention of honouring me with a visit on his way back to Tours. It was the fall of the year, 13th or 14th of October, I think, that the Prince and all his military suite breakfasted at Beauregard. After a 12 o'clock *déjeuner* and a smoke on the terrace, we planted a tree in remembrance of the day—a *Polonius imperialis*. Then the Prince proposed that the travelling equipages should be sent on two miles that I might accompany him in a constitutional. It was a perfect October day, and we all thoroughly enjoyed the walk. Suddenly the order "Pas gymnastique" was yelled in my ear, and I felt my arm seized by the Prince, who started at a little trot, all the suite forming

into line and following in regular military style. At the top of a long rise we stopped, out of breath. The carriages were drawn up a little ahead. All pleasant things come to an end, and so I bade adieu to the Prince, thanking him warmly for the honour he had done me, watched and waved till he was out of sight. I drove home, sorry to part with the Prince, but not sorry to rest. The hurry and bustle of the last few days had tired even my nineteen summers.

The Prince, after visiting Tours, made a last break in his journey at Amboise. Abd-el-Kadir, the Algerian hero who had surrendered to General Lamoricière in 1847, was imprisoned in the Château d'Amboise, and the Prince wished to have the pleasure of telling the prisoner himself that he was pardoned and free.

On the 16th of October the Prince re-entered Paris. He was received by the Ministry, the Senate, and all the high dignitaries of State at the Gare d'Orléans. Amid the thundering of the big guns, the peals of ringing bells, the shouts of the people, the military music, intermingled with singing of cantatas, the Prince was almost carried in triumph to the Palace of the Tuileries. Later in the evening, tired of honours, of homage, of noise, fatigued by the journey, he drove to St. Cloud for a little rest and quiet.

Meanwhile the *Moniteur*, the official paper, was preparing an article to appear the following

day, saying that all France was desirous that the Empire should be restored. The wish of the nation and the people had been enthusiastically manifested, and it was suggested that the Senate should be consulted.

From this time the course of events made rapid strides. After receiving in great ceremony "Les grands corps de l'État" at St. Cloud, on November 1, offering him the crown, the Prince, either from superstition or sentiment, again chose December 2 for his proclamation as Emperor, and on that date he left St. Cloud and proceeded in state to the Tuileries.

In the first days of November I had returned to Paris, the 4th being the "St. Charles," my fête day, and also my mother's. We never missed being together. A note from the Princess de Wagram was brought me, saying, "Venez fêter tous les Charles avec nous a Grosbois."

We spent a few days with our amiable châtelaine—the two families being old and dear friends. The weather was bitterly cold and bleak—almost impossible to keep warm, notwithstanding the huge forest logs that blazed on the hearth. Grosbois, beautiful château, one of the finest places in the department of Seine et Oise, belonged to Monsieur, brother of Louis XVI, then to some other, and afterwards to Moreau, before it came into the possession of Berthier, Prince de Wagram. The property is, I believe,

nine leagues in a ring fence and joins the forest of Senart, the hunting of which belonged to my brother during the Empire.

The Court was at this time at Compiègne.

The pretty, ancient town of Compiègne has many historical memories. Built in the time of the Gauls, it was here that in 1430 Jeanne d'Arc was captured and sold to the English, and where a statue is erected to commemorate the spot on which her arrestation was effected. The beautiful castle was constructed during the reigns of Louis XIV and XV, and it has always since been the favourite residence of our sovereigns. It was here, in 1810, that Napoleon I met Marie Louise of Austria; here that Napoleon III met Eugénie de Montijo. The forest is a very extensive one of 30,000 acres, the hunting-ground of many of our French kings. The Château of Pierrefonds stands at its eastern extremity, and, having fallen almost into ruins, it was restored by orders of the Emperor, I think in 1862, the restoration being entrusted to the care of Violette-le-Duc, the eminent architect of the Second Empire, who enjoyed great favour with the Empress Eugénie.

Prior to the Emperor's marriage, Princess Mathilde acted as hostess at the Palace of Compiègne, as she did at the Elysée. It is matter of history that Princess Mathilde was one of the first objects of Louis Napoleon's affections. They

had seen much of each other in their youth at Arenenburg, and his mother, the Queen Hortense, had the ambition that they should marry. He was sincerely fond of Princess Mathilde always. More than once he proposed marriage to her, and it is recorded that while he was a prisoner at Ham, hearing of her marriage with Anatole Demidoff in 1840, he wept and said bitterly to Barrot: "This is the last and heaviest blow that fortune had in store for me." It is possible, indeed very probable, that had my aunt been Empress of the French the Franco-Prussian War would never have taken place, and that many lesser errors of the Empire would have been avoided. She understood Louis Napoleon in a way that it was never given his consort to understand him, and she would have made an admirable Empress.

Among Princess Mathilde's guests at Compiègne, in November 1852, were Madame de Montijo and her daughter Eugénie. Napoleon, always attracted by the sight of a pretty face and a graceful figure, saw Mademoiselle in the drawing-room. "Who is she?" he inquired of my aunt, indicating the beautiful girl. "A Mademoiselle de Montijo, a foreigner from Andalusia," the Princess told him. "I would like to be introduced to her," he said. Madame de Montijo and Mademoiselle Eugénie were the Princess Mathilde's guests in the ensuing winter at a

The Empress Eugénie.

From a portrait by P. de Pommaigran.

dance and various dinner-parties at the Elysée Palace, and from that time onward, wherever the Prince-President stayed, whether at St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, or Compiègne, the Montijos were among the most frequent guests. Mademoiselle de Montijo was then no longer a mere girl in years, but she was still extremely beautiful, and she looked especially so on horseback, when taking part in the chase, as she often did at Compiègne. Napoleon did not disguise from Prince Jérôme the fact that he was smitten by the fair Spaniard's charms. "Yes," responded Jérôme, "it is quite natural and proper to love Mademoiselle de Montijo, but of course one cannot marry her."

Her Spanish pride was observable, and although it was secretly hinted by Fleury that she was ambitious to become Empress of the French, it was apparent that she was prepared equally to quit France and return to Spain at the slightest sign of disrespect.

Rumours of all kinds were afloat—among other "on dits" that friendly negotiations having failed to bring about an alliance with the Princess de Wasa, granddaughter of the Grand Duchess Stéphanie of Baden and the present Queen of Saxony, Comte Waleski, then our *envoyé* in London, was endeavouring to arrange a union between the future Emperor of the French and Princess Mary Adelaide of Hohenlohe, niece of Queen Victoria. Meantime, the *habitués* of the

Court at Compiègne affirmed that Louis Napoleon, ignoring equally friends and Ambassador, was busily looking after himself and preparing his marriage according to his own fancy.

Mlle. de Montijo, whom he greatly admired, was again with her mother among the guests at Compiègne. No one who remembers her unsurpassed loveliness, her captivating charm, her graceful manner, could be surprised that the Prince fell a victim to the fascination of her beauty. Of course, gossip was rife with many stories, and every one had become familiar with the saying of Eugénie, that the only way to her bedroom was through a well-lit church. One incident I will tell, though I was not with the Court that year, and I know it only by hearsay. One morning, during a walk in the woods with him, Mlle. de Montijo discovered and greatly admired a quaintly-shaped clover leaf, holding large drops of dew. The Prince sent it to Paris by special messenger, ordering a jewel to be made in perfect imitation of the natural leaf, large diamonds forming the dewdrops on the green emeralds. The jewel was presented to Mlle. de Montijo two days later, having been beautifully and so rapidly executed. I forget the name of the jeweller—perhaps Meiller, of the Rue de la Paix. It was by this pretty means that he first revealed his love to her.

When the Court had returned from Compiègne,

conjectures as to the Emperor's matrimonial intentions formed the subject of general conversation. The conjectures were often ridiculously wide of the mark; but we in the inner circle of the Tuileries knew that decidedly Mlle. de Montijo was to be our future Empress. Every one was talking and whispering about it at the Rue de Courcelles. Some blamed, some admired the courage of the Emperor, who was certainly showing a firm determination to please himself and consult no one. He was no doubt rather sore on the subject of an European alliance. That France would soon need an Empress and an heir was felt by all the nation. Would that the Empress Eugénie had crowned France with as many "hopes" as the Queen has bestowed upon Great Britain!

The betrothal was announced on January 22, 1853, in a speech made by the Emperor to the *Grands corps reunis*—the speech so well known, in which he said—

"When in the face of ancient Europe, one is carried by force of a new principle to the level of the old dynasties, it is not by affecting an ancient descent or endeavouring to push into the families of kings that one claims recognition. It is rather by remembering one's origin, by preserving one's own character, and by assuming frankly towards Europe the position of a parvenu—a glorious

title when one rises by the free suffrages of a great people. Thus, compelled to part from precedents, my marriage becomes but a private matter. It has remained for me to choose my wife. She who has become the object of my choice is of lofty birth. French in heart, by education, she has, as a Spaniard, the advantage of not having a family in France to whom it would be necessary to give honours and dignities. Gifted with every quality of the heart, she will be the ornament of the throne, as in the hour of danger she would be one of its most courageous defenders. A pious Catholic, she will pray with me for the happiness of France. I come to-day to say to France, 'I have preferred a woman whom I love and respect to an unknown woman.' Soon, on my way to Notre Dame, I shall present the Empress to the people and the army. The confidence which they repose in me secures their sympathies towards her whom I have chosen, and you, when you have learned to know her, will be convinced that once again I have been inspired by Providence."

The *Moniteur* next day announced what was already to us an open secret, that the lady whom the Emperor had chosen was Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo, Countess of Teba. Apartments were hastily prepared at the Elysée for the reception of the Montijo family. The Duke de

Morny, who knew well in advance the formal intentions of his brother and master, gave a great dinner in honour of our future sovereign, and Eugênie de Montijo never looked more charming than on that occasion in her simple toilette. It was on that evening that Madame Walewska surprised those who were not in the secret by greeting Eugénie de Montijo with the words, "I congratulate you, Madame, upon the brilliant future in store for you."

On the evening of the 29th of January, 1853, we assembled at the Tuileries. Mademoiselle de Montijo was received on the threshold by the Court dignitaries, who ushered her into the drawing-room in which we awaited her coming. The Emperor then led his bride to the Hall of Marshals, where the civil ceremony was duly performed by the Minister of State. After the signature of the marriage contract, the wedding party adjourned to the theatre, to hear Auber's cantata. The scene was splendid, and seemed to presage the splendour that was to appertain to the new *régime*. On the conclusion of the cantata, her Majesty was conducted by the Grand Master of the Ceremonies back to the El sée.

The following morning saw the pair setting forth in great pomp for Notre Dame, the Empress wearing the Imperial crown which Napoleon I had placed on the head of Marie Louise. In front of the high altar in the thronged cathedral,

the State chairs of their Majesties were prominent on a raised platform under a high canopy, and as the notes of the *Wedding March* swelled through the lofty building the congregation rose to watch the procession of the clergy approaching slowly from the porch of the altar. Then the Emperor himself appeared, leading his bride, with the Regent diamond sparkling on her bosom. It was only when they were actually approaching the throne that the Bishop of Nancy discovered that the person who ought to have brought the wedding-ring had forgotten it. What was to be done? I was one of the nearest of the company assembled about the throne, and, seeing the Bishop's distress, and learning its reason, I offered my own wedding-ring, which fortunately happened to be small enough. The ceremonial rites were then performed by the Archbishop of Paris, and the Bishop of Nancy presented the pieces of gold and my ring on a gold salver. The Empress moved from the throne to the altar, and after the benediction, in the Spanish fashion she crossed her brow, her lips and her heart with her thumb. At the close of the gorgeous ceremony, the Archbishop conducted the Emperor and Empress back to the cathedral porch, and Napoleon and his Consort returned along the quays to the Tuileries, the rest of us following.

Mademoiselle de Montijo was certainly beautiful, and no one was astonished at the caprice of

the Emperor. People especially admired her fair hair. It will be remembered, no doubt, that it was for her that the famous hairdresser, Felix, invented the coiffure which has been so long worn—the large bow of silk or of velvet which, arranged like a chignon, hid all the back of the head, and thereby also concealed the lack of hair.

It is not commonly known, but Mademoiselle de Montijo had at this time her hair absolutely short. Gossip has given a good many different accounts of the reason for this deficiency of coiffure. A certain Duc d'Ossuna, and the Duc d'Aumale were mentioned in turn as being the happy mortals who had profited by the Spanish beauty's loss of her tresses. But the truth was whispered to me a long time ago by the blue bird to whom, they say, the Empress herself must have confided it in a moment of indiscretion.

She had been madly in love with her cousin, the Duc de —— and believed herself loved by him. When, presently, she learned that he loved and was loved by her sister, for whom she had a warm affection, her despair was such that she took poison. She was ill for a long time. Her head was shaved; her hair was still short when her mother brought her to France. She became Empress, but, they say, she always kept hidden away in her heart the souvenir of her first love, although she felt no resentment against her rival, who came often to visit her in her exalted position,

and who died in Paris in a house which belonged to the Empress: a house which Eugênie had herself christened with the name of the Hôtel d'Albe, and which she had razed to the ground on her sister's death, not desiring that any other person should ever inhabit it. To-day, in the place where were situated this house and its vast garden, one sees the Rue d'Albe, which belongs to the Empress, although the property is held in the name of General Béville.

After the Empire was proclaimed, we lived for some years in a small house in the Rue Pigalle, to be quite near my father, whose large mansion was in the Rue de Tivoli. Here the reception-rooms were exceptionally fine, a long suite of which were reserved for entertaining, being quite separate from, though communicating with, the wing in which were my mother's private apartments. We entertained largely: dinners, balls, routs, followed each other in rapid succession. One ball remains engraved on my memory: the fancy ball, "Des Pierrettes." All invitations were sent in my name, and I decided that every dancer should be a Pierrot with a Pierrette to match, in couples of blue and pink, "chacun avait sa chacune." The wall-flowers were in dominoes of every colour and hue. My sister, the Princess Anna, who was then not yet "out," led the couples of pink Pierrots, and I the blue. We made our *entrée* about forty couples, making our obeisance to our

hostess as we passed to the ballroom. The quadrilles and different dances, under the direction of Cellarius, the leading dancing-master of Paris at this time, went off to perfection, especially the Russian mazurka, one of the prettiest of the many pretty Russian dances recently introduced in Paris by Markowski. The orchestra of the ever-famous Strauss carried us through an intoxicating whirl of delight, till the cotillon ended with the first rays of morning light, and we found ourselves in a large supper-room built out from the ballroom on the first floor, and enclosing the whole courtyard. A hot supper was prepared for the guests, who fully appreciated the preparations made for their entertainment. The cotillon had quite exhausted our powers, being led by M. de Chassiron with his usual entrain. He was the favourite leader of the cotillon at every ball. Who his partner was on this particular occasion my memory cannot tell me, nor do I find my own inscribed on its pages. One couple, however, are still pictured in its depths—Prince Richard de Metternich and his charming Pierrette, Mme. de Lowenthal. Nor must I forget Baron de Heckren, a Russian by birth and Prussian at heart. We danced the mazurka together in true Russian fashion. I felt myself taking an irresistible sweep from one end of the room to the other, regardless of more timid couples, whose slow, dreamy pace did not suit our impetuous dance. No other individuality stands

out before me, and so this little account of the Pierrettes' ball must end. I wish I had the gift of telling as well as feeling. My writing seems to me like a melody that one sings so beautifully inwardly, but when the sound comes it is all out of tune, and not a single note is true or gives an idea of what you vainly try to render. To-day is the 3rd of July, 1902. The storms so prevalent everywhere reached us yesterday. Last night was fearfully boisterous, and the wind is still howling and cold as in early spring. The seasons seem almost as changed as my life : the atmosphere as full of clouds.

My souvenirs of Queen Victoria's visit to Paris in 1855 are vague. I only remember the ball at Versailles and the great display of diamonds, which flashed even more brilliantly in the gilded *salons* than did the illuminated fountains in the gardens. The Queen danced, opening the ball with the Emperor, while the Prince Consort and the Princess Mathilde were their *vis-à-vis*. The Empress was not permitted thus to disport herself, as it was only a few months before the birth of the Prince Imperial.

Nor have I anything special or individual to say of the other Royal personages who were the guests of the Emperor and Empress from time to time. The year 1867, year of the great exhibition, brought scores of them into our midst. One might almost have said, as Count de Ségur

said in excuse to the great Napoleon, "Sire, pardon my being late, but I could not get along, for the streets are crowded with kings." First arrived Oscar of Sweden, and then the young Prince of Orange—"Citron" as he was nicknamed by Gramont—and in turn the King and Queen of the Belgians, the King and Queen of the Hellenes, Queen Pia of Portugal, the Duke of Leuchtenburg, the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. In June came the Czar Alexander II with his sons, and King William of Prussia with Prince Frederick, and attended by Bismarck and Moltke. Later still, King Humbert of Italy and his brother, the Duke d'Aosta. We saw, too, the Khedive, the Sultan Abdul Aziz, a prince of Japan, and I know not how many besides. Subsequently the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria visited us, and stayed for some days at Compiègne, where he held long conversations with Napoleon, doubtless on the subject of a possible alliance between Austria and France which might enable them to withstand the threatening enmity of Prussia.

The time spent at Compiègne was one year, enlivened by the presence of some beautiful Englishwomen whose acquaintance the Empress had made while on her visit to Queen Victoria in 1855. The lovely Duchess of Manchester, the Countess of Westmorland, and poor Lady Mary

Craven, a long way the handsomest and most charming of them all, formed part of the joyous band which arrived from perfidious Albion.

I remember that our Prince M. fell so hopelessly in love with the famous Duchess that when she left he swore to follow her. He obtained an invitation from the fair lady and, with the Emperor's consent, spent a week at her castle in England. On his return the Prince accepted an invitation to supper at the Café Anglais. His friends then proceeded to make innumerable jokes of varying good taste concerning his recent expedition ; they demanded vociferously that he should tell them some anecdote to enliven the supper. This is what the Prince finally confided to them. His visit had been a fiasco ! It was not that his inamorata had been unkind, not even that the husband had been indiscreet ; it was a question of accommodation ! The likelihood of a visit from the lovesick Prince, needing foreign hospitality, had not been foreseen. I need hardly add that the story was received with acclamation, and that the Prince was congratulated on having remained a good and faithful husband, even while overseas !

One evening, just before my brother's marriage to the Princess Salomé of Mingrelia, he said to Lady Mary Craven, " I am going over to England next week to see about my servants' liveries ; is there any commission that I can do for you ? "

" Bring me back a little earth from Rotten

Row," she requested. Achille had a beautifully carved jardinière made for her, and brought it back filled with the earth she wished for. How well one knows the feeling! I have often longed for a breath of French air!

I have explained why the Empress was not permitted to dance at the State ball at Versailles.

The news soon got abroad that an heir to the throne was expected. The fair Eugénie was *enceinte. Comment!* How did this happen? you will ask, when it had been affirmed that this hope was little likely to be fulfilled. In any case, by the grace of God, the skill of Sir Charles Locock, a visit to Eaux Bonnes, and by what other means I know not, the fact was certain.

It was on the 16th of March, 1856, that the salute of twenty-one [? a hundred and one] guns announced the birth of the Prince Imperial. All night long the illustrious patient was in agony. Dubois had no light task. Child-bearing at the age of thirty is not so easy as at twenty. It followed that, in spite of all his skill, Dubois only succeeded in bringing the Prince into the world by making a slight sacrifice of the mother, who never completely recovered, so it is said, and who for a long time had to wear a plated birth-belt, si bien, que l'Empéreur, en y mettant le cadenas, aurait pu partir en guerre comme nos rois d'autrefois, sans crainte pour son honneur.

I have just been skimming through a few lines of the book written by Mme. Carette, Admiral Bouvet's daughter. This lady had no fortune whatever, and the Empress suggested to the Admiral that his daughter should come to her as companion and reader. Mlle. Bouvet, who was a very lovely person, was not long in making a rich match, thanks to her sovereign's favour. A certain Monsieur Carette—a man of no great worth, I believe, unless it be the worth due to an income of a hundred thousand francs—sought the hand of the young lectrice and was duly accepted.

Reading the few words which Mme. Carette devotes to the Prince of Orange reminds me of a little anecdote which finds its place naturally in here. I do not know, and, besides, it is not for me to say, whether or not the Prince of Wales had an affection for him whom Mme. Carette calls the Prince Citron. I will not say, as she does, that the Prince of Orange "was worth more than his reputation." I will only state that he was pleasant, witty, a good comrade, a good friend, and, if I say a "bon-vivant," I must add that he was no more so than those who surrounded him and who formed the gilded youth of the Empire.

The Empress used to give him maternal scoldings, on account of his fastness; scoldings which he received with the politeness and good taste of a man of the world, coupled with the wheedling manner of a spoilt child. For who would be

daring enough to deny the incontestable beauty of Mlle. de Montijo? A beauty which no Frenchman can deny, since it was this fatal beauty which swept the Emperor off his feet!

It is to this charm of which Mme. Carette speaks, and to her cleverness, that Mlle. de Montijo owes her twenty years as Empress of the French!

But, having myself lived with her so often, I see as I read that the writer has ignored particular faults of hair, of teeth, and of certain details which exist even among the Venuses of to-day. Is it that Mme. Carette has wished to immortalize herself by immortalizing the Empress? Every one knows that at Court Mme. Carette was reputed to bear an extraordinary resemblance to Mlle. de Montijo. Is this why, in all the accusations levelled against the Empress in her book—serious accusations against the woman, accusations of ingratitude towards her saviour and towards her friends—Mme. Carette has not dared to raise these questions of personal defect? Is it because, being a woman, she has not been able to forgive M. O' [?] for not having recognized in the Empress a taste in furniture which, I should imagine, no one would be prepared to dispute?

Madame Carette glides over many events in Napoleon's reign, barely touching on them, with a reticence which commands admiration. But before the last crucial years she arrives at an

abrupt stop. Indeed, when one comes to think of it, what could she say of this woman, whom she is trying to paint in most favourable colours? Did she not lay down her pen before reaching that fatal year 1870?

But to return to my story. It was on an evening in spring, I no longer remember in which year, that two Princes of royal blood and a certain Duke, after one of the most gay and exciting of dinners, betook themselves (I know not why) to the Mabille Gardens, at that time notorious for exhibitions of the cancan dance. I am not aware of what then ensued. Perhaps on that evening the high kicking of Rogolbosche had been even more expressive and even less respectable than usual. Be that as it may, the police intervened, and the poor Princes, as well as the Duke, were haled off to the "lock-up." What was to be done? Should they give their names and betray the incognito of the Crown Princes of two great nations? It was not to be thought of!

The Duke, therefore, resolved to sacrifice himself; he asked for writing materials and sent a letter to a Prince who was a friend of his, begging him to come without delay to extricate him and his companions from their awkward situation. The Prince (a relation of the Emperor, and, consequently, all-powerful in such a matter) went instantly to the police-station and liberated the culprits.

The Prince of Orange, one of the two concerned, never forgot this service, and, in his turn, was able to assist the Prince in the matter of the "cabaret" related by Madame Carette. If I am silent as to the name of the other party it is that I bow respectfully to his incognito. I cannot terminate this without saying a few words about the sad death of the young Prince of Orange.

I was no longer in France at the time of his death, but I have been told that he had an attack of typhoid fever, that he was getting better, and that the doctors thought him out of danger. A ball was being given at which he had promised to appear. In spite of the doctors, in spite of the sick-nurse, he went there in very cold weather. Alas! He had a relapse, from which he did not recover.

It is said that the Prince had a superstition. He always avoided any undertaking on the sixth or on the eleventh of a month. These two numbers, so he declared, were invariably fatal to him. He never made a wager at the races on horses bearing these numbers on the card. He was right, poor Prince! He died on the 11th at 6 a.m.

CHAPTER VII

THE COURT OF THE SECOND EMPIRE

Strauss—Visit of the King of Piedmont and the marriage of Princess Clotilde and Prince Napoleon—Character of Napoleon III—Example of his wit—Family dinners and Sunday evenings at the Tuileries—How Senators were chosen when the Empress Eugénie reigned at the Tuileries—A Shrove Tuesday cavalcade—*Sur la branche*—Perilous gymnastics and inconvenient crinolines—Madame Biadelli—Casabianca and his family—Madame Heine's legacy—General Galliffet—His duel with Prince Achille—The notorious Rochefort—Madame de Galliffet—The Dinner of the Twenty Beauties—Princess de Metternich—A Lenten Ball—The Comtesse de Castiglione—The Ballet of the Bees—Tableaux Vivants—The Emperor's escape from assassination—Gossip and scandal—The shadow of tragedy—The mysterious death of Camerata and its sequel—The Court at Biarritz—Letters from Princess Anna—Her marriage with the Duke de Mouchy

THESE pages are at best only a tangled jumble of reminiscences intermixed with feelings caused by passing events, and so it is, as I read the *Figaro* to-day [5th June, 1902] and see recorded the death of Strauss. How the name before my eyes brings back pictures of brilliantly-lighted rooms, of happy faces, of joyous sounds of music, of youth and grace and swiftly-flying feet! I hear the

well-known echo of Strauss's waltzes—oh, the merry, laughing nights of long ago! And now the orchestra plays the ever-famous waltz which tells that the ball is drawing to its close—now the cotillon begins—then the little hot supper reserved for the dancers—after which the curtain goes down, more often as day is dawning. The ball is over only to begin again the next night, and so on all through the carnival, year after year. And year upon year, no doubt, the "Blue Danube" will still be played and the Strauss waltzes will guide other feet in their mazy whirl, though Strauss himself is laid low, never again to give the signal ever so impatiently looked for of yore!

An old letter! a few black lines on paper, yellow with age. How vividly they bring back things, scenes, faces, from the loved past! All seem to rise as out of a fog and stand before me. Then memory rushes to the long ago and I live again those years of youth, of joy, of gladness—years of triumph, Imperial pomp and splendour; days of glory and delight, nights that ran into day. A date and two words have set me dreaming, and I must try to tell all they recall to my mind. The date is *1859*—the words *Guerre d'Italie.* Still further back my thoughts must take me to the autumn of 1855, to Compiègne—it was November. The King of Piedmont was to be our guest. It was thought that a visit to

France would be the means of consolidating friendly relations between Paris and Turin, and secure the desired marriage of the Princess Clotilde with the Prince Napoleon. Monsieur de Cavour, one of the two great statesmen of our century, did not, for political reasons, deem it advisable to accompany his King. His presence would give a different and more official character to the visit. It fell therefore to the Marquis d'Azeglio, a very popular man and the most honest and straightforward—a very difficult quality to find in politics—to attend the young monarch during his stay among us. The Marquis d'Azeglio was an intimate friend of my father's, who, as I have said, was sent during a short time in 1850 as Ambassador to the Court of Turin. I remember hearing that Cavour had said that the presence of Azeglio at the King's side would convince Europe that Piedmont was not infected with revolutionary ideas.

It was November, and some hundred guests were invited for the Royal visit, many distinguished English statesmen, Lord Palmerston, Lord Cowley, Lord Clarendon, and Sir Robert Peel among others. The King was only to remain three days at Compiègne. A royal hunt was the principal attraction. The meet was at the Puits du Roi. We were much astonished that the King, instead of driving with their Imperial Majesties, arrived on horseback like any ordinary

mortal. It would be difficult to imagine, and quite impossible for me to describe, the enthusiasm, the shouts, the noise, the confusion which announced our arrival at the meet. The whole forest of Compiègne seemed alive, and every tree echoed back the cheers which greeted us. The King was delighted with the stag hunt, with its fanfares and old-world ceremonies, so different in every way from the hunting customs of England and Italy. On leaving Compiègne, the King and Emperor appeared to be on terms of the most intimate friendship. M. de Cavour no doubt had obtained the result he desired. Cavour and Bismarck were both destined to accomplish the great aims of their lives—the Unity of Italy and the Empire of Germany. But Bismarck, more fortunate than Cavour, lived to see his work accomplished. Cavour found in Prince Napoleon a strong ally who exercised an influence with the Emperor few persons could boast of. The Emperor cherished a true and sincere friendship for Prince Napoleon —friendship formed in the days of their youth, which the Emperor never forgot. The marriage of Princess Clotilde with Prince Napoleon, although an outcome of this visit, was not an absolute condition of the Franco-Italian alliance, but the Emperor's insistence on the point made it practically such. His quiet insistence upon a desired measure or policy often resulted in his gaining his point; but later there came the

influence of a will stronger and more insistent than his own.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon's was a character difficult to read, understood by few. He will appear in history, to generations to come, as a sphinx. He was so to us, though we knew him so intimately. We were at Compiègne in June 1861 when an officer arrived with the intelligence of the death of Cavour. It was a surprise to us all. I looked to see how it affected the Emperor. I shall never forget my astonishment and the far-away look of dreamy satisfaction that stole over his face as, with a sigh of relief, he expressed his deep regret. Cavour, whose energy and genius had prepared the Unity of Italy, died at the moment when he hoped to crown his efforts by giving Rome to Victor Emmanuel for his Italian Capital. So our occupation of Rome guarded it for the Holy Father.

Any one who knew the Emperor as well as I did could not fail to see the perfect truth of the following portrait of his character written by one of his most devoted subjects, from whom I beg to borrow it—

"When one approaches him closely, when one sees him in his private life, as simple and as modest in the sunshine of the most brilliant success as the least and meanest of his subjects; when one finds oneself confronting this fortune-favoured man, who is so distinguished in his

manners yet without the shadow of pretentiousness, of personal arrogance, or of vanity; when one sees him apply his high and noble intelligence and his most upright and perfect good sense to all questions at issue, one easily understands the greatness of his reign. Then again, when one has seen him in moments of peril show himself the most intrepid of men, it is impossible not to be completely won and charmed by him. But if one penetrates deeper still into his heart and becomes a witness of the struggles of his reason against his natural goodness—struggles which were always defeats and often disasters—one pities this prince, so good, so generous, and so indulgent for his inability to strike and punish those who deserved to be punished. One understands with what fatal facility this noble spirit can fall a victim to intrigue, and one recognizes from external as well as internal signs the secrets of his errors, the weaknesses and shortcomings of his statesmanship."

Does not this show only too plainly what I have tried to make clear in all I have said?

I wish I could recollect some of the smart sayings and witty repartees of the Emperor. They were many, but only one occurs to me as I write.

A large dinner-party preceded one of the "Lundis" of the Empress. Each week during the winter season till Lent, there was dancing at the Palace, called "les petits bals de l'Impératrice," or "Les Lundis." On a particular Monday the Archbishop of Paris was one of his Majesty's

guests. After dinner he and the Emperor were conversing when the Archbishop suddenly became aware that ladies in laces and diamonds surrounded him—that dancing was about to begin. "Ah! Sire," he exclaimed in alarm, "permettez moi de me sauver bien vite." . . . The Emperor detaining him, "Mais, Sire," objected the Archbishop, "voyez, je suis chassé par les épaules." The Emperor, with the quick wit we all knew so well, then smiled as he said: "Alors les *saints* (*seins*) doivent vous retenir"—and the Archbishop ran the faster, laughing on his way.

The New Year was always the occasion of a special family gathering at the Tuileries. One was busy from early morning. At mid-day there was mass, while the afternoon was spent in paying and in receiving calls. In the evening there was a family dinner-party, from which none of us was allowed to be absent on pain of giving serious offence. This was the great family reunion of the year. But every Sunday evening also we were expected to be present at the dinner strictly confined to members of the family. The Princess Mathilde frequently excused herself. She had no great sympathy with the Empress, and avoided as many of the Court functions as her rank and position would allow, while the Empress made no secret of her coldness towards the Princess. Sometimes, too, the chair reserved beside her Majesty for Prince Napoleon was vacant. But I

had not the privilege of so absenting myself; and every Sunday evening I was obliged to take my place at the table. Oh! the boredom of these gatherings, which lacked gaiety and life, which were absolutely void of witty conversation, and in which there was no thought save as to who should have precedence—a struggle which was renewed every Sunday during the fifty-two weeks of the year! How tired I grew of all the jealousy, of the empty life, the formality, of these Court intrigues and of these petty vexations! Only when the hour came to retire could I breathe freely!

After dinner it was more agreeable, for other people were received, and something amusing would happen. The Empress used to go into her favourite corner of the drawing-room, and there, surrounded by her most intimate friends, she used to get the Prefect of Police to tell anecdotes. The Prefect's tales, as you may imagine, were highly spiced; and her Majesty enjoyed the most adventurous situations. The more highly-flavoured was the story, the more did our Sovereign appreciate it.

There was music, of course. Sometimes we played at hide-and-seek, hunt the slipper or blind man's buff, sometimes at "clumps," or guessed riddles, of which her Majesty was particularly fond. Eugénie de Montijo always had the reputation of possessing a ready, if somewhat

cruel, wit. This attribute did not desert her when she attained Imperial rank. It contributed greatly to the gaiety of the Court, but to it she surely owed her most influential enemies. Many anecdotes narrated in this connection are exaggerated or wholly invented, but one instance I remember of a jest, too indelicate for publication, which, originating from the Empress herself, went the rounds of the Court circles, and had the effect of keeping Baron Haussmann away from the Tuileries for a considerable time.

These references to the Sunday evening entertainments at the Tuileries bring back an incident to my memory. There was to be a nomination of senators, and the number of vacancies was limited to three or four seats. The list of candidates was a long one, for the Empress, the ministers, the male and female favourites, all had their own man in mind. One Sunday night the Emperor drew from his pocket a list of the most fancied candidates, among whose names was that of M. Prosper Mérimée, a protégé of the Empress, for the honour. I say "a protégé of the Empress," for that, I believe, was his sole claim to the Emperor's choice. What was to be done? Some had incontestable rights to favour, others had the favour without the rights. Suddenly the Empress decided the matter. Taking a hat belonging to one of the gentlemen, she wrote with her own hand all the names on little slips of

paper. These she placed in the hat, which she handed to the Emperor. He drew a name. Fortune once more favouring beauty, he held that of Prosper Mérimée. That is how the great dignitaries of State were appointed when the Empress Eugénie reigned at the Tuileries. Why speak of merit? Wit was the only requisite—especially the wit which enabled a man to please the Empress.

I had spent part of the winter and spring of 1865 in Italy. We came back to Paris at the end of the carnival. The Duke de Morny had just died and the Court was plunged in grief. The Empress, who only thought of *fêtes* and amusements, asked herself what was to be done for Shrove Tuesday, without balls, fancy dress, or masks. A council was held. I can still see her surrounded by her intimate friends at about five o'clock—the hour of tea, served in her study. It was the same study which a few hours before had been littered with all the private papers of M. de Morny, seized by order of the Empress.

Suddenly in her natural exuberance of spirits, her Majesty had a quaint idea ; doubtless some fancy, a memory of her bohemian youth passed through her brain. Sitting astride a chair and grasping its side bars as if they were the reins of a horse, she by her looks invited the others to do the same. Soon ladies and gentlemen alike mounted their wooden steeds, and a

regular Shrove Tuesday cavalcade ensued, going round and round the large room after the Empress, to the accompaniment of the trumpeting and boisterous calls of the hunting-field.

There was no fatted ox, even Cupid was absent, but the enthusiasm of the mimic chase was at its height when a little door was heard to turn on its hinges and a huge setter dog rushed up the little spiral staircase and bounded into the room. It was the forerunner of his Majesty the Emperor! As if by magic, there was a dead silence. The ladies returned demurely to their arm-chairs, the men stood upright to salute—all save one, who would not face the master with deception. Hence poor Dupuy was hastily pushed under the table, which was covered by a large cloth reaching to the floor! The Emperor entered, made amiable remarks to those around him. There was a glance for Madame Walewska, a smile for Madame de Cadore, a kindly word for the Princess Anna Murat, while we all trembled, watching Nero's inconvenient persistence in scenting out his hidden quarry and standing "on point" at the table to attract the attention of his master, who suspected nothing as yet. What was to be done? The Emperor had to be enticed away at all costs, and one of the ladies sacrificed herself. As far as my memory serves me, it was Madame de Persigny. In any case, I shall injure no one by naming her. *On prête aux riches.*

And that is how Shrove Tuesday was celebrated at the Palace of the Tuileries in 1865.

I could tell many anecdotes of this nature to illustrate the levity which underlay the formalities of the Court. I can no longer remember the year, but we were at Fontainebleau in the springtime. We were engaged in a paper-chase, and the man who is called "the fox" had done his work so well that we who were "the hounds" had strayed a long way from the château and were utterly tired out with running. I still seem to feel my poor legs scarcely bearing my weight, while the Empress, wearing high heels, was obviously exhausted. Suddenly I saw Comte de Castelbajac, and another man, perhaps the Marquis de Toulongeon, bringing forward a long branch from one of the trees. Going down on their knees and placing the bough between them across their shoulders, they invited the Empress to take her seat upon it. This she did readily, and rode it astride at that! Certainly she is a plucky woman, for she rode back the whole way to the château like this, without uttering a single sigh or complaint. Nevertheless, the branch was not wonderful enough to preserve the Imperial imprint. Doubtless if it had done so, the gentlemen would have kept it as an ancient but precious souvenir.

I had just finished my fortnight's stay at Fontainebleau and gone back to Paris, when I received

the order to return at once. It would be going too far to say that this order was pleasant to receive. Nevertheless I obeyed. I arrived at five o'clock in the evening and found her Majesty in her dressing-room with Princess Bacciochi and a few other intimates. She was in a short flannel petticoat with a pink dressing-jacket trimmed with lace and reaching a little below the knees. She had sent for me, acting, as always, on the spur of the moment, because she had just discovered that Princess Anna Murat, who was then only seventeen years old, had been (and I use her own words) stung by a tarantula and insisted on marrying the Marquis de Massa.

The poor Marquis was certainly one of the many admirers of my sister, but the young Princess did not favour him to this extent. She used to call Massa her mocking-bird. Later on he became the author of a little unpublished comedy which was played at Compiègne, and the Empress, who was a very good dancer, performed several Spanish dances in a short skirt between the acts.

Massa had a pretty turn for verse-making. Here I copy an acrostic which he addressed to myself.

C 'etait un rêve hier que ce ton familier,
A ujourd'hui qu' entre nous cet aimable jeu cesse,
R eprends ton rang, ton titre et redeviens princesse . . .
O ù le respect commande il faut toujours plier.

L is ces vers que j'ai faits en franchissant ta porte,
I l faut pour leur *étoffe* avoir quelque pitié,
N 'y pas voir de vains mots qu' au loin le vente emporte
E t qu'il en reste au moins le plus doux : l'Amitié.

I remained several days at Fontainebleau endeavouring to calm the anxiety of the Empress as to the idea of the Emperor's young relative having any matrimonial desires towards the Marquis.

The day after my arrival, a long country walk was suggested. It was not a hunting day, and there was nothing particular to do. A certain number of the guests accepted the walk with the Empress. The Emperor was working that day and did not accompany us. We started off on this picnic expedition. Her Majesty Eugénie went on ahead with her intimate friends Duperré and company. When we arrived at the rocks, it was suggested that we should lunch on the grass, and during the preparation of the meal every one wandered off, more or less in couples.

As I sauntered along, imagine my astonishment at seeing the Empress, Madame de Cadore, and one or two other ladies climbing up a very steep path in the precipitous cliff. Each lady, led by the Empress, was supported by her cavalier, who from time to time helped the difficult ascent by pushing from behind, thus also preventing a retrograde movement and averting a catastrophe when the wind interfered with the inconvenient crinolines.

I do not know if the ladies found amusement in this, but I imagine so from the exclamations and laughter which reached me. In any case, it was a very amusing and certainly a very curious sight for an ordinary passer-by to see these perilous gymnastics introduced to the Court of France by this young girl who had suddenly become Empress, and who very naturally had preserved the customs and tastes of her youth passed in Spain in running about the country on her mule with her young friends.

A letter has just brought me the news of the death of Mme. Biadelli, sending my thoughts back to people and events of long-forgotten years. It was in the autumn of 1849 that I first made her acquaintance. My father was proceeding to Turin as Ambassador at the Court of Victor Emmanuel. My mother, slowly recovering from a long illness, was unable to accompany him. We were living at that time in the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré. M. Biadelli was the officer selected as *Attaché Militaire* on the Ambassador's staff. A true Corsican, military to the backbone, both in manners and appearance, and to the day of his death —which occurred some years after the downfall of the Empire as the result of a fall from his horse—proved himself a most devoted follower and friend. His wife was young, tall, and no doubt some would say pretty—a brunette with rather regular features and eyes, the most in-

teresting feature, brown with a yellow tint in them, and, standing out in her face like a poached egg, the sort of thing we in our flowery French language call *à fleur de tête*. She also was a Corsican, daughter of Comte de Casabianca, of whom I have spoken somewhere as made use of by the Emperor for the purpose of forming a Ministry after the "deux Décembre"—with title of Ministre d'État, what is here called Premier. He was only a short time in office, I fancy for two reasons. The first, he was too honest, looked far too strictly into things and people. The second, he had a large family in the woman line : three old unmarried daughters, who interfered in all political and State matters, undertook to open dispatches, to give orders in the offices, to the Secretary and Chief of Office ; a horde of young Corsican cousins who all were given employment, and a wife, good woman, absolute cipher, neither intelligent nor highly educated and put entirely in the background by her daughters. Madame Biadelli was by far the most amiable and the most liked. The youngest daughter, then called "petite Eugénie" because young in comparison with the others, married a fellow by name Ferry d'Escland, a clerk in the Cours des Comptes. I hear of late years he has come greatly into favour. Why, or wherefore? He helped Madame Heine in her charities, and was left by her a legacy. The Pope created him

Duke Ferry d'Escland, one wonders for what services!

Speaking of Madame Heine and her legacies, an amusing story occurs to me. A very old and intimate friend at Court, and one we all liked, Admiral Charles Duperré, became after the war *un des intimes* at Madame Heine's, and a real friendship grew between them. Duperré, as honest as he was poor, had hoped—perhaps this is saying too much, yet I believe he had reason to think—that in the disposal of her immense fortune he would be remembered. He received a beautiful old clock, with a line in her handwriting saying she had left him the timepiece which had marked so many hours of charming intercourse.

It has always been interesting to me to observe the readiness of certain friends of the Empire to take service under the Republic; as in the case of the Marquis de Galliffet when he became Minister of War in 1899. There was, I suppose, a feeling of danger ahead, and all parties saw the necessity of making a sacrifice for the country. Otherwise, could General de Galliffet have accepted office in such company? Galliffet! how familiar it sounds —and oh! how strange it all seems to me looking back—Captain, chef d'Escadron, Colonel—how well I knew him through his long career! He was a great Court favourite. Many are the amusing anecdotes told of this "Poseur pour la Galerie,"

who was at the same time one of the most recklessly brave and daring of soldiers! He behaved brilliantly during the Mexican Campaign, and at Puebla was severely wounded in the lower part of the stomach. It is told how, no one being near to give him help, he, with admirable courage, took and held with both hands his protruding insides while he dragged himself along to the nearest ambulance. His life was in danger for some time —ice was required, but none was to be found. When the news of his critical condition reached us at the Tuileries, their Majesties were dining. The Empress held an ice in her hand. She slowly put it on the table, saying : "I will never eat another ice till Galliffet is restored to us."

Some time after the gallant general's return to Paris my second brother, Prince Achille, took offence at a letter written by Galliffet in which he wrote slightingly of a member of the Imperial family. Achille sent his *témoins*, Col. Jérôme Bonaparte and Antoine d'Espeletta, to challenge Galliffet, whose own seconds I forget. Rendezvous was arranged for the next day. It was a most anxious time for us all. Galliffet was a brilliant soldier—my brother a young fellow just entering life and about to fight only his second duel. At the Avenue Montaigne we each had our suite of private apartments ; my father's overlooked the Avenue, mine the Rue Jean-Goujon, just opposite where the great fire of the Bazaar de la

Charité took place some years ago; my brother's room looked over the court-yard, and, as it were, made the link between my rooms and my father's. Looking out of my dressing-room, I saw into my brother's. All that night I watched; the noise of the clashing swords seemed unceasing. I could hear Espeletta's voice as he coached his pupil for the coming fight. Espeletta was reckoned the best swordsman in Paris. Great was our joy when we received the news, sent by Col. Bonaparte's courier to the effect that the Prince was safe and that Col. Galliffet had received a slight wound in the thigh. He was lame for about a fortnight, perhaps less. My brother's first duel he fought in a shed with the notorious Rochefort, who had publicly insulted him in the theatre. The meeting was in the forest of Saint-Germain, in the presence of the Emperor and his suite, who went there ostensibly for a day's shooting, but in reality to watch the duel. I have heard the seconds tell how, driven to the wall, giving way before the attacks of the Prince, Rochefort turned round and received his wound where the toe of a boot is a more usual weapon.

Madame de Galliffet, a woman of most amiable and gentle disposition, was one of the foremost beauties of the Empire. Opinion was divided as to whether she or Madame de Pourtalés was the more beautiful.[1] They were both inevitably

[1] "I remember," writes Madame Carette in her *Souvenirs*,

selected by the Empress on the occasion of the celebrated Dinner of the Twenty Beauties, given at the Tuileries to the Emperor in fulfilment of a lost wager. The invitations, so far as the feminine section was concerned, were confined to the most beautiful women of the Court circle, twenty in all. Of these a half were French-women: the Duchesses de Montmorency, de Cadore, and de Persigny, the Marquises de Canizy and de Las Marimas, the Comtesses de Pourtalés and de Montebello, and the Baronnes de Pierrebourg and de Bourgoing. Two of them, the Duchesse de Morny and Madame Léopold Magnan, were Russians; the Comtesse Walewska and Madame Bartholoni were Italians; Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild was a Jewess, the lovely Maréchale Canrobert was a Scotchwoman, the Marquise de Chasseloup-Loubat was a Creole; and to these were added my sister Princess Anna, a semi-American, the Marquise de Galliffet, who was half English, and the Princess de Metternich, who had to be included, not for her looks, but because of her incomparable wit. Finally, of course, to complete the international galaxy, there was the Empress herself, who was a Spaniard.

"that I then [about 1859] saw the Countess de Pourtalés and the Marquise de Galliffet for the first time. They faced each other in the first quadrille. Impossible to see a prettier picture than that of these two persons, entirely different in their type of beauty, but equally graceful, lively, and elegant."

Princess de Metternich, whom I have just mentioned, was one of the most prominent of the women at the Court of the Second Empire. Her husband, Prince Richard de Metternich, was First Secretary to the Austrian Embassy, in all the glory of youth and social success—an amiable companion, a graceful dancer, a delightful *causeur de salon.* Later on, he had come to Paris as Ambassador with this ugliest *jolie laide* for wife—the daughter of the renowned Johannesberg wine, Comtesse Pauline Sandor—whom he married in June 1856. Young, clever, witty, ambitious, with a daring, reckless spirit and a sharp tongue, she carried all before her. She made the brilliancy of Metternich's diplomatic career. A great favourite at the Tuileries, she held her influence with the Empress even after the downfall of the Empire. Princess Metternich was *bon garçon,* very amusing and entertaining. Therasa's songs and Rogolbosche's kicks[1] were

[1] Therasa was a notorious music-hall star variously referred to as "the Patti of the People" and "the diva of the wine-shops." Her *répertoire* of libidinous lyrics, composed for her by the poets of the Latin Quarter, included "La Gardeuse d'Ours," "Le Sapeur," "La Reine des Charlatans," and "C'est dans le nez que ça me chatouille"—a ditty that was for a long time the craze of Paris. Rogolbosche was the real name of Marguerite Badel, a girl famous at the cabarets of Montmartre for her eccentric dancing and high-flung kicks at a time when the cancan was coming into vogue. Her *Memoirs,* which were said to be written by herself, but of which she had penned no single line, went into six large editions in one year. The

equally familiar to her, and her burlesque imitations of both were so clever that they became a huge advertisement of the originals, sending people flocking in night disguise to the Mabille gardens and the Petit Moulin-Rouge. But with all her recklessness, her love of adventure and her knowledge of the world, she was herself a model of propriety, and her name was never coupled with any love intrigue. She was a woman of refined taste, a fervent partisan of Wagner long before his music became acceptable to the Parisians generally, and it is well known that it was she who prevailed upon Walewski to allow the performance of *Tannhäuser* at the Opera in 1861. She introduced Liszt to the Tuileries. She was the first to recognize the genius of the English costumier Worth, who made most of the brilliant and original costumes in which she appeared, and caused admiring astonishment at the Court entertainments. Her love of private theatricals added to the pleasures of the time, and she frequently appeared in the tableaux, short comedies and charades that were performed in the long Gallery of Maps at Compiègne. Octave Feuillet and Massa often engaged her help in devising

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volume consisted of the most irresponsible and intimate gossip about women of her own class, and seemed designed especially to prove that it is easier to ride in a gilded coach than to starve on a crust.

such entertainments. She was by nature gay, and her gaiety was infectious. She was not beautiful; her nose was bad, her lips were too thick, her ears too pointed; but one forgot her unloveliness when the Princess spoke, for she was the wittiest woman of her age.

She was said to be eccentric. I should rather call her original. She once shocked her more demure friends by giving a ball at the Austrian Embassy during Lent. Such an infraction of religious duty was amazing; but no invitations were declined. Dancing went on until midnight, and we were getting hungry. Suddenly the orchestra ceased playing and the hostess, standing in the middle of the room, reminded the assembly that this was a Lenten ball, that Lent meant fasting, and she warned her friends not to expect any supper, although they might stay as long as they pleased. We imagined that it was merely a joke made to hide the fact that a supper would presently be announced, and the reputation of the Embassy for hospitality be magnificently maintained. No supper was served, however, and the company dispersed to get food elsewhere.

On another occasion Princess Metternich gave a dinner to a company of Court and diplomatic guests who, on their arrival, were amazed at the behaviour of some half-dozen of her servants, who not only announced the names wrongly, but indulged in the most outrageous pranks. There came a

climax when these flunkies actually seated themselves at the dining-table and opened their napkins. But at this point the Princess broke into peals of laughter, and it was only then discovered that the offending servants were all young men of high position and that the whole thing was a got-up farce, which had its desired effect in putting the guests into good humour.

Her husband, Prince Richard de Metternich, was a principal in a famous fourfold duel, fought with cavalry sabres at Kehl in the autumn of 1869, when he received an ugly gash in the right arm. The encounter concerned a woman's honour, but it had no connection with marital infidelity on the part of Metternich. The beautiful Countess de Beaumont, sister of Marshal MacMahon, was the cause and object of it. Count de Beaumont was inordinately jealous. No man could even glance with admiration at la belle Madame, or say a word to her, without incurring the Count's displeasure and arousing his jealousy, and on this occasion he had the temerity to call out four adversaries in succession. Duels at that time were seldom fatal, and there were many men who held themselves ready to risk an encounter for the sake of women whom they innocently admired. M. de Galliffet, for example, was a recognized champion of Madame de Metternich, as Paul de Cassagnac was champion of the Empress, and M. de Metternich and many others of the lovely Countess de Beaumont. The

gallantry did not imply any closer relationship. Of the Metternichs, it must be said that they were exemplary husband and wife. No scandal of love intrigue or incontinence was ever breathed in their direction, and the Princess, with all her reckless buoyancy, was personally a paragon of virtue.

I will not say that such a reputation as hers was altogether exceptional. There were many women of the Court quite as free from blemish as Madame de Metternich. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that there was a large number whose private lives and conduct would not bear scrutiny. In this connection, one naturally thinks of Virginia de Castiglione, who hardly ever attempted to cover herself with a cloak even of assumed modesty.

The Countess de Castiglione was frivolous as well as frank, and in breaking the bounds of conventionality she was infinitely more daring than Princess de Metternich. She could take liberties when no one else could. Entirely reckless of people's opinion, she sought only to please herself by creating an impression. She was a Florentine, daughter of the Marchioness Oldoïni, and she came to Paris about 1856, when she was twenty, already married and a mother. Walewski, in recommending her to Count Castiglione, described her rather too flatteringly, I consider, as "the loveliest woman in Europe." She had beautiful blue eyes, rich, abundant brown hair, a

perfect mouth and dimpled chin, and an indescribably graceful and statuesque figure. I saw her first, I think, at Compiègne in 1857, when she was a guest at the same time as the surpassingly beautiful Duchess of Manchester, whose refined elegance and soulful face with its profile like an antique cameo were a constant enjoyment to all who beheld her. No one who knew them both could hesitate in according to the Duchess the priority for charm and loveliness.

Afterwards I saw the Countess de Castiglione frequently. The Princess Mathilde received her with cordiality at her dinners and receptions, and admired her beauty so much that she commissioned Giraud to paint a portrait of her. The picture was the artist's masterpiece! For some time, too, she was to be met at the Empress's Mondays as well as at the Court balls and entertainments, both at the Tuileries and Compiègne.

It was rumoured that she came to Paris on some sort of political mission of intrigue, at the instigation of Cavour, and that she had the avowed ambition of taking the place formerly occupied by Miss Howard in the amorous attentions of the Emperor. That Cavour, who was a statesman of discernment, should have selected her as a political emissary is manifestly unlikely. Virginia de Castiglione did not possess the subtle mind of a diplomatist. Her mental attributes, indeed, were insignificant. Her attractions and

abilities were solely those of a woman who knew she was beautiful and took every opportunity to display her physical charms. She danced well, she dressed well, she excelled in the art of posing; but she did not shine in conversation; she had no wit, no natural intelligence, and even when she made a desperate effort at verbal smartness she came dangerously near to being impertinent. At one of Prince Jérôme's entertainments at the Palais Royal, she arrived at one o'clock in the morning, as the Emperor and Empress were leaving. They met at the head of the stairs. "You arrive very late, Madame la Comtesse," said his Majesty. "It is you, Sire, who leave very early," she made retort.

She took pleasure in surprising people with her pranks and adventures. Her boyish love of mischief was notorious. Her fancy of climbing to the roof of the Louvre at midnight to hear the chimes of the city was only one of her many caprices. It was in her costumes at fancy dress balls that she most succeeded in creating astonishment. At one, held at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in February 1857, when Madame Walewska was hostess, she appeared arrayed as Queen of Hearts in an exceedingly *décolleté* costume, entirely open at the sides from the hips downwards. She wore her hair flowing loose over her neck and shoulders. Her conspicuous ornaments were crimson hearts thrown as it were at random upon

the dress, some in positions that were decidedly unexpected. The Empress, congratulating her upon her achievement, added, looking at one of the symbols which was particularly conspicuous, "But your heart seems a little low down."

She was conscious of the beauty of her person, and veiled it as slightly as she dared. In her, people condoned audacities which in other women would only have been shocking, as they did at the carnival ball at the Tuileries in 1863, when she startled the company by coming as Salammbo in a costume of transparent gossamer, her bosom and ankles as bare as her beautiful arms, of which she was excusably proud. "Would you like to see my arm?" she would ask, drawing up her sleeve. It was said that she incurred reprimand for her freedom in dress. It might have been expected, for she was certainly audacious. But I only know of one occasion of hesitation in admitting her, and that was when she had the questionable taste to present herself at a ball as Marie de Medici, attired in funereal black.

At the carnival ball of 1863, to which I have just alluded, the Emperor and Empress both were dressed magnificently in the Venetian style, in colours of gorgeous crimson and white. Princess Mathilde represented Anne of Cleves, carefully prepared after Holbein's picture in the Louvre. One of the most admired costumes was that of Madame Alphonse de Rothschild, repre-

senting a bird-of-paradise. This was the occasion when, in compliment to the Emperor, Comtesse Stéphanie Tascher de la Pagerie produced her famous Ballet of the Bees. It had been rehearsed for weeks, and twelve of the best dancers of the Court had been drilled under Mérante, the ballet master of the Opera. Four huge beehives were carried in and, at a signal from Strauss's orchestra, the hives opened, and from each three "bees" flew out, carrying garlands of violets, emblem of the Bonapartes, as were also the bees.

Their Majesties were exceedingly fond of theatricals, and command performances were often held as an addition to the after-dinner entertainments at Court. The Emperor favoured light comedies and farces; the Empress preferred romantic drama and tragedy. The companies of the Comédie Française and the Gymnase performed at frequent intervals at Compiègne, but the performances given under the direction of Princess de Metternich were more popular with us, and one knew the artistes so well. Even more attractive were the tableaux vivants, for which there was quite a rage at one time. In these Mme. de Castiglione excelled, and she was always in request, inventing some new extravagance to exhibit her faultless shape under such favourable conditions. At one time she would appear as the central figure of a classic or historic group, or the curtain would rise to discover her

alone in some well-studied pose to represent an emotion, a phase, a sentiment. She was less varied in her conceptions than Madame de Metternich, less original than Stéphanie Tascher de la Pagerie. Where she gained in grace and beauty of pose, she lost in expression. But it was enough that she had a beautiful figure. Brave Marshal Magnan's daughters often assisted in these tableaux. One of them, the prettiest, I forget her name, was asked by Madame de Metternich to represent the classical figure of Eros, the little god of Love, a figure for which her childish, roguish face and rounded form were especially suited. Doubtful concerning her costume, she sent a message to her military parent: "Dear Papa, I am playing Love to-night (*je fais l'amour ce soir*). I implore you to send me all I shall need for the part." "Certainly," he responded promptly, and of course he sent her nothing.

Madame de Castiglione was one of the pretty women to whom the Emperor was fond of making offerings of his inevitable sugared almonds. (He ran up large accounts with Gouache, the Court confectioner.) At one time her name was coupled with his, as it had formerly been coupled with that of King Victor Emmanuel, and there are some persons still living who might throw light on the hidden incident of "the Compiègne night-dress of cambric and lace," so conspicuously

mentioned in her will. It was known to all the Court that the Emperor's visits to her house in Rue de la Pompe had no official or political significance. The liaison was too obvious to be disguised. One visit in particular was talked about pretty freely, for the reason that it was in connection with it that he narrowly escaped the knife of an assassin. He had gone incognito in his small coupé, entering by the secret door reserved for his exclusive use on such nocturnal occasions, and was leaving the house at three o'clock in the morning, when, as the carriage was being driven out from the courtyard, three armed men leapt from the darkness and made an attack upon him. It was said that the Emperor was saved only by the promptitude of his faithful coachman, who, assuring himself that his master was in the carriage as yet unharmed, lashed at his horses and galloped them in hot haste to the Tuileries.

It is impossible to overlook the fact that during the Second Empire there was abundant cause for gossip and scandal; but much that has been written in irresponsible Memoirs is either wholly false or grossly exaggerated. The Empress Eugénie was herself too strict and circumspect to permit any looseness of talk or of conduct, and scandal was rigidly discouraged even if it could not be suppressed.

At a ball given at the Tuileries early in 1865

a guest of the scandal-loving type dared to bring into question the character of a certain very good-looking unmarried girl, daughter of one of the functionaries of the Court. The narrator declared that the girl was absent because she was occupied with her baby, born only a very few mornings previously, adding unblushingly that the Emperor was the father. One of the Empress's ladies-in-waiting, the Marquise de Latour-Maubourg, stood near, and heard this attempt to ruin an innocent girl's reputation.

"One ought to be quite certain of one's facts before circulating a story like that," she intervened.

"Oh, but it is true," the other retorted warmly, "the accouchement took place at the residence of an intimate friend of mine."

"You astonish me," returned Madame de Latour-Maubourg. "And the more so since there is the young lady herself, dancing!"

Covered with confusion, the scandal-monger watched Madame de Latour-Maubourg advance towards the Empress. Presently a chamberlain approached her to inform her that her carriage was waiting, and thereafter her name was missing from the list of those received at the Tuileries.

The gaiety of the Court of Napoleon III was more than once darkened by the shadow of tragedy. The murder of the Archbishop Sibour in the church of St. Étienne-du-Mont is well remembered. I will refer to another crime which

caused more than a passing sensation in Paris and which cast a gloom over every one who had known the modest and lovable young prince who was its victim.

I have alluded to the Princess Bacciochi as one of the older generation of the Imperial family. She was the daughter of the first Napoleon's sister Eliza. She lived in the Rue de la Ville L'Évêque. Her only son, the young Count de Camerata, was beloved by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He greatly distinguished himself at Court by the tact and ability which he displayed as State Councillor. This position he attained, not by mere favour, but through his undoubted merit, which every one recognized.

One morning my valet de chambre came and knocked at my door saying that they wished me to go without delay to the Rue de la Ville L'Évêque. I feared a misfortune. Alas! my fears were too well founded. The young Count Camerata was dead. I was taken in to see him. Never shall I forget the sight of his lifeless body stretched out on his little iron bedstead, the eye blown out of his head, his fearful wound still open and bleeding. But no; I stop here. I cannot write down the horror of that morning.

What were the facts of his tragic death? They remain a mystery. It is known that on the night before, he had a private audience with the Empress; but who can say what took place at

that interview, or what was its object? There are two versions of the story.

The current rumour was that Camerata was deeply in debt, that he had speculated heavily on the Stock Exchange, and that neither the allowance that the Emperor made him nor his mother's resources at the moment would be sufficient to cover the enormous deficits that settling day must reveal. It was said that the poor boy had lost a very large sum: that he had to find 200,000 francs by the next morning. He was believed to have had recourse so often to the Emperor's generous and frequent goodness that he dared not in these circumstances make an appeal to him. What could be done? At the end of his resources, half mad, he went, it was said, to the Empress at the Tuileries and threw himself at the feet of her Majesty, entreating her help. Nothing came of it. It was reported that she received him coldly, refused him all assistance, threw in his teeth the generosity of the Emperor, of which he had, she said, so often taken unfair advantage. Then, in a frenzy of despair, he flung himself out of her private boudoir, leaving her as a farewell the words, "If I do not find two hundred thousand francs this evening, I shall blow my brains out!"

Even supposing that these were his words, do you think that the Sovereign was in the least affected by them? No, certainly not. He was

not a Spaniard who had spoken. He was only a relation of the Emperor's.

The Count Camerata received no money that night. He went to bed. He awoke early, asked for his coffee, had his hair dressed, and sent his valet to fetch a newspaper. During his servant's absence, the thing happened. How?

The Emperor was on the throne; Camerata was his cousin; and nevertheless—thanks always to her who decided on his life—they buried him like a dog. A military van came to take the body of the most amiable, the most charming of youths, and they carried it away in this manner. I do not believe that they allowed even a prayer!

There is another version of the tragedy. The two stories are not contradictory. I am not prepared to say which represents the truth. No one else was present at the interview in the boudoir to say on whose side the appeal was made. I have not access to the records of the Secret Service, and if Monseigneur Bauer knew all the details of the case, it was not to be expected that he would disclose the secrets of the confessional. "Three of us knew this secret," he is known to have declared, "and two of us have gone to their graves without revealing it. I shall do likewise." But the mystery of Camerata's death was discussed in the boudoir and the smoking-room by people who were usually well

informed, and the incidents, whether true or false, were pieced together in dramatic order.

It was stated that on a certain evening, at an important Court function, as he stood with the hand of a very great lady on his arm, Camerata was indiscreet enough to say to her in Italian, "*I love you,*" in tones so audible that they were overheard by one of the ladies-in-waiting. The indiscretion —the insult, it was called—was perforce reported to the Emperor, and forthwith the young prince was marked by the secret police.

He was alleged to have in his possession certain letters addressed to him by the great lady who had been the object of his too-public declaration. They were not perhaps of a seriously compromising nature ; but it was enough that they existed. The police endeavoured to recover them. Led by the zealous Zembo, they raided his apartments in the Rue de la Ville L'Évêque. Naturally, Camerata declined to deliver the documents or betray where they were deposited. He was ready to defend the lady's honour with his life. A dispute arose. There was a struggle ; and Zembo, his hot Corsican blood being aroused, or his zeal overmastering his prudence, shot Camerata through the head.

Next morning, all Paris talked of the suicide of one of the most favoured of courtiers. It was freely said that, not being able to meet his liabilities, he had taken his own life. We who

knew him were well aware that he was not a moral coward. Whether he was really in debt at that time or not, I cannot tell; but it is certain that his mother was wealthy. At her death the fortune which she left to the Prince Imperial yielded in interest alone something like £12,000 a year.

The Princess Bacciochi was having a marble bust made of her son, and she requested me to go and see this bust and give her my opinion as to the likeness. I went, then, one day to the studio of the sculptor. There was a beautiful young person there who inspired the chisel of the artist in the work that he was engaged upon when I entered. I learned that she was Eliza Letissier, an actress of the Variétés who was known professionally as Mlle. Marthe, and who had been entirely devoted to poor Camerata. She could not be consoled for his death. A few days later on, she was found dead in her room. In her hand was a paper, not in her own handwriting, stating that she did not want to live longer without her lover. She had chosen to follow him. And this is how, for lack of a movement of goodness, for lack of a little tender feeling and human pity, one may have to answer for two lives.

All the theatrical notabilities of Paris followed the young artiste to her grave. The newspapers announced that she had destroyed herself by means of a pan of charcoal; but it transpired that the

secret police had visited her rooms, and that she had stubbornly resisted their efforts to secure certain documents entrusted to her protection by her friend Count Camerata. What documents were these?

Whether there was any direct connection between this double tragedy and its sequel, I cannot say, but immediately after the death of Camerata, Zembo disappeared from Paris. He had escaped across the channel, and within a week he was found under Hungerford Bridge with a dagger in his heart. His assassin was Griscelli, a member of the secret service, who had dogged him to London, presumably with instructions to avenge the death of Camerata.

I have been told that after the proclamation of the Republic on September 4, 1870, Gambetta and Rochefort, members of the Government of National Defence, were instructed to secure all documents abandoned in the flight from the Tuileries, and that during their search they came upon a photograph of a handsome young man whom they believed to be Count Camerata. On the back of it was written in Spanish the words, "One must know how to love in secret." Had this any connection with the circumstances of his death? I wonder.

I have mentioned my younger sister, Princess Anna, as being present at the Empress's Dinner of the Twenty Beauties. She was a great

favourite at the Court, with her delicate features, sparkling eyes and golden hair, often adorned with diamond marguerites, less brilliant than the freshness of her complexion, and she has always been the Empress's one acknowledged and inseparable friend. Whether the Court was in Paris, at Compiègne, at Fontainebleau or Biarritz, my sister was always with the Empress.

It was early in the reign that the Court first went to Biarritz, residing at a villa erected by the Prefect of Bayonne; but in 1854 the Villa Eugénie was built on the terraced slope, washed at high tide by the waves, whose spray often lashed the windows. The rooms were very small after the great salons of the Tuileries, and many of the ladies-in-waiting were dismayed at sight of their limited quarters, especially designed for their accommodation by the Emperor himself. "Mais, mon Dieu!" exclaimed Madame de la Bédoyère, as she was shown to the room that was assigned to her, "this is not as large as a cell in the convent where we were brought up." "No, indeed," agreed her slim and sinuous sister, Madame de la Poëze; "we shall never be able to squeeze into such cabanons!"

My sister wrote to me constantly from Biarritz, and her letters were sometimes amusing, while they gave a girl's impressions of her surroundings. Here is one she wrote on the first evening of her arrival at the Villa.

Princess Anna Murat (Duchesse de Mouchy)

Biarritz
(*no date*).

My dear Bibi,

I am in a dreadful state, I am coughing terribly, and the Empress absolutely refuses to allow me to ride to-morrow, because Mamma before our leaving begged her not to allow me to do anything imprudent. But, anyhow, I will see how I am to-morrow. I thought of you yesterday evening as always, and I think I may almost say I had a presentiment of the matter. I hope that you have only said what is *good*, what is *very good* of me.

Why are you sad, my darling? It is very wrong of you, you have no reason to be so. Everybody is at your feet, and this is quite right, for you deserve it (word of honour). This week we have delightful company—the Princess Mathilde, Napoleon, the Cadores, la Bédoyère, Brincard, Clermont-Tonnerre, *Arcos*, Walkonski, Reincourt, Walewski, in fact every one who is nice; one misses only ——! It would be very kind of you, my dear Bibi, to send me two pairs of evening gloves. The Empress has just sent me some very hot infusion; I must drink it at once and then go to bed, in order to be able to see a performance of marionettes that the gentlemen are going to give to-night to enliven our first evening. A thousand kisses to all.

Anna.

I do not remember what "matter" it was concerning which my sister had the "presentiment." Another letter I quote because of its reference to a suggested marriage.

Biarritz,
Sunday.

MY DEAR BIBI,

We have just come home from the inauguration and benediction of the promenade of Bayonne; it was a very fine ceremony, and I am sure that the illustrious hole of a place will take note of it. The Prince Imperial arrived this morning. We went to meet him after Mass; he is very well. We have got a ball to-night, but I know very few people, and I think it will not be wildly hilarious. (For your private ear.) Everybody in the house, so Marie tells me, is convinced that I am going to marry the Prince de la Moscowa. What do you think of it? Personally, I confess I should not be astonished if that were the idea of the Empress.

Her Majesty insists on my calling her Aunt, so that I have begged her to say "tu" to me, as without that I should never dare to do so. There will be company here, so be prepared for it.

I have just received your letter and that of dear Loulou, who tells me that you are an angel. I hope you miss me very much. I should be heart-broken if it were otherwise. I will write to Mamma to-morrow, if I have time, for I can assure you we are living at express speed, and that we do nothing but hurry from morning to night. There is hardly time even to bathe in the lovely sea. Kiss Mamma a thousand times for me, and tell Aunt Jane that I will write to her. I kiss you as I love you.

ANNA.

Write to me in French, they don't open my letters.

At Biarritz there was more freedom and less display than at Compiègne or Fontainebleau. Nevertheless, the emulation of the ladies of the Court was such that they did not fail to take as many summer toilettes to the seaside as they could afford to buy and find accommodation for. The result was an endless amount of luggage. That of the Princess Metternich alone necessitated a whole van for itself. The ostentation in dress and jewellery and the general rivalry in display no doubt weighed heavily upon those whose means were limited, and an invitation to a special Court function came often as a calamity which could not be avoided. One of the lady guests of the first series was heard to say, "I have been bidden to Compiègne, and have had to sell a flour mill to meet the expense." The person to whom this was confessed remarked that Madame had no doubt spoken the truth, but that she had, nevertheless, taken care to reserve plenty of flour for her face. Here is a letter of my sister's concerning some extra dresses that were sent to her to Biarritz from Paris, with which she was not altogether satisfied.

Biarritz,
Sunday, 4.30.

DEAR BIBI,

What bad taste I think you have; how could you think my dresses pretty? They are horrible—as for the green one, I shall be obliged to have the ribbons changed, so ugly is the colour.

Mr. B. came this morning to speak to Tascher about his proposal. He told me their conversation; it appears that Mr. B. behaved very well, and said that the Emperor was perfectly right, and that he had made a very serious mistake, which he is paying for at this moment. The Empress had ordered Tascher to tell him that the year of mourning for the Duchess of Orleans was not ended, and the Emperor declared he would have degraded him, if he had not been the son of his father—it was a little hard, but it appears he took it very well. I thank you once more a thousand times for the dress; it is charming. *Keep an eye on the dresses that Mamma is going to send me.* Let them be pretty, for if they are in the style of those I have just received, they might as well not be sent. I beg you not to tell Mamma that I think them ugly, for it might hurt her feelings, as she wrote to me that she thought them charming. The Empress is working with her secretary. The Emperor is walking in Biarritz. The Prince de la Moscowa is suffering from an inflammation; he has gone to bed, so that I was left alone with Madame de la Poëze, which was not very amusing. I wish you were here, so that I could chat with you a little. Madame de Metternich is waiting for Metternich, who is to arrive to-morrow. Madame de la Poëze has a little Spaniard, Madame de la Bédoyère has the Prince, the Emperor Madame Walewska, the Empress will be paired off with the Duke of Alva, and all go for a walk on the terrace arm in arm, and I, as I have got no one, am obliged to content myself with M. Mocquard, or with M. Tascher—who are both, it must be admitted, very amusing, but

really it is rather sad to have come down to that. I will send you my letters in an envelope addressed to Victoire ; I think that is safer. What do you think of it ?

You don't tell me if he has arrived, and if you have seen him. The Empress affirms that when Mr. B. was told that he was mad to think of marrying me, he answered : " It seems to me that I am worth at least a Chassiron or a Cambacèrés." They chaff me a good deal here ; they pretend that the State Consul is in love with me. The Emperor is to leave shortly ; I am very sorry for it, for he is so nice, so amusing, that it will be very dull when he has gone—and, besides, he is carrying off all the gentlemen with him.

Good-bye, dear Bibi, I am so hot that I can't go on writing. I kiss you a thousand times.

ANNA.

The M. Mocquard referred to by Anna was the Emperor's chef de cabinet and for many years the recipient of his most secret confidences. He was a very tall, slim man with a long nose, very dark eyes, and twitching lips. Excepting on State occasions, he invariably wore a grey frock coat. He kept a pair of American trotters which I envied, and was a familiar figure in Paris as he drove behind them on his way between the Tuileries and the various embassies. His official salary amounted to about £2,600 a year, and he added to his income by writing melodramas. He died in December 1864.

A letter bearing the postmark of Constantinople written to me while she was cruising in Eastern waters with the Empress on board *L'Aigle* on their way to Egypt for the opening of the Suez Canal is quite characteristic of Princess Anna.

Mouth of the Dardanelles,
September 20, 1869.

My Darling,

I wrote to you so hastily the other day that I very much doubt if you were able to understand a word of my letter; but you must forgive me, I had so little time. Mamma was going to write you a long letter from Athens, so I have little to tell you. Our journey is really delightful; the sea is a lake, impossible to be ill, even with the best intentions in the world.

You cannot imagine what a hideous country Greece is; I pity the poor little King very much—he is charming. We have had a surfeit of attentions for a year, but Papa likes it; big dinner at Court, expedition to the Panthelicon, ball on the French ship, the *Magicien*, reception of the Corps Diplomatique, royal salutes, "partant pour la Syrie," and I don't know what else—and to say that we have got to begin all this again at Constantinople. We shall very shortly meet the mail which left Constantinople yesterday, and we count upon stopping it to give in our letters. I have already bothered you with a commission, but it will be very kind of you to see to it a little; but I am anxious that it should be very pretty—it is a tiny little pocket pistol that I want; by telling Desvaines that it is like the one that Cora gave

Achille, he will understand what I want. I am going to see the poor old man; I am not sure that the prospect pleases me; I fear not, for he will wish to monopolize us and show us all his belongings.

If I go to Smyrna, I will bring you a carpet. I saw a charming one at Athens, at the house of the Chargé d'Affaires, 250 frs. I kiss you a thousand times over.

ANNA.

The Empress was anxious that my sister should make a good marriage, and the idea of the Prince de la Moscowa being dismissed, in 1861 there seemed a probability that the Comte de Flandres would be the husband selected for her. Later in the same year, much against her will, her marriage with—shall I say Don Carlos?—was urged. Apropos of this latter projected match, I received in October the following letter from the Empress:—

Fontainebleau,
October 26, 1861.

MY DEAR CAROLINE,

I ekpect to be back in Paris about the first days of next month, so I shall see you there. As for the project in marriage, of which you write to me, I am much afraid that there will be too much insistence used to make Anna overcome an antipathy of the strength of which I have myself been able to judge. She will lose nothing by waiting a little. If nothing better can be found for her, I am of opinion that she ought to marry

him; but why this haste? I cannot forget that Anna has begged me to insist upon it that she shall not be worried about the matter. A marriage against one's heart is a very serious thing. So you had better all consider, and I beg of you not to come to any decision. Who knows what may happen? and by the end of the winter everything may be decided. Believe in my affection for you all. I embrace you.

EUGÉNIE.

I find that I can receive and accommodate you, if you will come with Anna. I have two rooms side by side. I await you to-morrow.[1]

Greatly to my sister's satisfaction, this project of an alliance with the Pretender to the throne of Spain fell through, and in 1865, with the approval

[1] *Fontainebleau, October* 26, 1861.

Ma chère Caroline,—Je dois être de retour à Paris vers les premiers jours du mois. Je vous verrai donc là. Quant au projet de mariage dont vous me parlez, je crains trop qu'on mette trop d'insistence auprès d'Anna pour lui faire dominer une antipathie dont j'ai pu juger moi-même la force. Elle ne perd rien à attendre un peu. Si on ne trouve pas mieux, je suis d'avis qu'elle l'épouse, mais pourquoi cette hâte? Je ne puis oublier que Anna m'a prié d'insister pour qu'on ne la tourmente pas. Un mariage à contre-cœur est une chose bien sérieuse. Réfléchissez donc tous, et je vous en prie ne décidez rien. Qui sait ce qui peut se présenter? et à la fin de l'hiver tout pourra être décidé. Croyez à mon affection pour vour tous. Je vous embrasse.

EUGÉNIE.

J'apprends que je puis vous loger, si vous voulez venir avec Anna. J'ai deux chambres côte à côte, je vous attends demain.

of their Majesties, she married Antoine de Noailles, Duke de Mouchy and Prince-Duke de Poix, one of the most brilliant young men of the period, with pleasant features, very polite and unaffected, and altogether charming. Since the fall of the Second Empire, the Duchess de Mouchy has been the constant and inseparable companion of the Empress in her exile in England, first at Chislehurst, and now at Farnborough.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

Death of my uncle, Jérôme Bonaparte—"The sou between two Napoleons"—The Duke de Morny—M. de Persigny—Conflicting influences of the Empress Eugénie and the Prince Napoleon—Ill-health of the Emperor—The Duke of Gramont's loyalty to him—The declaration of War—Action of the Empress—The Prince Napoleon's unpopularity—The Empress as Regent—Metternich and Nigra—Disastrous progress of the war—The Regent's messages to the front—Treachery of Trochu—Sedan—Our flight from Paris—Flight of the Empress Eugénie—"Such a nice man!"—Her arrival in England

It was the month of May 1870. I had been very much out of health all the winter, and my doctors urged my going to the baths at St. Gervais. I left Paris feeling ill and depressed—a foreshadowing, no doubt, of all the misery that was to follow. My uncle Jérôme (of the Paterson branch) was dying at Baltimore of the terrible malady which to-day occupies the minds of all our great physicians. I was very fond of my uncle. I had helped nurse him through a dangerous illness in Paris, when he would allow no one else with him. He had a faithful old negro valet who often came

quite late at night to implore me to come to them —when he was restless and could not sleep. Mrs. Paterson, his mother, was with him at that time as well as his son. They stayed at the Westminster Hotel, Rue de la Paix.

Mrs. Paterson's quaint American sayings were a source of great amusement to me during that winter. She was very bitter against King Jérôme, which was perhaps only natural. They never met, and she always alluded to him as "the sou that had slipped in by mistake between two Napoleons." It was so clever or I should have felt annoyed. I was particularly devoted to my great uncle, with whom I often stayed at the Palais Royal. He was all kindness, and I only remember to have incurred his displeasure once, when I was late and kept an official dinner-party waiting. Mrs. Paterson was very handsome, even when I knew her. She was rather disturbed about her nose, as she considered it the special feature of her beauty, and she had met with an accident on board the steamer, missing a step, and her nose was all scraped and bruised. Although she was immensely rich, she was very careful of her money. On leaving Paris to return to the States, she sent her largest hatbox as a present to her grandson. When opened, it was found to contain loaf sugar, with a line from her explaining that the sugar had been collected from the trays sent to her room with her tea and coffee. She

had gathered two or three lumps each morning and evening during her stay at the hotel.

When she died she left all her money between her two grandsons, favouring, I believe, Charles the younger, who never came at any time to Europe, and still lives in the family residence at Baltimore. Jérôme, after the war, lived principally at Washington, where he built a beautiful house. He died in 1893 at a place called Pride's Crossing, leaving one son and one daughter.

My uncle's malady, which developed very suddenly, was a tumorous cancer on the side of the face and throat. Photographs were sent me by his son that consultations might be held in Paris, but nothing was of any avail. In this *disposition d'esprit* I travelled to Geneva, and after a few days at the Hôtel Beaurivage, celebrated now by the murder of the Empress of Austria, I posted on to the baths of St. Gervais.

On my arrival at the hotel I found letters telling me of my uncle's death. My life was very quiet, uneventful and full of rest. I had my *dame de compagnie* and servants, otherwise I knew and saw no one. I walked to and from the *établissement des bains* morning and evening through a lovely mountain road, the hotel being some distance from the valley. I only made one excursion during my stay, to Chamounix. I had never seen the Mont Blanc. I found the hotel there crowded with holiday tourists, mostly English. I was

cross, tired with the long drive of several hours, and altogether disappointed and sorry for myself. I slept badly in a strange and not particularly comfortable bed, and woke to a morning of drizzling rain and heavy mist which did not improve my temper. I watched from my window the different parties starting forth for the exciting climb, the women with short skirts, waterproof capes and Alpine sticks. The afternoon was without rain, though the mist was still hanging over mountain and valley. I walked a short distance up the Mont Blanc, just far enough to say I had been to it, and returned to the hotel to find carriage and postilions waiting to take me back to St. Gervais. Numerous letters were on my table—those from Paris telling me that I had better return. Rumours of war were afloat. One from America, from my cousin, Jérôme Bonaparte. A few days after his father's death he received orders to join his regiment, Dragons de L'Impératrice, without delay. He was sailing by the next steamer. It was now the end of June. I was undecided, hesitating as to what I should do, lazily letting the days slip by, when a funny incident determined my departure. On my return one morning from my bath a letter was handed me. I knew no one in the place, and felt rather curious. The letter, which was accompanied by a copy of verses, bore no signature, not even an initial, and to this day I have not the faintest

idea who my unknown correspondent could have been. He said we were on the verge of war with Prussia. He was ordered to rejoin at once. He was in despair that he should not have the pleasure of seeing me again. He had seen me each morning at the baths, where my gracious smile in recognition of his salutation had won his heart. He wished to say that if he returned from the war he would make himself known, and asked permission to be presented to me. I have often wondered if he came back to Paris after we had disappeared, or if he met his fate at Prussian hands. How strange it all seems now, as I look back through a long vista of years—look back to see myself as I was then—when the sun seemed never to set—the very air full of caresses, youth and joy in my train. Was it all a dream?

Meanwhile things in Paris were ominous. We were rushing madly on to a disastrous end. The Ollivier Ministry was in full swing—Gramont was Foreign Secretary. Benedetti, the clever, astute and vindictive Corsican, was Ambassador at Berlin. Marshal Le Bœuf was Secretary of War, Monseigneur Bauer confessor to all the great political society world of Paris. When reading a novel, how I dislike the author who says, "Now I must take my reader back." Yet I, too, must go back some few years.

After the withdrawal of our troops, and the disastrous termination of the Mexican campaign,

some one said somewhere, "There now remains no further folly to be committed." But there still remained the fatal war of 1870. Who could have foreseen it?

There is little doubt that the death blow to our prosperity was the passing away of the Duke de Morny in 1865. He was the heart and soul of the Empire. He alone held firm against the all-invading influence of the Empress; an influence always so sinister for France. His loss was irreparable. He died under the treatment of the English physician, his doctor and his friend, and, I believe, medical man to the English Embassy, who administered very freely blue pill to an already weakened constitution.

In the early years of the Empire, the Duke de Morny was, without doubt, the king of fashion, of elegance, of refinement. He looked a grand seigneur, his manners savoured of the old *régime.* He was a perfect courtier, sparkling with the *esprit* which is said in France to run the streets. He acquired great influence with the Prince-President, with whom, by his position, he was a great favourite. He was also what people call lucky in all he undertook. Had it not been for his clever conception and manœuvring, I doubt if the *Coup d'État* would ever have taken place. Persigny was great only in his absolute devotion. Though he contributed largely to the first building of the Imperial fortunes, a stronger and wiser statesman

was needed to complete the edifice. Persigny had a casual way of doing things, and an incoherence in his ideas which astonished and did not always please. Morny, on the contrary, was thorough in all he did, and it was he who, as Home Secretary, prepared and carried through the *Coup d'État* of December 2, 1851.

The Duke de Morny was a natural son of Queen Hortense, and therefore half-brother of Napoleon III. His father was General Count de Flauhault de la Billarderie, King Jérôme's aide-de-camp at Austerlitz. Born in Paris, October 23, 1811, and brought up by the Countess de Souza, De Morny was a perfect *homme de salon*, a delightful *causeur*. In politics he was clever, calmly resolute, inflexible, but with a certain charm of manner, a rare delicacy and *finesse*, which served to gain his ends. He was the Emperor's most intimate adviser, and his friendship with the Empress guided her influence from the wrong direction as long as he lived. Monsieur de Morny withdrew from office on the rendering of the decree which confiscated all the property of the Orleans family—a decree to which he was absolutely opposed, and which was carried through the influence of M. de Persigny, who succeeded him as Home Secretary. The Duke de Morny married, in January 1857, the daughter of the Princess Troubetskoï,[1] whose acquaintance he

[1] And daughter of the Emperor of Russia—*dit on*. It was therefore almost a family alliance, and certainly a *natural* one.

LE DUC DE MORNY

made when sent to Russia as *envoyé extraordinaire* to represent the Emperor.

She was young and very fascinating, with the most lovely pale golden hair, and the darkest blue-black eyes. On the evening of Morny's death she thought him looking more ill and suffering, and pleaded with him to be allowed to stay near him. But it was the date which had long been chosen for a fancy dress ball at the Tuileries, and the Duke insisted on her attending. She returned as early after the Imperial supper as was possible, but too late to see the Duke alive. Her sorrow and remorse that she had been at the ball when he died was so great that she had the tresses of golden hair he so loved, cut off quite close to her head, and herself laid them in his coffin, and every day a cover was laid for him at the table as if he were still alive. She was ill for some time. When she was convalescent I went to see her. She looked so altered with her shortened hair, so delicate and white in her crapes, seated in a large arm-chair with a small table and tray before her. She excused herself for receiving me while taking her broth. I stayed only a few moments; she soon seemed weary and unable to talk. She was grieved and distressed at things which took place immediately after M. de Morny's death, when breath was scarcely gone from him. What these things were I am afraid I cannot venture to disclose in detail. All I can say is, that if political questions

were at stake and involved the necessity of such measures, they should have been dealt with by the Emperor's orders and not by a woman's hand. But it was by order of the Empress that all the papers of the Duke de Morny were seized. The most private papers, the most secret documents were taken. Nothing was respected. Vainly Madame de Morny revolted against the outrage. The order was formal (official). She had to resign herself and to await the hour for taking her revenge. That hour struck at last, as it always strikes for those who know how to wait. Three years later, in the spring of 1868, Madame de Morny married the Duke de Sesto, the same Duke de Sesto who was the unique love of the Empress Eugénie's life. The history of the Duke de Sesto, if told, must be a record in other pages than these ; but if revenge is sweet, Madame de Morny certainly had hers.

De Morny was above all things reasonable. But his successor as Home Secretary, M. de Persigny, was a fanatic—madly devoted to the Emperor and his cause, but impetuous, rash, over zealous, excitable to frenzy, so carried away by his feelings that his blunders were numerous. Later on he was sent as Ambassador to England. Had the Duke de Morny lived, would the war of 1870 ever have taken place? I think not. The Ollivier Ministry would *never have been.* It was the first step on our downward way. Morny

gone; two antagonistic powers: the Empress at the Tuileries, the Prince Napoleon at the Palais Royal, fought to influence the Emperor. Poor Emperor—the best, the kindest, but weakened in body, enduring constant suffering with heroic calm. *Whose* influence would prevail was the point at issue? The question which would decide the fate of the Empire, the fate of France.

The Emperor and Empress were at St. Cloud, having this year decided to give up the usual visit to Fontainebleau. The Emperor, whose foresight and judgment did not mislead him, alone of all his Court felt that indefinable *malaise d'esprit* shadowing some coming evil. He was suffering, tired, weary, despondent. The public were kept in careful ignorance of the state of his health. Life went on at St. Cloud much as usual. The Empress had with her two nieces, the daughters of her sister, the Duchess d'Albe. The gilded youth that surrounded her as guests, and the staff of those in waiting on their Majesties, carried on their games and round of amusements, seemingly totally unaware of the serious and agitating rumours, the disquieting whispers which filled the air, the coming events that were casting their shadows in advance. Suddenly, like a cry of fire in the night, the declaration of war fell upon us.

I arrived in Paris on the 8th of July: on the 15th war was declared.

The Empress was one of its most fervent

adherents. The Emperor, some say the Duke de Gramont himself, deplored the idea of war. Remember, the Emperor was now no longer the powerful monarch that he had been. His wings were clipped. All that a constitutional sovereign could do, he did, but his endeavours to renew friendly relations with Prussia failed. It was said that the Duke de Gramont, differing from some of the Cabinet Ministers, offered to resign, and only continued in office at the request, I may say the entreaty, of the Emperor. Seeing his sovereign suffering, and trembling at the thought of a Ministerial crisis at such a time, M. de Gramont was overwhelmed by an immense pity. The Emperor! Yesterday so great, so powerful! to-day so humble and imploring!

A Cabinet Council was held at St. Cloud almost immediately. This was on the evening of July 14. Napoleon expressed his scruples and difficulties. He repeatedly asked his ministers what guarantees they could offer him. Of course, it was a guarantee of success that he required. He did not believe in the prospect, and it was only a spurious comfort that he got from Le Bœuf, the War Minister, who asserted that the army was perfectly supplied in every respect, and that it would not require the purchase of a single gaiter-button for a year to come. The war party was certainly in the ascendant that night. They discussed the situation, they planned,

they persuaded ; and finally a decree with declaration of war was presented for his Majesty's signature. After some further discussion, the Emperor, so calm, so self-controlled, for once carried away by his feelings, rose from his seat in strong emotion and, tearing the decree with violence, he scattered the pieces about the floor, left the council-chamber, and, gaining his room, threw himself on a couch to try to sleep. All was now confusion in the palace. The cause of the disturbance soon reached the Empress, who of late, for some political reason, was not present at the State councils.

The ministers, in consternation at so unprecedented an occurrence, were still debating, uncertain what to do, when the door opened and the Empress appeared. In an instant they understood that with her aid the day could still be won. The Duke de Gramont bowed his head. *He* knew the day was *lost !* At the suggestion of her Majesty a second document was hastily prepared, similar to the one that lay torn in bits on the floor. The ministers now implored her Majesty to "save the honour of the Empire"—to obtain the signature! Little wonder that, thus solicited, thus entreated, she felt inspired. Taking the paper, she sought the Emperor. Still on his couch, half-asleep, half-dazed, he took the paper and signed as in a dream. The die was cast.

I have said the Ministry was very divided. Emile Ollivier himself was opposed to war. Why was the Empress so determined to allow of no concessions? Some said her Spanish blood, her devotion to her country, could not brook the thought of a German Prince on the throne of Spain.

Prince Hohenzollern and his candidature was the ostensible reason given for war. Was it the true reason? I much doubt it. I have always thought that personal feeling, the attitude and hostile words of our Ambassador at Berlin, were responsible for the opportunity given to our foe Bismarck. The smouldering fire, so long repressed, at last burst forth. All those, and I was myself among the number, who had been with the King of Prussia during his visit to Compiègne, when Bismarck accompanied him, could not fail to see the hidden enemy behind the courteous manner. At home, the partisans of the Empress fanned the flame. I have been told that at St. Cloud, a certain general, in a moment of rage, swore to break his sword and fling the pieces at the Emperor's feet, if the honour of France was not avenged.

At Tromsöe, *en route* for the North Cape and Spitzbergen, the Prince Napoleon received, on the 12th of July, the news that war was imminent. He was in despair. Why, oh why, had he left Paris? To escape futile agitations,

useless political intrigues, he had left the Emperor—the dearest friend and companion of his boyhood and of all his life! He ordered a gun to be fired, recalling his suite and officers dispersed for a holiday in different parts of the island. And now his yacht is under way. Seeing the Prince walking the deck, sombre and agitated, one of his party ventured to ask, "Where are we going, Monseigneur?" The answer came brusque and short: "To Charenton" (Bedlam) "as fast as we can."

In years to come, when the history of the Second Empire is written and read, the Prince Napoleon will, I know, be falsely represented and wrongly judged. He was not a popular man. Too cold, too indifferent, too haughty to please the multitude; too independent, too outspoken, too crushing, to be liked in society: too intellectual, too honest, too far-seeing, to be appreciated at Court. He hated flattery; he had few friends, but they were sincere; fewer still were his admirers, but in my modest opinion he had more cleverness in his little finger than was to be found in all our statesmen put together. Through all his political career Prince Napoleon felt the hostility of the French nation. They never forgave or forgot his hasty retreat from the Crimean War. It is well known that cholera broke out in the ranks; some said owing to St. Arnaud's occupying with his troops a tract

of country against which he had been warned as unhealthy. The Prince Napoleon, though not actually attacked with cholera, felt the effects of the insalubrity of the camp. He was so weakened and ill that for days he could not remain on horseback. In this condition he handed over the command of his *corps d'armée* and left for France.

It is true that he was morally hooted by society and by the nation at large. This one act of his life cost him the confidence of the people, and gave the semblance of a pretext to the Empress and the Imperialist party, who, after the death of the Prince Imperial, proclaimed his son, Prince Victor Napoleon, successor to the Imperial throne. It was said that the will of the Prince Imperial designated his cousin Prince Victor as his successor, and that therefore the Empress had no choice or voice in the matter. I am relating facts and leaving my readers to draw their own conclusions, as I wish to be as lenient and throw as little blame as possible on those who have suffered so cruelly for their mistakes.

Prince Victor was now pretender to the throne as well as his father. The party was divided: Prince Victor and his father were political foes. He left his father's house and established himself at Brussels, the Empress and the Imperial party providing the funds. In 1891, when Prince Napoleon died at Rome, he refused on his death-

bed to receive his son. He had also taken measures—although the French law does not allow a parent to disinherit a child—to dispose of his entire fortune in favour of his younger son and daughter. Prince Louis, now General Bonaparte in the Russian Army, inherited Prangins and all personalty. The daughter, Princess Letizia, married her uncle, the Duke D'Aosta, who for a time occupied so unfortunately the contested throne of Spain. On his return to Italy, and after the death of his wife, Princess Letizia and her mother's brother were much thrown together. They became greatly attached, and, obtaining the assent of the Pope, they were married; but their married life was a short one. The Duke's health after his Spanish "fugue" was in a bad state. He died, leaving one son by his second marriage.

At the time when the controversy arose as to the right of succession, it was rumoured that Charles Bonaparte, as well as his brother Colonel Bonaparte, had written renouncing all claims or pretensions to the throne of France. I wondered if this could be true, although it seemed to come from well-authenticated authority.

Remembering the famous lawsuit of 1861, in which Maître Berryer, the legitimist organ and orator, and Maître Allou fought for their respective clients—the former for Prince Jérôme of the Paterson branch, the latter for Prince Napoleon

—lawsuit gained by Prince Napoleon, inasmuch as the American Bonapartes were enjoined to add "Paterson" to their name—I could not quite understand that any renouncement was called for, unless their name was allowed to be put forward as that of a possible President of the Republic. During the Crimean War the Prince Napoleon took objection to his nephew being in the Army, and before the enemy, as "Bonaparte." It was almost on the battle-field that the Prince made his requisition to the Minister of War—Marshal Skinner—then commanding the troops. The question was without delay submitted to the Emperor at the Tuileries, proposing that the name should be changed "*d'autorité*" by an Imperial decree. This might possibly have been done had not Jérôme, on hearing a rumour, sent a telegraphic message pointing out that they would force him to resign on the eve of a battle. The matter was therefore discussed in Council, and the Empress—not from any love of Jérôme, but from her everlasting antagonism to Prince Napoleon—violently opposed the measure, which was abandoned. It has always been a question in my own mind whether this circumstance, as well as the illness, had not a great deal to do with the precipitate return of Prince Napoleon from the war.

After the fall of Sebastopol, the *Te Deum* at Notre Dame, and the triumphal entry of the

troops into Paris, the Emperor sent for Jérôme and offered him the title of Prince de Montfort, or Duke de Sarténe, at his choice, with an apanage of £4,000 a year. King Jérôme, his grandfather, had borne the title of Comte deMontfort in exile, a title he took after the Battle of Waterloo, on retiring to the Court of Würtemberg. Jérôme refused both title and apanage, saying he was born and baptized Jérôme Napoleon Bonaparte, and that Jérôme Napoleon Bonaparte he would remain till his dying day. And so he did ; for notwithstanding the lawsuit of which I have spoken, he never took the name of " Paterson " in addition to his own ; but, of course, in all official documents it was bracketed with " Bonaparte."

King Jérôme died in 1860 at his country seat Vilgenis. The funeral, as will be remembered, took place from the Palais Royal. The cortège, with Prince Napoleon as chief mourner, walking with a long black cloak thrown over his shoulders, proceeded to the Invalides, where the burial service was performed. His grandson was not allowed to take his place in the procession behind Prince Napoleon. He was ordered to the family tribune, where all the princesses of the Imperial family had their reserved seats, and there to be in waiting for the arrival of the funeral car. Jérôme was the only man among us, every prince being in the procession. I felt dreadfully sorry for him. I confess I admired his courage in

obeying the order, all the more that I knew, had I been in his place, wild horses would not have dragged me there. Of course, I reasoned as a woman; a soldier knows only the word of command.

I had left Paris for a few days in order to see to things at a small place I had in the country, not far from Triport, on the ligne de l'Est route de Strasbourg, where, a few months later, the Prussians were destined to hold their sway. I found all the stations crowded with soldiers, the passing trains full of troops, all shouting "A Berlin! Vive la France! Vive l'Empéreur!" as they rushed past us. I held in my hand the Emperor's farewell proclamation, so full of sadness; such an undercurrent of misgiving, of despondency ran through it. No one could read it and doubt the presentiments of ill that filled his heart.

Our Paris residence was 2 Avenue Montaigne. The garden overlooked the Cours la Reine and the Seine, forming the extreme point of the Avenue and the Rue Jean-Goujon. When war broke out I was alone here with my father and mother. My eldest brother, Joachim, married to Princess Wagram, was at Grosbois, my sister Anna at Mouchy; my second brother, Achille, married to Princess Dadiani of Mingrelia, with his regiment, Chasseurs d'Afrique, at Algiers; my youngest brother Louis, only eighteen, a sailor at the Mauritius; my cousin, Jérôme Bonaparte, in

charge of the depôt of the Dragons de l'Impératrice, quartered at the Champ de Mars—École Militaire.

The Emperor, the Prince Imperial, the Prince Napoleon, and Joachim, had now left Paris for the seat of war. Achille, leaving his wife and child at Algiers, joined Marshal MacMahon's staff. Louis, recalled, reached France only to come on to England. He left an Empire—he found a confused chaos. My own days passed, I scarcely know how, in feverish excitement and expectation of news from the Tuileries—from the Champ de Mars—listening for the gallop of a horse, watching for the first sight of an orderly in the distance, bearer of dispatches.

The Empress was now alone at the Tuileries—Regent, all powerful. In one thing only she had been disappointed. All her charm, all her influence had failed. Through Metternich and Nigra, the respective ambassadors, she had hoped to induce Austria and Italy to join arms with France. Devoted as were her two admirers, they dared not compromise their countries, their sovereigns.

Metternich reminded her of Sadowa. He also told her of his conviction that even the united forces of France and Austria against Germany would have no chance of success; he strongly deprecated war. Nigra, on his part, affirmed that the interests of Italy precluded any alliance with France at that moment, notwithstanding the great

personal friendship existing between Victor Emmanuel and the Emperor Napoleon.

If we could have penetrated his inmost thoughts, we might have read, "On France's war with Prussia depends the unity of Italy. Her troops withdrawn—Rome is ours!"

Prince Metternich, Austrian Ambassador, I knew well in my younger days, when he was Secretary of Legation, and I just out of my teens. He was handsome, a charming companion, a delightful *danseur*, but, as I have said, his great and successful career was due almost solely to the brains of his clever wife.

As for Nigra, how well I remember him! Tall, slight, fair, curly hair and a blonde moustache, with the face of a ferret, and the look of a Machiavel; an adorer of the Empress, or apparently so; always welcome, with *petites et grandes entrées* to the palace: an ardent courtier, a dangerous friend.

Our troops were at the front.

On the summit of a mountain interspersed with deep ravines and wooded slopes, on the left bank of the Saar, commanding a view of the valley, in the distance on the other side of the river, surrounded by gardens, Saarbrück rose before them.

A radiant sun inundates mountain and valley. Eleven o'clock—two hours since the fighting began. Suddenly the great, thundering voice of the big guns rends the air. Almost at the same

moment the Emperor appears, accompanied by the Prince Imperial and one or two officers. He looks careworn, with hollow cheeks and deep blue circles round his eyes, his whole aspect one of suffering and fatigue. He follows the movements of the troops through his field-glasses . . . not a word is spoken between father and son. . . . At last the Prussians are beating a retreat! The Prince can no longer contain his enthusiasm. Turning to the Emperor, he cries—"See, they fly—we are victorious!" Alas! how dearly we were destined to pay for this first victory; this little battle of Saarbrück, made so much of in our insane determination to blind ourselves!

On the 6th of August the disaster of Reichsoffen fell upon us. With the news of the battle lost came a private dispatch. Marshal MacMahon was sending my brother back to Paris. He had carried the Marshal's order to charge, to the regiment of cuirassiers. He stood by and saw them mown down like grass with a scythe. Fatal charge—scarcely a man or officer or horse left standing. For days and nights, the vision still before him, I nursed him through fever and raving. His wife did not arrive from Algiers till he was convalescent.

Following Reichsoffen, Gravelotte, one of the most deadly battles, was fought on August 16. My eldest brother, a general in Bazaine's army corps at Metz, advised the immediate return of

the Emperor to Paris ; his retreat from the Camp de Châlons at that moment could have been so easily effected. The Emperor, since our first reverses, had been anxious to return to Paris. Prince Napoleon urged it. He implored the Emperor not to hesitate. The Emperor once more at the Tuileries, the country, the Empire, might yet be saved! Marshal MacMahon arrived at the camp with the remnants of his half-slaughtered regiments. Seeing them, the Emperor decided to regain Paris and give his generals time to recruit.

Alas! From Paris, the Regent and the Cabinet violently opposed the idea. The Empress sent dispatches assuring the Emperor that the feeling in the capital was so strong against him that he would not reach the Tuileries alive. In vain her true friends, in vain my father, in vain Jérôme, implored her to repent—to believe—to trust them ; Jérôme sought a private interview and entreated her to allow him to go with her despatches and escort the Emperor back to the Tuileries. He swore to her that there was no danger: he swore to answer for his Majesty's safety with his own life. The Emperor would be acclaimed, he told the Empress ; she was being deceived by those whose interest it was to keep the Emperor away. Fatal illusion! Nothing—nothing could persuade her. After sending letters, messages, during twenty-four hours, she

insisted on sending M. Rouher himself to point out how impossible it was to think of a retreat. "A prompt advance to the East can alone save the country," she declared.

Forty-eight hours already lost. A decision was imperative. Too much time had already been spent in wavering—giving the Prussians the advantage of rapid marches. Alas for France! The Emperor was vanquished, powerless. Could he have foreseen Sedan as in a nightmare? Before leaving the Camp de Châlons one of the Emperor's last acts was the nomination of General Trochu as Governor of Paris. Trochu proved as great a traitor as ever lived. In swearing to protect the Empress, he said, "Trust me—je suis Breton, soldat, et catholique!"

It was said that, finding all other arguments insufficient to deter the Emperor from retreating on Paris, the Empress wrote: "*If you leave the Army, all Paris will say you fled from the dangers of war. Do you forget that Prince Napoleon has never lived down the rash act he committed in returning from the Crimea?*"

General Trochu, whom I have just called a traitor, managed to gain the entire confidence of the Empress. Almost his first act was to change the troops guarding the palace. Her dragoons were relieved of their office. Jérôme, horrified, rushed to the Empress. Trochu's soldiers surrounded the palace. On being admitted to her

Majesty, Jérôme said: "Madame, I am here to inform your Majesty that you are a prisoner—Trochu's soldiers guard the Tuileries. You are a prisoner in your own palace—I can no longer protect you."

She laughed. "And am I not safe with General Trochu?" she questioned. "I have confided myself to his honour!"

No doubt, if the Empress ever writes her memoirs[1] she will not neglect to explain how Jérôme implored her to reflect—how he entreated her to order the return of her dragoons—to entrust him once again with her safety. She was not to be moved—Fate, I suppose, willed it so. Jérôme was in despair. He came to the Avenue Montaigne and bade me from that hour to be prepared for the worst that could befall us—a revolution in Paris. Alas! we had not long to wait—Sedan was close upon us. . . .

[1] In January 1910, the following letter appeared in the *Times*:—

SIR,—The Empress Eugénie, wishing to contradict persistent rumours about the publication of memoirs attributed to her, which are to appear after her death, instructs me to apply to the *Times* in order to state that she has not written, and is not writing, any memoirs, and that any publication of that kind would be apocryphal.

In requesting you to give this letter the requisite publicity, her Majesty hopes to put an end to those false rumours and make known the truth.

Please accept, Sir, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

FRANCESCHINI PIETRI,
Secretary of H.M. the Empress Eugénie.

The Emperor had abdicated his government in Paris into the hands of the Regent. At Metz he abdicated the command of the Army. A sovereign dethroned—an emperor without the command of his army—was there ever a monarch in such a position? He knew that unless he regained Paris, all must be lost. History will no doubt tell some day why he was kept away—but we shall never know the secret feelings which prompted him to disregard the warnings of Prince Napoleon—the voice of his heart—and obey instead the instructions from the Regent—instructions forbidding even the return of her son the Prince Imperial. The Emperor wished to send the Prince, already ill with fever, back to Paris, but this also was most strongly objected to.

I have no diary, no notes, no letters, to help me to precise dates. Three are graven for ever on my memory—on my heart: Reichsoffen—Gravelotte—Sedan.

It must have been about the 20th of August that Achille—now convalescent—determined to send his wife and child safely out of France. He confided them to Mr. Garden, an Englishman whom he had known for some years, and who offered them the hospitality of one of his English homes. Mr. Garden kindly accompanied to England my mother, my sister-in-law and Aunt Jane, my mother's sister, who had never left her. She was eighty-four but stronger, younger, braver

than any among us in this dreadful crisis of our lives.

A summons came for "Lieutenant Prince Murat" to join without delay, and so I was left alone with my father. Guy was a great source of comfort to me—his childish chatter was the only diversion in our misery, though he was far more serious than most children of his age; brought up almost from his babyhood with people much too old for his years; no romps, no games, no shouts such as English children enjoy; no noise, no loud speaking, no boisterous laughter was allowed in his nursery. My mother suffered terribly from nervous headache, and the whole house was silent from every noise. On this, Guy's seventh birthday, August 18, I had sent him in a victoria for a long afternoon in the Bois. The Pré Catalan was one of his favourite drives; he often went and drank his milk just hot from his pet cow. On this day, however, he did not reach the Bois. In the avenue leading to it (Avenue du Bois de Bologne) his carriage was run into by a clumsy, drunken driver. He was thrown out, as well as the woman with him, and brought back to me in what seemed an alarming state. His head was seriously cut, one eye not to be seen; bruised, swollen and covered with blood. He was convinced that the driver was a Prussian who had knocked him over on purpose. He certainly looked as if he had come from the war.

The doctor ordered us to have his hair cut. The long curls fell around me—the curls that had reached nearly to his waist. He looked a sight, and I was, oh! so vexed! Is it not strange that at a time when the fate of an Empire was at stake, at a time when a day, an hour, might mean exile, when we slept all dressed ready for a flight by night, so small a thing as a child's curls should trouble me? Yet, I was much troubled, and, gathering a few of the fallen locks, I sent them to Meiller, our jeweller in the Rue de la Paix, who formed them into a cluster under glass, with a silver rim. I still have them.

Days went slowly by. On the 31st of August we heard of the Emperor at Sedan. "He seemed agitated, restless, preoccupied; those around him gave him from time to time details of the operations of the Army. He walked up and down the room unceasingly, answered by monosyllables, and relapsed into long silences."

It was not till the afternoon of the 2nd of September that we heard of the dreadful and never-to-be-forgotten battle. On this afternoon I was particularly nervous and anxious. Instead of our accustomed drive to the Bois we drove along the Boulevards to the Château d'Eau. I wanted to see the people and judge of the look of things. On our way back, as we reached the Boulevard des Italiens, we saw some one waving from the top of an omnibus. The carriage stopped

and drew up on one side. M. de Chevarier, a cousin of M. de Chassiron's, came quickly forward. Speaking low, he told us of the dreadful disaster of Sedan. So far, the fatal news was only known to her Majesty and the Government. Everything was in a frightful confusion. Chevarier had been to the War Office to hear of his brother, an officer with MacMahon. We drove home as fast as possible and found Jérôme waiting for us. He attempted to see the Empress, but was not able to break through the orders—or rather the members of the Imperial household who filled the ante-rooms and constituted themselves into a sort of bodyguard through which no member of the family, no real friend, was allowed to penetrate. He was obliged to return immediately to the École Militaire. He left us with a heavy heart, and the certainty that a more dire catastrophe than had yet befallen us was at hand.

On September 4 — it was Sunday — about five o'clock in the morning, an estafette came thundering full gallop from the Tuileries. Orders to leave Paris without delay. My father determined to remain till the evening train, in the hope that he might see and be of some service to the Empress.

As I write, the scenes come so vividly to my mind—I seem to be myself—to live again those days of anxious waiting, hoping, dreading one

knew not what—days *now* bereft of all feeling save the deep regret, the longing to go back, the sorrow that I am no longer myself except in a vision of the past—a dream that has no morrow. . . . Thirty long years have passed over my head since then, bringing great blessings, great joys, great happiness; sorrows, too—grief for the loved ones lost; yet through them all, deep down in my heart, night and day, there is a voice that whispers with a sadness that knows no words, and I stretch out my arms as if they were wings and could carry me over the seas, back to France and years that can never return. . . . Ah!

A knock at my door—a slate handed to me—I see boiled beef, roast chicken, curried rabbit—I am on earth again . . . my visions have fled. . . . The reality of life is before me. . . . My brain struggles down to the ordering of beef and mutton—with a variation of veal; what old Mrs. Paterson called "menial occupations."

On this same 4th of September the gates of the Palace Royal opened wide, and the Princess Clotilde, in her barouche, with four horses and outriders, as if she were going to some official ceremony, drove through. Crossing the Place du Palais Royal to the Rue de Rivoli, she drove on through the most crowded parts of Paris to the Gare de Lyon, *en route* for Italy. Some man,

running towards her, called out, "La Chambre est dissoute—la decheance est proclamé!"

With an English passport taken in the adopted name of Mrs. Fraser, procured from Lord Lyons by Mr. Garden, with Guy, and accompanied by an old friend who had been for years accustomed to travel with my father, I drove to the Gare du Nord in my father's carriage, with liveried servants. With the exception that there were perhaps more people about than was usual at so early an hour, that no hats went off as we passed, that groups of people stood here and there talking, agitated and gesticulating, I noticed nothing in any way disturbing, and arrived at my destination without the slightest hindrance. At Creil, my sister, the Duchess de Mouchy, joined the train coming from Mouchy. She stayed at Boulogne with her two children. I went on to Calais, where I spent the night in hopes the Prince might join me. I had left him going to the Tuileries.

The Government was now incapable of stemming the torrent. The insurrection threatened the palace—already filled the gardens. Another moment and the Tuileries would be invaded by the populace, shouting, clamouring, for the fall of the Empire—for a proclamation declaring the downfall, the banishment of Napoleon III and all his dynasty.

The Empress was gone. Even while my

father was trying to force his way through the crowd, her Majesty, persuaded at last that she could not rely on Trochu, who, only the evening before, kneeling at her feet, swore that if her palace was invaded it would be because Trochu was dead—swore that order should be maintained, that she was safe as long as he lived ; seeing now, too late, the folly of putting her trust in such a man, she consented to fly. Between Metternich and Nigra, between Austria and Italy, with her lectrice, Mme. Le Breton, and a hat and cloak taken hastily from one of her ladies-in-waiting, the Empress—the Regent—was hurried along the underneath galleries of the Louvre. Passing out on to the Place de St. Germain l'Auxerrois, she leant, thickly veiled, against the iron railings just opposite the old church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois—the old church from which was given the signal for the massacre of the St. Bartholomew.

The Empress waited for M. de Metternich's brougham. Nigra, fearing she might be recognized, hailed a fiacre. As it drew up, a street boy—*gamin de Paris*—ran by, calling out, "*C'est l'Impératrice!*" Nigra quickly helped the Empress into the fiacre, and gave the order to drive to a house in one of the Faubourgs, where a room had been secured by Prince Metternich. They had only gone a few yards when the Empress saw it would be impossible to reach the Faubourg St. Antoine. Mme. Le Breton put her

head out of the window and cried to the driver, "Turn your horses and go up the Champs Elysées to the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Drive as fast as you can!" They reached the Avenue and stopped the fiacre at the house of the American dentist, Dr. Thomas Evans. He had attended the Empress for many years, and, indeed, all the crowned heads of Europe. Such a nice man! I knew him well—he had tortured me since my earliest girlhood. The Empress threw herself on his mercy, implored, almost in hysterics, his help. It was a serious undertaking. Already, he feared, it was too late to attempt flight. The Empress urged that she must leave Paris or be arrested or torn to pieces by the infuriated mob. Dr. Evans no longer hesitated. He ordered his carriage, and, placing the Empress and Madame Le Breton inside, he took the reins from his coachman, and himself sent his American trotters along at full speed. At a dashing pace he drove through Paris, determined to gain a seaport from which her Majesty could get to England. He drove his horses till they fell—broken down. Luckily, thirty years ago, post-horses could still be had, and they were able to reach Deauville. Not a moment was to be lost. They were still in France.

Hearing that Sir John Burgoyne's yacht—the *Gazelle*—was in harbour, Dr. Evans went to him and explained the position, asking him to take

charge of the Empress Eugénie and her companion. Sir John, I believe, was persuaded with difficulty. The sea was rough, the responsibility great. However, he at last consented and, taking the fugitives on board, set sail for England as quickly as possible.

After a very rough passage—the Empress, fortunately, is a very good sailor and loves the sea—they landed at Hastings. All this I heard later on.

Meanwhile I left Calais on September 5 by the early boat. Mr. Garden met me, and we arrived at Fairlawn, his place near Walton-on-Thames, where my mother, aunt, and sister-in-law had been for some little time. My sister, the Duchess de Mouchy, crossed from Boulogne a few days later, made her way to London, and occupied a suite of rooms at Fleming's Hotel, Half-Moon Street. Almost on her arrival she received a telegram from the Empress. "*Send your maid with all I need. I have not even a pocket-handkerchief.*"

The Empress was in England several days without tidings of the Emperor, but the Prince Imperial was with her. We knew that the Emperor had capitulated, that he was a prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe.

We were anxious to have news of my brother Achille. It had been his misfortune to carry, by the Emperor's orders, the white flag through the

streets of Sedan. He was taken prisoner to Germany, and never left the Emperor. The Prince Imperial was safe—Commandant Duperré had charge of him, and was able to reach Arsènes on the road to Landriens. It was there, at an inn just out of the town, that they heard of the battle —of the capitulation—of the Emperor, prisoner of the King of Prussia. The poor little Prince, ill, scarcely able to stand with fatigue, implored Duperré to retrace their steps. He must join the Emperor. "Duperré, why am I here? They are fighting. I want to return to the Army. I must fight, too. I am not ill. I am well. I must go back. I must fight!" Saying this, he tried to stand up, but his strength failed him and he fell back in his chair.

At this moment, a dispatch arrived from the Emperor. "Je suis prisonnier du Roi de Prusse. Emmenez le Prince en Angleterre." This telegram, sent two days before, never reached Arsènes till the morning of the 4th of September. A carriage, or rather a one-horse conveyance, was procured, and the Prince, in slight disguise, left, escorted by Duperré—almost at the same moment that the Empress entered the fiacre that was to take her to the house of Dr. Evans. About midnight the Prince, with Duperré and Adolphe Clary, reached Namur. He spent the night at the Château de Chimay, house of the governor of the province. Leaving Namur, they

reached Ostend on the evening of the 5th. They stayed the night at the Hôtel d'Allemagne. In the Prince's state of health some hours' rest were indispensable. On the 6th they took the boat for Dover and went on to Hastings to meet the Empress.

Scarcely a month had elapsed since he left the Palace of St. Cloud—a proud and happy boy. He little dreamt he was going to defeat . . . to ruin . . . to exile. . . .

CHAPTER IX

EXILES IN ENGLAND

Camden Place, Chislehurst—Miss Howard—The Emperor a prisoner of war — The Prussians in possession — Prince Leopold v. Hohenzollern—Buzenval—Monseigneur Bauer —Paris in London—The Princess Mathilde—The Empress's suite at Chislehurst—The price of a horse—The Empress visits the prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe—General Bourbaki—Marshal Bazaine's plan to place the Prince Imperial on the throne rejected by the Empress—Her policy discussed—A winter shooting party — "Brab" and others — Lord Granville's solicitude—The ex-Emperor's release and retreat to England—Mr. Gladstone—A railway adventure—Princess Metternich

At Fairlawn we had a restless, unsettled life. My father had taken rooms, a first floor in Half-Moon Street. Part of my days were spent with him. My sister was to find a suitable residence for the Empress. We visited a great number of country places. The one we preferred belonged to the Sassoons, a pretty place near Weybridge. It was all settled and the agreement nearly signed when the Empress wrote to say she had decided on a house offered her by a Mr. Strode, who had known the Emperor well when Prince Louis Napoleon, and who urged the acceptance of Camden Place, Chislehurst, at a nominal rent.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

[*Photograph by Downey*

Mr. Strode had been trustee and guardian to a very beautiful and wealthy young woman, a Miss Howard, whose acquaintance Prince Louis Napoleon made when he lived in England. Her real name was Elizabeth Ann Haryett. Why she assumed the name Howard I do not know. Her London house was the resort of many fashionable men of the time, the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Chesterfield, the Earl of Malmesbury, and Count d'Orsay being among others of her favoured admirers. She was a woman of exquisite proportions and classic beauty, with regular features and magnificent shoulders. Louis Napoleon first met her, I believe, at the house of Lady Blessington in Kensington, and was at once attracted by her. She put her wealth, as well as her person, at his disposal, and advanced large sums of money towards the equipment of his historic adventure at Boulogne. She is said to have visited him when he was a prisoner in the fortress of Ham, and on his escape their liaison was renewed. She followed his fortunes to Paris when the Revolution of 1848 and the fall of Louis Philippe opened the doors of France to the exiled. She resided at first at the Hôtel Meurice in the Rue de Rivoli, but afterwards, when the Prince became President, a little house in the Rue de Cirque, near the Elysée, was provided for her and here Napoleon spent many evenings, and met his intimates. Few women were found there, but

several Englishmen, among them the Marquis of Hertford, were often visitors. Miss Howard never made her appearance in official or family entertainments. She accompanied the President, however, in all his tours through the provinces, having her private suite and escort. She was made much of by all courtiers, and liked by most of the Princes of the family. Recognizing the futility of aspiring to a higher position, she intimated that she would favour an alliance between the Prince-President and myself. I suppose it might have been seriously thought of, but I was then—end of 1849—just sixteen. The idea of marrying the Prince filled me with dismay. He was not young, he was not handsome, he danced badly, had no ear for music, could never keep time or measure. I was qualified by Miss Howard as *cette petite sotte* who might be one day Empress of the French : the last thing in the world I should ever have wished to be. After the *Coup d'État* Miss Howard was given the title of Countess de Beauregard, two millions of francs, a beautiful place at La Belle St. Cloud, called " Beauregard," and an allowance of some thousands a year. In 1854, a year after the wedding of the Emperor, she married Mr. Clarence Trelawney, an officer in the Austrian Army.[1] Her marriage, however, ended in a divorce. She died in 1865.

[1] "One night I went to the opera with Cardigan, and we saw Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Trelawney in a box. Mrs. Trelawney

Her former guardian, Mr. Strode, was a constant visitor in Paris. When he bought and restored Camden Place, he is supposed to have said that he did so foreseeing that the day would come when it would be required for the fallen Emperor. The place had been unlet for several years. I have heard a legend that an old couple to whom the house belonged had been one night mysteriously murdered, it was supposed by their only son, with the aid of their one servant, but nothing could be proved against them. The Empress occupied, I believe, at Camden Place, the room in which this double murder was committed. It is said that these circumstances being told at Chislehurst cast an additional gloom over the first days of their arrival in their new abode.

Mr. Garden offered to be the bearer of letters and dispatches to Wilhelmshöhe, and his offer was accepted. He took a friend with him, and at his own expense made his way to Germany.

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was the famous Miss Howard, once the mistress of Louis Napoleon, who paid her £250,000 when he renounced her to marry Eugéne de Montijo. Mrs. Trelawney annoyed the Emperor and Empress as much as she dared by sitting opposite the Royal box at the opera and driving almost immediately behind them in the Bois de Boulogne. She was a very fat woman, and her *embonpoint* increased to such an extent that the doors of her carriage had to be enlarged to allow her to get in and out with comfort."—*My Recollections*, by the Countess of Cardigan, p. 104.

He was allowed to go to the Emperor, whom he found very ill and suffering. He brought letters back to the Empress, and also letters from my brother, telling us of the pain the Emperor was in day and night, both physical and moral. They were so miserable themselves that they did not know how to cheer him. Mr. Garden said that Achille read to the Emperor for hours together. The book he read—strange to say—was Alexandre Dumas' *Trois Mousquetaires*. The Emperor had never heard of it, and finding the book at Wilhelmshöhe, my brother read it to him, reading for hours without stopping, when it seemed to soothe the nerves and take the prisoner's mind away—for a time at least—from the remembrance of Sedan. He could not forgive himself that he was still alive. He had vainly sought death all through that agonizing day.

The Empress and my sister had both sent their most valuable jewels to Mr. Gladstone for safe keeping long before the fatal 4th of September; but many of their personal possessions had been left behind. The Duke of Hamilton offered to go to France. He crossed in his yacht, the *Thistle*, and applied to General Trochu for permission to rescue from the Tuileries some of the Empress's things. Trochu sent one of his officers with the Duke, and they were able, notwithstanding the upside-down condition of everything and everybody in the palace, to pack furs, laces, fans,

jewels, knick-knacks, and a large quantity of her wardrobe, with which Hamilton arrived at Camden Place.

I am rather vague as to dates, but I think it was on the 19th of September that Paris was closed. The siege began. After this we had no communication except by pigeons, by balloons, or through the Prussian lines. The Duke de Mouchy remained in France—never left Mouchy for an hour. Everything there was kept up as in the days of our prosperity. Later on a Prussian General and his staff were quartered at the château. They were assigned rooms in one of the wings, and they behaved with the utmost discretion, using the back stairs, and never once in any way intruding their presence upon the Duke. My own place near Meaux was very differently treated, owing, probably, to my absence. I had for ten months a regiment of cavalry, or part of one, in possession of my dear home. They began by breaking into the cellars, and were for days in a state of intoxication. They looted everything. They masqueraded about Meaux in my dresses, tea-gowns, cloaks, hats, to the great amusement of the populace. They burnt for firewood my orange-trees, the old oak sideboards, chairs and other furniture. At last my agent let me know that they threatened to set fire to the house. My patience was at an end. I had suffered in silence, not wishing to cry mercy; but I now

determined to write to my cousin, Prince Leopold von Hohenzollern, and ask his intervention. I did not tell him that at the last extremity only did I consent to accept aid and protection at the enemy's hands. He wrote me a charming letter, which I have kept, and regretted I had not sooner appealed to him.

Versailles,
October 29, 1870.

MA CHÈRE COUSINE,

Je m'empresse de répondre à votre lettre que je viens de recevoir, en regrettant de ne pouvoir y ajouter déjà le laisser-passer que je n'ai pu obtenir avant de pouvoir présenter un signalement exacte de la personne que vous voulez envoyer. Veuillez donc avoir la bonté de me le faire parvenir aussitôt que possible. Voilà beaucoup de formalités, mais il faut compter avec des inconvénients de ce genre pendant la guerre.

Je pense que vous voulez diriger le valet de chambre à La Ferté sous Jouarre, près de Meaux —si vous m' indiquez le nom du château, cela lui ferait gagner du temps.

Veuillez accepter, ma chère cousine, l'expression de mes sentiments les plus respectueux.

LEOPOLD VON HOHENZOLLERN.[1]

[1] *Versailles,*
October 29, 1870.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I hasten to reply to your letter which I have just received, while regretting my inability to include with it at once the passport which I have not been able to procure before presenting an exact description of the person whom you wish to send. Will you then be so kind as to let it be sent to me

The Prussian soldiers were removed, but they left bare walls behind them. They killed and ate my dogs; they took my horses: I had four dark brown mares, a perfect team.

Prince Leopold von Hohenzollern, whose candidature to the throne of Spain was the ostensible reason for the Franco-Prussian war, was my cousin on the Murat, not the Bonaparte, side. The families had thus intermarried. My father and Prince Hohenzollern's mother were first cousins, and his sister, Princess Frida, married my first cousin, the Marquis Pepoli. We were very intimate friends, she and I. Although she lived in Italy, she came frequently to stay with us in Paris.

His brother, the King of Roumania, when Prince Charles Hohenzollern, spent, as I did, the winter of 1862 at Algiers. He was there for the sake of his health. His rooms were quite near mine, and his cough, which I constantly heard, was a source of great distress to me. I left the hotel and travelled up into the interior of the Province as far as Miliana. On my return the Prince had gone, and we never met again.

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as soon as possible? What a number of formalities! But one must reckon with inconveniences of this kind during the war.

I fancy that you wish to direct your servant to La Ferté sous Jouarre, near Meaux—and if you inform me of the name of the castle, that would save him some time.

Believe me, my dear cousin,

Yours sincerely,

LEOPOLD VON HOHENZOLLERN.

On the other side of Paris, in a park of 400 acres *clos de murs*, joining on one side the Bois de Versailles, on the other the woods of St. Cucupha, stood Buzenval, the home of our happy days, twenty minutes' drive from St. Cloud, facing the Mont Valerien, within a walk of the Malmaison. There the last great battle round Paris was fought, on the 18th of January. The walls all riddled with cannon balls, the house much damaged. I have tried to get a photograph of the place to my memory so dear, but I suppose none have been taken. It now belongs to the Cadores —I hear the Duchess lives there the greater part of the year. The architecture of Buzenval, with its round towers ending in a point, was somewhat spoiled by the building of a huge wing. The Emperor, who often visited us there, always said he could not call it a "wing." It was more like an "enormous thigh."

How little we dreamed that one day Buzenval was destined to be the centre of a mighty battle—the park crowded by a *corps d'armée*—General Ducrot's—and the walls partly knocked down by Prussian big guns!

Almost while writing the above I receive a letter and learn that Buzenval, my old home, is now "l'établissement de Frères Saint Nicolas." How altered the place must be!

Outside Paris, at Courbevoie, between Neuilly and Rueil—the station for Buzenval, Jérôme was

quartered. He had orders to take command of a regiment of francs-tireurs. The first time he reviewed them, when they realized who their Colonel was, they laid down their arms and declared they would not fight under a Bonaparte.

Brought up in America, a West Point Cadet, Jérôme had been through all the wars of Texas. He proved himself equal to the occasion. He was calm and coolly determined. He told them he would shoot down every man who refused to fight. They felt he would keep his word, and were soon under splendid discipline. He commanded them through the whole of the campaign, and officers and men became devoted to their Colonel, who did not leave them till peace was signed and M. Thiers was President of the Republic.

Monseigneur Bauer was, during the last few weeks of the Empire, in the habit of saying Mass for the Empress in the private chapel of the Tuileries. He was, as I have said, confessor and almoner of her Majesty, but he was not chaplain of the Tuileries. L'Abbé Lainé was the Emperor's private chaplain. Monseigneur Bauer was a converted Israelite. Every one knows that he played a great part in the politics of the Second Empire. His influence in private, as well as in public affairs, was most pernicious. His remorse must have been deep. I saw him for the last time at Chislehurst. We were all waiting in the

long gallery for the Empress, as she passed down the centre of the gallery, lined on either side by family officers of the household. A great number of guests had come over from France. The guilty priest advanced alone, and implored pardon. I could not catch the words, but his humble attitude—that said enough. I found it in my heart to be sorry for his humiliation, although I had reason to be personally opposed to him. I felt, too, the situation must not be prolonged, so, all in a moment, without reflecting, I went up to the Empress and, bending, kissed her hand. She kissed me and passed on. Some one said near me, "You have saved the situation," and then only I realized what I had done. I must leave others to tell what his crime was. He was accused of many things, but one person alone can say where truth ends, where fiction begins. Of one thing, I think, there is little doubt: the Empress considered he had behaved in a way to deserve the gravest reproach.

About November my father took a large house in the Cromwell Road. My mother's health had suffered very much from all our troubles. She was now constantly obliged to keep her room, and the greatest care was taken to avoid noise. Some days, poor Guy, when coming in from his walk, would take off his boots before going, on tiptoe, to her room.

My sister wished to be with the Empress, so

rented the Old Hall, quite near Camden Place, which she occupied for some months. Princess Metternich was at the Clarendon Hotel. Going to see her one afternoon, I was shown into her sitting-room. I suddenly heard a splashing of water, as if quite near me ; raising my eyes, I saw a high screen across one end of the room. Presently the Princess laughingly explained that the Prince had just arrived, and that the hotel was so full that the end of the sitting-room had been given him for a dressing-room—and he was in his bath !

London for the time being had turned into Paris. On every side a chatter of French was heard. The Faubourg St. Germain and the Faubourg St. Honoré, the old and the new aristocracy of Paris, filled London. There was not a house from end to end of Clarges Street and Half-Moon Street without familiar faces. Brighton, too, was crowded with our friends. Princess Poniatowska lived over a baker's shop in the King's Road. I found her there when I went on a Saturday to Monday visit to some friends at the Bedford. I was then looking for a house for Princess Mathilde, who had escaped from Paris just before the siege with the aid of Alexandre Dumas the younger, who offered her the hospitality of his châlet at Dieppe till she could leave France. I could find nothing suitable that was not exorbitant in price.

From Dieppe she went to Mons, and there I wrote to her, giving her what news I could. She wrote to me in response :—

Mons,
October 9, 1870.

My dear Caro,

I thank you for your kind letter, which I found waiting for me here. I have been for a few days to the Hague with the Queen, and she has, I think, been even more affectionate than in days gone by. In spite of all the marks of affection and devotion that I received, and which I hardly had the right to expect, I am horribly sad, and my heart is broken. I remain here, not knowing where to go, and not wishing to leave ; besides, I really do not care. Everything is indifferent to me, and I feel so overwhelmed in every way that I have not the courage nor the desire to form any plan. I should like to know Caponni and Paris saved !—all the people I have left there in safety, and have no fresh grief to weep over. I often see faces I know passing through here. There is nothing but lamentation, regret—and winter is coming with all its horrors. Here it is less foggy than in England, and living is cheaper. I have not received a single letter from the Empress ; I do not know her address, and I do not know if she cares to hear from me. I hear sometimes of the Emperor, and my thoughts often turn towards the dear little Prince, who must be very unhappy, far from his father.

Can you give me any news of Aunt Jane ? Where is Malcy ? What are they all going to do ?

If you are able, return to France, but not before the end of the siege of Paris. Where is Loulou?

Give me all the news you can get from any one. Write to me here. Letters are quite safe in envelopes addressed to Monsieur de Galbois or to M. de Giraud, Poste Restante, Mons. As for me, I embrace you, my heart torn and sad unto death—most discouraged and asking myself if life be desirable, when it has to witness such disasters.

Yours affectionately,
M.

Other letters which I received in quick succession show her yearning for news and her despair at our disasters.

Mons,
October 15, 1870.

DEAR CARO,

Your letters have given me great pleasure, since they give me news of events and of persons. I did not know of the death of Friand and of that of Mme. de la Redorte. They are perhaps happier than we! We are not at the end of our sufferings, and I very much fear that when we see Paris again, it will be one heap of ruins. That will be the crowning touch.

Here the letters are not opened. You can write what you wish.

Have you see Napoleon?[1] They say that he passes his evenings with Madame ——, a pretty pastime!

Tell me if the Empress has been able to save

[1] Her brother, Prince Napoleon: not the Emperor.

her jewels, her wardrobe, and all the possessions she had in the rooms at the Tuileries. I should like to know about it and how matters stand.

And Anna, is she not anxious about Mouchy? Of course, I mean the château. St. Gratien is invaded by a German staff; all this grieves me intensely, and our ruin, which is so complete in every way, is the cause of the most terrible despair.

Tell me all that *She* does from morning till evening. Is she settling down where she is? How far from London is Chislehurst? Is Metternich with her? And the dear child, where is he; at Hastings, or with her? Will she not go to see him? I kiss you, I embrace you with all my heart. All kind regards to all with you.

M.

I had found a house which I thought would suit her, and she wrote requesting further information concerning it.

Mons,
October 17, 1870.

My dear Caro,

I am just sending you a line and shall be glad of an answer, if it is not troubling you too much. Tell me with what furniture the house is let. Is it clean? And, further, are there kitchen utensils? linen? plate? In fact everything? Or ought one to see to all that for oneself?

I shall be coming to London on Sunday, that is why I should prefer the outskirts, but quite near, so as to be able to come into town for trifles, as easily as I did from St. Gratien. I shall

not leave Mons until the 15th November, and have made no plans. I am beginning to get anxious about it. Get me all the news you are able to; here, no one knows anything. I only get the *Independance*.

What is the Emperor Napoleon doing? And Pierrie? Whom of our circle do you see? And what hopes have they? What is Anna doing? Does she go into society? And where will she spend the winter? Do you expect to return to Paris after the siege? And your people? This general dispersal is very hard. Shall we ever find ourselves again—not in the same conditions, but at least united?

I can only tell you one thing, which is, that I cannot conquer my feelings, that every day I become more sad, and that I am in despair. I kiss you from my heart.

Your affectionate Aunt,

M.

Do not speak of my plan, before I am quite decided about it.

Our hopes that the Princess Mathilde would come to London and settle down in the house that I had chosen for her were not realized, as will be seen by the following letter.

Mons,
October 28, 1870.

My dear Caro,

I thank you for your kind information, but I could not profit by it. I do not wish to go away, and after the capitulation of Metz I am awaiting that of Paris. I am sadder than ever;

there is nothing left but our complete ruin, and I have not even the hope of better days. All is lost, and I do not yet know how all this can have happened. Well, we must bow our heads. I hear that Anna is profiting by the fine weather in London. I receive letters which deal only with her dresses and her gaieties. How happy it is to be able to be like that, and how much better it would be for us all, could we follow her example. But my heart is broken. I saw Fleury in Brussels. He told us of the departure of the Empress; it is he who made all arrangements as far as England.

Give me all your news. I heard of the downfall of Napoleon and of the Empress; what are the Rouhers doing? I am as sad as it is possible to be, and daily expect to hear that St. Gratien has been sacked, if this has not happened already. The innocent pay for the guilty. I embrace you.

M.

Princess Mathilde's château was indeed sacked and left in ruins, without roof or windows.

Eventually Princess Mathilde went to Brussels, where she spent the winter, and where I suggested visiting her, since she could not come to London.

Brussels,
November 28, 1870.
15 *Rue d'Artois.*

My dear Caro,

I shall find much trouble in putting you up here. There is no room—not even in the hotels, and I know persons who are watching all the departures, to have two rooms when they would need at least six; it is very hard.

Believe me, have patience over there, until the relief of Paris. I cannot believe it will be much longer in coming. I should like to know the story of Persigny.

Why does not the Duchess de Mont: (?) go to her mother at Château Margot? I received a visit from the Count and Countess of Flanders, though I have done nothing for them; they made many inquiries after the Emperor and Empress and after the little Prince. . . .

I go out very little and see few people; the weather is not bad, nor very cold; there is no news.

Time goes slowly when one is waiting, and uncertainty makes it still more cruel. Mme. Machin is writing a nice long letter to the Emperor. It does one good to see that one is remembered somewhere. Nevertheless, I notice that the animosity of the first days no longer exists . . . and although the faults may be serious and we pay for them cruelly, the memory of eighteen years' prosperity cannot be wiped out. All has been caused by *Her*, they tell me; let us hope she will be better inspired and happier than on the 4th September. She gave up a game which was still playable; but after all!

Write to me, give me some news; especially if you have any from Paris by balloon. What bad luck to be unable to make anything reach its destination!

I embrace you and beg you to remember me to all yours. Where is Malcy? Again a thousand affectionate messages.

M.[1]

[1] Her friendship with Thiers enabled Princess Mathilde to return to Paris during the early days of the Republic. She

Her brother, Prince Napoleon, had taken one of the large houses facing Hyde Park, a little lower down on the Marble Arch side. The house was secured under the impression that the Princess Clotilde would come to England, but she remained at the Château de Prangins, till the Emperor's death brought her for a short time to this country.

Prince Napoleon's visits to England were short, and not very frequent. He preferred Prangins, on the lake of Geneva, where the Princess and his three children had joined him some little time after Sedan.

The few people who composed the Empress's suite were the Duke de Bassano, Commandant Duperré, Adolphe Clary, Pietri, private secretary, Dr. Corvisart, Madame Clary (who with her husband had a house at Chislehurst), Mme. Le Breton, and Mademoiselle Lermina. A French butler, three French cooks and the Prince Imperial's valet, the faithful Uhlmann, composed the French contingent of the household. I knew them all, but best of all I knew Clary. Long before he belonged to the Emperor's *entourage* he was the dearest friend of my cousins, and I saw a great deal of him during the winter I spent

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lived then in the Rue de Berri and at the restored château of St. Gratien. She received a great deal in an intimate way, though she did not give large functions. She died in Paris, January 1904, the Empress visiting her on her death-bed.

at Algiers, where he was quartered with his regiment. I asked for him at that time, February 1862, an appointment on the staff of Bazaine or some general nominated to take part in the Mexican Campaign. My telegram making the request was sent to the Emperor at Plombières, and I got my answer, "Impossible," before my message reached the person to whom it was addressed.

Adolphe Clary had a pretty country seat not very far from Paris. The same agent in Paris was acting for us. Finding it urgent to send to La Charloterie, on Clary's business, he took from my stables one of my best horses and dispatched a messenger. Both horse and rider were captured by the Prussians. The agent immediately wrote to both of us, informing us of what had happened, blaming himself for what he had done, and saying that without doubt Clary owed me the price of the horse. I should certainly at any ordinary time not have claimed any indemnity, but we were living from day to day without the possibility of getting money except by selling valuables and jewels. I asked Clary through the agent for £40, a small sum, as I did not wish to ask more than was paid by Government for other horses. Clary refused, and rather an uncomfortable feeling arose in consequence, feeling which a year later was destined to take the form of a serious litigation. Large cases were packed and

sent from Paris in the spring of 1871, containing pictures and many other things which had been saved from the wreck. One of these cases, sent to me by mistake, contained a very valuable family painting, the portrait of a lady, one of Clary's ancestors. He immediately wrote and requested that the case might be sent on to Chislehurst. I replied that I had no desire to keep the picture, and that on receiving a cheque for £40, the price of my horse, the case with his property should be sent. He was very angry, threatened legal proceedings, and I put the matter into the hands of my English solicitor, with the result that I received my cheque and he his portrait.

Some years after, when the Empress went for a winter to Florence and Rome, Comte Clary accompanied her, took the fever and died. Duperré, the old, devoted and faithful friend, could not stand Clary and his overbearing ways. He constantly complained to me, and one day told me with tears in his eyes that he must leave the Prince and return to Paris and to his career as soon as it was open for him to do so. He said he had intended never leaving their Majesties, but Clary had found such favour in the eyes of the Empress, and interfered and made it so uncomfortable for him (and indeed for all of them) that he had decided to go. He told me among other things that since the residence at Camden Place he had had the catering. Clary persuaded

the Empress that it could be done on a much less expensive scale. That morning she had sent for Duperré, and had ordered him to reduce expenses —to use his expression, "à cinq francs par tête de nègre," meaning to five francs a head.

Of the other members of the household at Chislehurst I have very little to say. Franceschini Pietri was a Corsican, very devoted, no doubt, nephew of Pietri, the well-known Roman Prefect of Police. When at the Tuileries he was of little note, as he was scarcely ever seen. Under-Private Secretary, I suppose, was his title, but as a matter of fact he worked apart in a small room, where the Emperor's hand-bell could call him at any hour. He was the Emperor's private messenger, entirely outside politics. In the general break-up he sprang into more prominent existence, and was one of those sent to England by the Emperor to accompany the Prince, with and subordinate to Commandant Duperré. At Camden Place, he became Private Secretary to the Empress, and at present still retains the same position. I shall have occasion to speak of him later on in connection with the Emperor's death, as well as of Madame Le Breton.

Mademoiselle Lermina was daughter of a penniless general, as was the wife of Comte Clary (a Mademoiselle Marion). The Empress was always most good and kind, and never failed to have one or two girls as lectrices, and married

most of them well. Mademoiselle Lermina is still with her, unmarried.

Notwithstanding the narrow strip of water that lies between England and France, one cannot help being struck by the difference in ideas, habits and customs of the two countries, less so now than when I first came to live here, just twenty-three years ago. There is still one point, however, which has not changed—the immense preponderance of unmarried women in England. At the French Court I can only—after a long search in the depths of my memory—record two who could no longer claim to be girls. One of them lived at the Tuileries and was conspicuous by her connection with the Emperor on his mother's side. Her father was Great Master to the Empress's household, her brother was chamberlain. They occupied a suite of rooms in the Pavillon Marsan, the part overlooking the Rue de Rivoli.

I refer to the Countess Stéphanie Tascher de la Pagerie. She was a Canoness in Bavaria, and therefore bore the title of Countess. In Germany, being Canoness gives a right to this title. Countess Stéphanie was an amiable bluestocking, very witty, very amusing, and, contrary to the general rule of old maids, not ill-natured. She was a general favourite at Court, much appreciated by the Emperor, who had known her in his younger days at Arenenberg. She was often in

demand at the Pavillon de Flore, their Majesties' *petits appartements.* Her lively conversation and droll way of telling the anecdotes of her life in Germany amused the Empress Eugénie.

The second "femme de trente ans" was daughter of Comte de Casabianca. I have nothing to tell of her except that I knew her very well. She had been unfortunate in an unreciprocated love. I knew him too. He made an unhappy marriage. She thereafter devoted herself entirely to her father. She became his right hand in every way, acting as his private secretary in many affairs of political importance.

M. de Casabianca, a dear old man, a Corsican Napoleonist to the backbone, honest too, and not altogether a nonentity, was most useful in difficult moments when an intelligent and devoted man was required to play a risky part, or in a financial crisis. In this way poor old Casabianca was dotted about as the occasion demanded. At the critical moment of the *Coup d'État* he occupied at the Rue de Rivoli the Ministere des Finances. Then, at the proclamation of the Empire he found himself Secretary of State—when it was necessary to form and organize the new Cabinet. He was also member of the Privy Council and, lastly, senator for life. Casabianca was a very intimate friend of my father's, who was able to render him a service he never forgot, by obtaining that his son-in-law should be sent as military *attaché* to

the Embassy at Turin. M. de Casabianca's daughter was young and pretty, and did the honours of the Embassy when required, as my father was there alone, my mother being too delicate to undertake the duties and fatigues incumbent on the wife of an Ambassador.

Casabianca was a true friend, and was able to prove himself so many times. No one who has not lived at Court would easily realize the great jealousies which invariably exist. The influence and power of certain members of the household, who have the great advantage at Court that a lady's-maid has in private life, in possessing the ear of the mistress, are as a rule very antagonistic to family. The influence of the *entourage* of which I speak may have been more felt at the French Court, and perhaps existed to a greater extent, as at the Tuileries there was no immediate family.

Dr. Corvisart was one of the doctors at Chislehurst called *par quartier*. They were four in number, and took service in turns under Dr. Conneau.

The Duke de Bassano, who was Grand Chamberlain at Court, was only in attendance at Camden Place on occasions of official receptions or ceremonies, but always held himself in readiness to obey the Empress's commands. I am now speaking of the time during which the Emperor was a prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe.

In the month of December the Empress left England and, travelling as Comtesse de Pierrefonds, paid a short visit to the Imperial prisoner. The Prince Imperial was most anxious to accompany the Empress : he pleaded that he had not seen his father since before Sedan, and entreated her to allow him to go to the Emperor. Father and son were wrapped up in each other. The sorrows of the last few months had brought them still more closely together. The poor little Prince was, I heard, really heart-broken at the rejection of his wishes, but the Empress, who no doubt had her good reasons, was determined in her refusal.

I may say here that, before the fall of Metz, Bazaine, thinking he could treat advantageously with Prince Frederick Charles, sent an emissary—no other than General Bourbaki—to Chislehurst, asking the Empress Regent for a *blanc seing* authorizing him to treat in the name of the Regent and put the Prince Imperial on the throne of France. The whole incident is, I believe, well known. General Bourbaki arrived at Camden Place one afternoon, had a prolonged interview with the Empress, and returned to Bazaine with an indignant refusal. Many were the comments, as you may imagine, among the *entourage* and the members of the family then in England. What was her reason for declining Bazaine's offer ? No one can say with certainty—at all events I cannot.

Would Bazaine have been Regent? The Prince was only fifteen. The capitulation of Metz followed, August 27. Bourbaki had been able to leave Metz through the Prussian lines with a *sauf conduit* delivered by Prince Frederick Charles himself.

In an ordinary time it would have been without doubt a dangerous, reprehensible and unprecedented act to have abdicated her powers as Regent into the hands of Bazaine by giving him the "signature in blank" he required, but here the position was desperate. The honour of France, the Empire, the throne, were in the balance. To hesitate was certain ruin, for France, for the Emperor, for the Prince Imperial. Had a treaty been signed by Bazaine and Prince Frederick Charles, it would probably not have involved so great an indemnity as the loss of two Provinces and five thousand millions of francs, but it would have meant the abdication of the Emperor and the loss of the Regency in favour of Bazaine.

Perhaps the Empress's mistrust of Bazaine might have been caused in part by the remembrance of the treachery of General Trochu, in whom she had so recently blindly believed. Perhaps the trials she had gone through had left her without nerve for so daring an act—or was it Fate?

On leaving Metz, Bazaine proceeded to Wil-

helmshöhe, where he drew up, in conjunction with the Emperor, a report on the military facts of the war. And the events which followed? His fall and that of his dynasty, proclaimed during the insurrection on the 4th of September in Paris, and again by the National Assembly sitting at Bordeaux the first days of March 1871. It was whispered that they discussed the possibility of a restoration. Every one knows that, later on, Marshal Bazaine was declared a traitor, tried and condemned. If being faithful to the allegiance sworn to his sovereign constitutes a traitor, then certainly Bazaine was one. I cannot admit that he was traitor to France. He would undoubtedly have restored the Empire had he been allowed, and the world would not have witnessed the gradual decay and downfall of a great kingdom. How great is the fall of France those alone can feel who, like myself, lived on the steps of an Empire's throne and have now, a voluntary exile, watched for thirty years on England's shores the political and religious decline of my country. The Emperor was an Angloman—he loved and admired the English; he never forgot Prince Louis Napoleon and the cordial reception given to the outlawed Prince who sought refuge in this country. The Emperor dreamt of an English alliance. Russia paid the penalty. We knew the English heroes in the Crimea who bravely fought by our side; we knew some of the pretty

Englishwomen who flirted at Compiègne; but we had no experience in those halcyon days of a Dreyfus! of insults heaped upon us by the English Press, of the injurious and hostile language of English statesmen, of the attacks on the French Army, qualifying our generals as dishonest, questioning the integrity of our magistrates and their power to render justice. For such a state of things to be possible, how degraded we must have become! Poor France! Yet the Empire, or a monarchy that would save us, seems as far away as it was thirty years ago.

In this year, 1871, I received a telegram announcing the unexpected death of M. de Chassiron.

Mr. Garden, whom I have already mentioned, was unceasing in his attentions and his endeavours to make our life less sombre. He was also indefatigable in the service of the Empress. Going up and down from Chislehurst to London with dispatches in cipher, sometimes as late as twelve o'clock, he would take our messages to Charing Cross. He planned parties to Richmond, drove us to a fish dinner at Greenwich, and the first week in December persuaded my father to pay him a four days' visit at Redisham, his place in Suffolk, for the covert shooting. He secured a saloon carriage and we went down—a party of seven—I was the only woman. The

shooters were the well-known "Brab,"[1] the handsomest Englishman I had seen; Tommy Trafford, so renowned for his painted face, so envied as a protégé of the Prince of Wales; Percy Barker, who was never sober, but a kind, good-hearted fellow; and Captain Powell, who had been through the Indian Mutiny and told funny stories of shooting into moving bushes and old women rolling out. How strange their talk, their manners, their ideas, all seemed to me, fresh from the Court of the Tuileries!

We arrived at Redisham about six o'clock. Snow lay heavily on the ground; the cold was intense that fatal winter of 1870–1, and I thought I had never felt so cold a house. Stone outer hall, stone inner hall, stone staircase, stone landing with only one or two small rugs. It sent a chill to the heart. Big fires in the drawing-rooms that scorched without warming you, and, if you moved away, fearful draughts from under every door and window; bare furniture against bare walls—not a cushion to be seen, not a flower, not a plant. It all looked so cold and miserable. Plenty of smoke, however, from fires and men; they smoked all over the house. Miss Garden said when she returned after our visit that the curtains and furniture were an essence of smoke, and had to be put out on the lawn for a week before she could again use them!

[1] Major-General J. P. Brabazon, C.B., C.V.O.

Notwithstanding the cold, we had a very pleasant week. All the men were full of fun, and played practical jokes on each other. One morning, about two o'clock, I heard shouts of laughter, and, peeping out of my door, saw the unfortunate Percy Barker being rolled down-stairs in a feather bed. He had established himself on the floor in Brab's room, who objected to keeping him, the loud snoring preventing his sleeping.

I liked Brab best of all the guests. He was more like what I was accustomed to. The very first evening at dinner, I remarked that he wore his hair parted in the middle, a thing I particularly dislike. It gives a man such an effeminate look. Turning to him, I said something of the kind in a low voice. To my horror he called one of the men-servants and bade him fetch a comb; then and there at table, the man holding a mirror, he parted his hair at the side, and I never saw it parted in the middle again, although we remained great friends and often met in London till, with the courage and pluck which characterized him, he volunteered for the Ashanti war, and the smartest soldier ever in the Guards re-entered the Army as a trooper, and left Waterloo with his buttonhole and lavender kid gloves to join his regiment, amid the cheers of his numerous friends, about May or June 1873.

How sad our days, and sadder still our nights.

One of our greatest trials, in the absence of any reliable news, was the shouting in the streets; the calling out by newspaper men and boys of most terrible battles—massacres—horrors of the siege. We were so absolutely unaccustomed to anything of the kind that we believed all we heard. I scarcely know what would have become of us during those dreadful months had it not been for the friendship of Lord Granville. We had not yet left Half-Moon Street. My sister came up constantly to her rooms at Fleming's, and often after leaving the House at twelve or one o'clock at night, Lord Granville, who was then Foreign Secretary, would come with the latest information he could obtain. One evening I remember well. The shouting had been more distracting than usual, when suddenly we heard a babel of thundering voices, "The King of Prussia killed!" Oh, what a relief! A thrill of joy went through me. The Emperor prisoner, the King dead, surely the war was ended! I never took time to reflect. Of course my hope was shattered.

Mrs. Thomson Hankey, whose husband was at one time under-governor of the Bank of England, had just come in. She had also heard the news. My delight shocked her immensely. She said reprovingly, "My dear, you forget poor Queen Augusta and her grief." Indeed, I had! In those hours I had no thought for any grief but our own, but, alas! no grief was needed. Lord

Granville soon arrived and dispelled my short-lived joy. Some personage had been killed (I cannot call to mind who it was), a general, I think, and the war would go on, the dreadful war, without suffering even a check.

And day followed day, each more weary than the last, with its cold, its damp, its dense black fogs. Would the sun never shine for us again?

At the beginning of January I left Cromwell Road, and took with Guy a tiny but pretty house in Walton Place, belonging to Ginger Durant. He was kindness itself, left me two servants, his plate and linen. I now had news more frequently from Jérôme, sent through the Prussian lines. He was still at Courbevoie. He had been very ill. To add to all the rest, small-pox broke out among them. Though vaccinated, he contracted the disease, which he had more slightly than others, and it very fortunately left no marks. As soon as peace was signed he came to England.

His mother was most anxious. She had no means of communicating with her son, and only received what little news I could send her.

My uncle had married a Miss Williams, a Virginian heiress. Jérôme and I had known each other since our earliest infancy, but I lost sight of him for many years, as he never came to France till just before the Crimean War. He was an only child till he was twenty-one, when a brother

was born. They were the only two children of the Paterson branch of the family.

My aunt was always known to her husband and children as "Miss Susan," and so we all called her—a habit contracted, I imagine, from her old negro servants, who had been with her from her birth.

After the war, Jérôme came to London for some weeks. He told us of the hardships and privations of the siege. He brought me a piece of the hard black bread the officers and men had to eat. His description was most amusing of the luxury and treat it was to eat a rat from the gutters or from the spouts. "They are far more delicate," he said, "than young chickens." Our St. Bernard dogs had been eaten, taken from the Avenue Montaigne, when it was turned into a hospital for the wounded.

During the siege a rat cost 2 francs, a rabbit cost 50 francs, a cat 15 francs, a turkey 150 francs, each egg, fresh (?) 5 francs. Every animal in the Jardin d'Acclimation was bought and eaten. The prices paid were fabulous. A wild boar 1,000 francs, a wolf 500 francs, a bear 800 francs. All the peacocks were bought between the well-known author Arsène Houssaye and the eminent surgeon Ricord. I wonder if peacocks are a great delicacy or if they are good and easily digested.

Jérôme sailed for America some time early in

March, and intended proceeding to Baltimore to join his mother and brother. When at New York he was waylaid by the two brothers of a Mrs. Newbolt Edgar, a very rich young American widow, who had lived for a long time in Paris, and to whom he had, no doubt, paid a certain amount of attention. She had taken advantage of this, and written several letters through the medium of some Prussian officer. Her brothers chose to consider her entitled to become Princess Jérôme Bonaparte (but Jérôme always declined the title), and through the intervention of her brothers she became Mrs. Bonaparte.

Jérôme announced his engagement with these few details in a letter addressed to Achille. I fear the marriage was not a very happy one. The last years of his life, I believe, they lived a good deal apart. I understand that Monseigneur Bauer, and his wish to make a convert, was not unconnected with this sad affair. His influence weighed heavily in the balance.

I should have said, but have neglected to do so, that after Sedan the Emperor Napoleon could have treated directly with the Emperor William. Bismarck, in an interview which he sought, said to the Emperor these words: "Sire, do you surrender your own sword, or the sword of France?" Without doubt, he expected the Emperor to reply, "The sword of France." His answer was, "I am prisoner of the King of

Prussia. You must treat with the temporary Government in Paris."

The armistice was concluded on January 26, and signed between Bismarck and Jules Favre.

I am puzzling my poor brain about the precise date of the Emperor's release from Wilhelmshöhe.[1] Was it after the signature of the armistice in January, or a little later when the treaty of peace was signed? However, it matters little.

I remember the meeting and reception at Dover. He had grown old, grey and worn. I remember the arrival in London and the reception and loud cheering of all the French Napoleonists then in England. I remember the home-coming to Chislehurst—a home-coming so sad in a stranger-land—and last of all, I remember our indignation, that knew no bounds, when, a few days later, the Emperor went to Windsor by the Queen's invitation, accompanied by the Duke de Bassano and the officers of his suite, and found that only a small pony carriage had been sent to meet him—all that was thought necessary for a fallen sovereign; yet very different was the reception given the Queen of Spain at the French Court. The Empress was loud in expressing her outraged feelings. The Emperor alone was smiling and calm, and tried to stem the torrent of words. Lord Granville and Mr.

[1] March 1871.

Gladstone were, I know, horrified when they heard of the blunder. I think, but it is so long ago I cannot be sure, that an apology was sent to his Majesty, blaming some official of the Court etiquette and protocol for the tactless incivility.

Speaking of Mr. Gladstone reminds me of the afternoon when a number of people had come to the Empress's tea, and were sitting round her traditional hot *brioche*. The last comer, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, after some little time listening and talking, asked the Empress in a loud (apart) whisper who was the gentleman talking to the Emperor? On being told it was Mr. Gladstone, he said, "Mais comment donc!" and went on, "I didn't know a Liberal could be a true gentleman."

We heard from the Empress that Marlborough House was "closed for repairs," but the Prince and Princess of Wales much wished to come to town for a few weeks. They had thought they could have a suite of apartments at Buckingham Palace. For some reason the Queen did not care to consent to this arrangement, and the Prince accepted the Duke of Sutherland's offer of Stafford House. My sister wished to see the Princess or write her name, and we went together. The Princess was out, and while Anna was writing I looked round. It seemed so strange to see a house lent to the Prince and Princess of Wales only partly prepared for their occupation, half-

smothered in brown holland, as one is accustomed to have one's own house when out of town and only going up *en camp valant.*

We were very frequently at Camden Place; some one of us might always be seen travelling on the line up or down. I recall to mind one afternoon I found the Emperor alone in the drawing-room they generally lived in, a small table in front of him, and a patience laid out "La Gerbe," his favourite patience. He greeted me with a smile and said, "Je fais une reussite." We played the patience together—alas! I forget for what success it was played, or if it was a success. I stayed to tea. The Empress came in from her drive, charming and gay—charming as she alone can be when she chooses. My sister and the Princess Metternich came in. They had had an adventure. On arriving at Charing Cross they found that neither of them had any money. They lost one train while arguing at the ticket office, the man refusing to trust them. They went to the station master, who at last succeeded in getting them tickets on condition they would deposit a jewel till their return. The Princess Metternich took off a valuable bracelet and handed it in at the office, in exchange for which two return tickets to Chislehurst were delivered to her. At Camden Place she borrowed a sovereign and redeemed her bracelet on her return to London.

Princess Metternich was celebrated for all sorts of extraordinary experiences during her stay in England. She made an excursion to Gravesend with two or three men, and Mr. Garden told me that she insisted on buying shrimps from a woman who passed the carriage, and spreading out her handkerchief, she proceeded to eat them, notwithstanding his protesting that it was a thing unheard of in one of her rank and position. But she only laughed. She was always defiant of convention. He took her to the Alhambra (the Alhambra was not then as it is now). He described himself as feeling quite hot when she said to him in a very loud voice, speaking of a man he had just introduced, "Ah! your friend is as familiar as a flea!"

PRINCESS CAROLINE.

CHAPTER X

DEATH OF NAPOLEON III

A trip to Italy—My second marriage—Redisham—Return to Paris—Effects of siege and Commune—The *Côte d'Azur*—The Emperor's illness—His death—Sir William Gull's opinion—Mme. Rouher's experiment—Palmistry

After the Commune my father and mother determined to return to France. The Princess was to go to Mouchy with my sister, who had left England some few days earlier. Mr. Garden and one or two friends accompanied them to Dover, where they proposed taking the night boat to Calais. How it happened that the Princess and the lady who was always in attendance on her got separated from the rest of the party, never seemed clear; but in the confusion and fear of missing the boat she was hurried on board, and it was not till an hour had elapsed and they asked if the boat was nearing Calais, that the Princess discovered that she was on the Ostend boat on her way to Belgium! It was a terrible shock to her in her delicate state of health, with no luggage, no maid and Madame Dutour, the lady with her, a very bad sailor, a

very rough sea, and the prospect of five hours' passage instead of an hour and twenty minutes. The Duc de Mouchy was waiting for her at Creil, where you change on the line du Nord for Beauvois and Mouchy. On arriving at Ostend the Princess could not be persuaded to rest. She telegraphed her mishap, and took the first available train. Mouchy said that she was almost hysterical when she reached Creil, and nothing could persuade her it was not a practical joke played on her by the English locals, or by Mr. Garden and his friends.

At the end of March I came to Redisham for a short visit, and then went over to Calais and Brussels, where I stayed a few days before proceeding to Strasbourg. I very much wished to go to Meaux and see if I had anything left—I should rather say if any of my things had been saved. I made my way to Reims, leaving Guy, his governess, and the servants there. I went on with Mr. Garden, who had kindly undertaken to accompany me. Our purpose was to find the solicitor who had had my business in charge during my absence. After many inquiries, we at last succeeded in getting the address of his private residence, and there we found him in his study, seated in one of my best large armchair lounges. He had not expected to see me. He explained in rather a confused and embarrassed way that he had taken some of my property as a

means of saving it from the Prussians and the francs-tireurs, who really did as much damage as the Prussians themselves, if not more. His attitude, so different from what it had been a few months back, was the truest sign of the times. It positively smelt of the Commune. He offered me a cup of broth and a biscuit—which notwithstanding his familiar manner, being very weary, I might have accepted had there been anything brought for Mr. Garden, but the hospitality did not reach to a brandy and soda, or even a glass of sherry; so after some instructions and the request that what remained of my property should be sold, with the exception of a few things which I ordered to be sent to England, we took our departure to the hotel for a little refreshment before taking the late train back to Reims. Mr. Garden was amused. I felt ill and thoroughly disgusted; the change was so great. Was it France? And who was I? Oh, my pride, what a fall! Since then the falls have been so countless—I accept them as my normal state.

On reaching Reims, where I rested for a few days, we planned a trip to Italy: I asked two old friends to join me, and, travelling leisurely through Germany, we found ourselves one bright morning at Verona. We were quite a small caravan, and the amount of luggage with which I had left England was so great, that we dropped on our

way here a large trunk, there a portmanteau, and lastly a *caisse* with bed-linen, pillows, cushions and chamois leather sheets, so that for the first time since I could remember I was travelling without what I considered in those days the necessaries of life when going through foreign countries—more especially Germany—as I had had some experience of the hotels in different German towns.

At Verona we made a short stay. I was anxious to see the tomb of Romeo and Juliet. I do not know what I had thought and dreamt of—certainly not what I saw. We drove some distance out of Verona, and in an uncared-for bit of ground or garden was a grave, the primitive simplicity of which seemed to carry away a world of illusions.

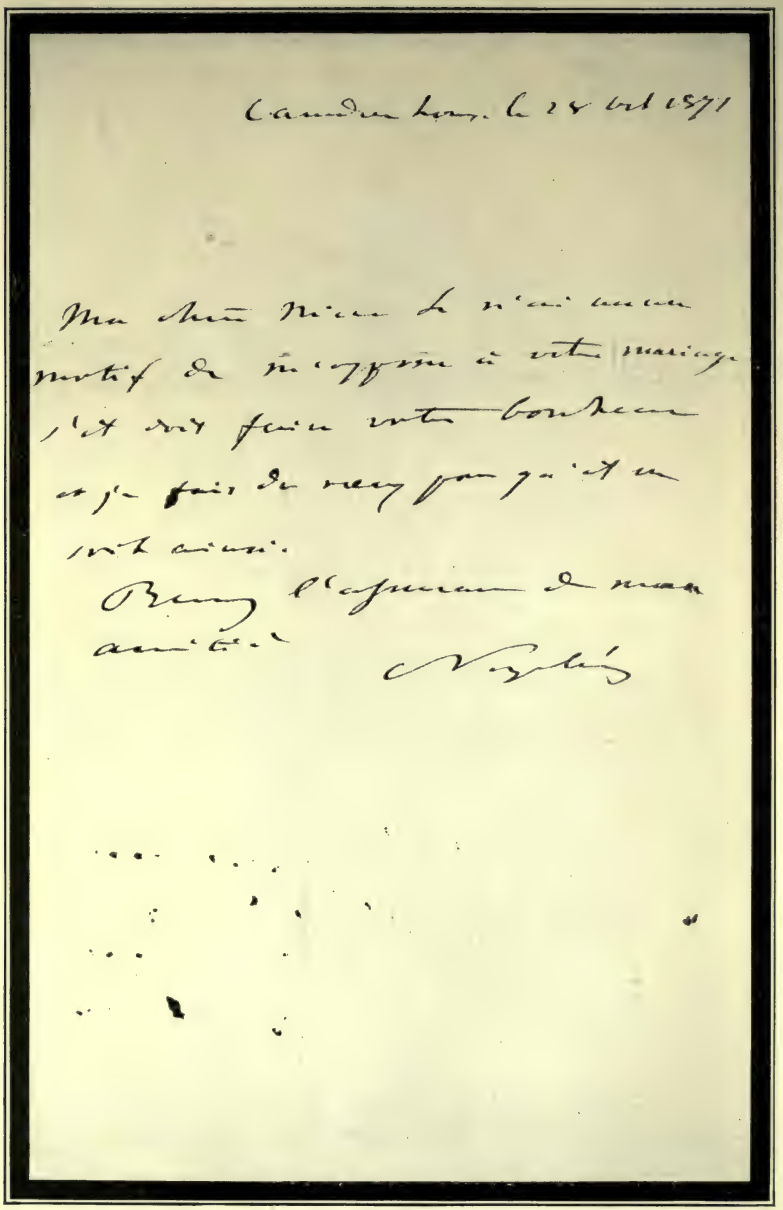
My principal object in wishing to visit Italy again was to go to Naples—to Venice. I had spent winters at Genoa, Florence, Milan and Turin—I had posted from Genoa to Florence among groves of olive and orange trees—I had changed horses at four o'clock in the morning at what might have been an opera comique decoration. I had been across the Apennines on the most glorious of Italian nights with a moon brighter than England's sun. I had crossed the Mont Cenis in a sleigh, deep in snow, rushing down to catch the train at St. Jean de Maurienne. But I had never seen Naples! This was my

ambition! In 1861 I was at Turin and wrote to ask the Emperor if I might go on to Naples—he telegraphed "Remain at Turin!" In a day or so I received a letter telling me the question of my visit had been submitted to the Italian Government and the communication in answer was to the effect that I could be at Naples for forty-eight hours under the supervision of the Neapolitan police. Now, with an English passport, my wish could be realized. We spent ten days at Venice at Danielli's and left for Trieste; there we took an Austrian Lloyd, and, after touching at Ancona, we landed at Brindisi and went immediately on to Naples. The Adriatic is the only sea on which I have never been ill. The weather was perfect—it was the end of May. Naples delighted me. I loved the noise, the joyous bells, the songs of the lazzaroni, the blue sky, the lovely bay—I loved even the dirt and the heat and the beggars. I loved everything and everybody. After the darkness and the misery of the past months, it seemed once again a pleasure to live and feel the sun shine on you. Each night a sweet gentle rain cooled the atmosphere and enabled us to spend our days in excursions without feeling the heat too great. We went to Portici, my grandfather's preferred country residence; we went to Castellamare and sat for a moment in the Queen's boudoir, all capo di monti china. We went to Vesuvius, to Pompeii;

we went up the Monte Nuovo. Three days in succession we just missed the train to Sorrento. We saw the train still there, we heard the whistle —we had plenty of time had we not been penned in like sheep. We never caught the train, and so we left without seeing Sorrento, Mr. Garden very angry, and using ugly English language and swearing he was thankful he was an Englishman.

I was so sorry to leave Naples. We travelled back through Germany and stayed at Munich, at Stuttgart, at Ulm. Prince Hohenzollern, to whom I wrote, gave us some permissions for fishing, and we spent days and weeks whipping the streams and pools for trout. It was very amusing and exciting to me, as it was my first experience of anything of the kind. I remember catching a trout and a grayling on my line at the same time. I managed to land them after a feverish struggle on both sides, I at one end, the fish at the other. I did not feel quite certain which of us would land the other.

We got back to England some time in September, after making a stay at Aix-la-Chapelle and Brussels. Everything at Camden Place was in the *statu quo* I had left it. I went to report my return and to obtain his Majesty's consent to my marriage with Mr. Garden. This consent he readily gave in writing, which I have preserved.



FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. TO PRINCESS CAROLINE.

Camden Place,
October 28, 1871.

My dear Niece,

I have no reason whatever to oppose your marriage, if it is to make your happiness, and I pray that it may do so. Receive the expression of my good will.

Napoleon.

The Prince (my father) and my youngest brother came over from France, and we took rooms at the Pulteney Hotel, in Albemarle Street, where we remained for a few weeks, afterwards moving to the Alexandra. And one fine morning I was married by special licence at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, *sans tambours ni trompette.* One incident occurred. I had wished to have a double wedding-ring. The Princess Mathilde always wore the only one I had ever seen. One was ordered at Hancock's, the old jewellers, who were often in Paris and whom I had known for many years. When the moment in the ceremony arrived, the clergyman vainly endeavoured to put on the ring, not knowing that it was made for the little finger. On that finger I have always worn it. I heard it caused the Suffolk yokels to question the validity of my marriage, which greatly amused me. We went back to the hotel to a big luncheon, and intended taking the afternoon train to Redisham. By this time I was feeling dreadfully ill—morally and physically. The prospect of a country life in England was before me. But the die was cast,

and I determined to face the future bravely—what a future!!

We missed the train and took a special from Ipswich, as the eight o'clock train from London went no further. The officials omitted to telegraph along the line to expect a special. From Ipswich to Beccles we stopped at every station, and the guard and men opened and shut each gate. We could not afford to do as Lord Dudley did some years later when he had Benacre. For him they put steam on and never stopped, smashing every gate they went through all along the line. It was late at night when I at last reached my future home.

Now, my friends and my foes—whoever travels thus far with me on my journey—I ask you to realize, if you can, my position—realize what it meant to me to exchange France for England—Paris for Suffolk—the court of the Tuileries for Redisham—life surrounded by father, mother, brothers, sister, relations and friends, to a life in, perhaps, the most stupid of English counties, the most prejudiced of English families. Those who have never left a loved country and voluntarily transplanted themselves—too late—among strangers, can never know how hard it is to be content.

It has just come to my ears that some little gossiping people of small note have done me the honour of discussing and criticizing me. Mr.

—shall we say Smith or Jones?—who stayed for a few days last year with me in the house of an American friend, and a Miss Cooke's companion, whom I had to tolerate some years ago canvassed my devotion to my country and complained of my not being "sufficiently English." Even to the ignorant I should have thought contemporary history would suffice to show that nothing from the hour of my birth to the present day could ever make me English in thoughts, feelings, ideas or ways. I rather love my English home, I am devoted to my English children, I have great affection for the few friends I have made in this country, I admire and respect—I should not venture to say more—my English King; but how could I love the English nation? How could I care for a people I have always been taught to consider our greatest foe?—not because I was born in America at a period when Americans were anti-English, whatever they may be to-day; not because, as a child I roamed on the borders of the Delaware, where King Joseph, the Emperor's brother, lived in exile at Point Breeze, as did my father, his nephew, whose constant companion I was. From their lips I learnt to worship the great hero who madly confided himself to England's honour —a great Emperor, trapped and treacherously betrayed, tortured, until he died. Not because I found in France, in later years, any love for England. The only person who might have

inspired me, the Emperor Napoleon III, lost his throne in his rash desire to imitate the Parliamentary Government of this country, and later gave up his life at the hands of an English surgeon. The Prince Imperial, so beloved by all who knew him—the hope of France!—need I tell how he went to fight for England, how he was abandoned by England's soldiers, how he was left to die alone, fighting the enemy, while officers and men turned tail and fled, never looking back to be able to tell how the Prince bravely died, facing the foe? Is it for all this that Mr. Smith or Jones thinks I ought to love England? Or is it because I married an Englishman?

After Christmas of 1871 I went to Paris for a short time *en route* to Nice. We stayed in the Rue St. Honoré, at the Hotel St. James, the house that had belonged to the family de Noailles, called "L'Hôtel de Noailles," in those days, with a pretty garden and most of the rooms still with the old carved white panelling, and "trumeaux" over doors and mantelpieces. All my family were in Paris, and once again we were all together, but it was almost more pain than pleasure, everything was so changed. The Avenue Montaigne, my old home, was bare and dilapidated. The Prince's rooms alone were made habitable. Turn which way I would I felt pained and heartsore. Paris seemed no longer Paris, the gay city I had known.

Every one, even *les cochers de fiacre*, had so familiar a tone in speaking, that I wondered they did not say "tu" as in the days of the great revolution of 1793.

Leaving Mr. Garden in Paris to attend to some business and collect the remnants of my belongings, I went on to Nice. At Marseilles, I was obliged to break my journey. I was too ill to go further. I stayed at the Hôtel de la Paix till Mr. Garden could join me. Marseilles was so well known to me, so full of recollections; so many years it had been my resting-place on my way to and back from our *côte d'azur* which the English call the Riviera. From there, too, I had sailed for Algiers, and the joyous winters, the merry party we were, all came back so forcibly to my mind, that I had not the courage or the strength to struggle any longer, and for weeks after I got to Nice I was ill with low fever. We changed from the Hôtel de France to the Hôtel des Anglais, where we had rooms with a little garden running on to the Promenade des Anglais. I was thus enabled to be in the open air each day and slowly I regained my usual health.

We went on to Italy in May. We stayed at Geneva, at Turin. We came back by the Mont Cenis, and lunched during the twenty miles through the tunnel. I found myself at Aix looking as of yore at the huge mountain like a sugar cone, called "Le dent du Chat" and the deep

waters so intensely blue of the lac du Bourget recalled to memory such happy hours—all gone never to return. I asked to be brought back to England, to forget—I have never forgotten—and now in my old age I can echo the words,

> "A sorrow's crown of sorrows
> Is remembering happier things,"

for my greatest pleasure is to live again in the past.

It is June and from the windows of the Alexandra Hotel I watch the park, so thronged with the gay lovers of the London season. My brother Achille is in town and gives me news of Chislehurst. The Emperor so suffering, so patient, so resigned, had been during the cold weather to Torquay. The place did not agree with him, he felt it too relaxing and dull and was glad to be again at Camden Place, where he was constantly surrounded by friendly and familiar faces, coming, going, changing, like a living panorama before him. Before leaving for Redisham I went to pay my respects. The Emperor asked me in what part of Suffolk was Redisham. "Not very far from Yarmouth, Sire." "Oh! Every other town I hear of has a 'mouth'—pronounced 'mowse.'"

We spent the summer at home. In November, Mr. Garden took General White's house in Lowndes Square, a very large house, but not

larger than we required. My father, mother and brother were to be with me for the New Year of 1873. Late in December Mr. Garden took a party of shooters for a week's banging at the poor pheasants. They stayed over Christmas and Boxing Day, and gambled all night and slept all day, so I was told. It was very characteristic! I spent, for the first time in my life, Christmas alone with my old French maid, who had never left me. I was very seedy and felt miserably out of spirits, and at war with all the world. I drove to Chislehurst as often as I could; but the drive was a long one, and my state of health did not allow of any exertion or fatigue. The Emperor had been suffering more than usual. The past few months his illness had made great strides. At times the pain was almost unbearable. The Empress now urged an immediate operation. Sir Henry Thompson assured her that it could be done by degrees, and without danger to the illustrious patient. The Emperor consented, more to please the Empress than because he had any faith in its success. He knew the risk must be great, but the position must be critical, the malady had made such rapid progress in the last year.

More than once, when in intimate conversation with those he trusted, he deplored that he had been kept in total ignorance of the gravity of the report made in consultation by the surgeons some

days before the declaration of war; consultation in which the surgeons concurred in the opinion already given by Professor Lee, that an operation was urgent and should not longer be delayed. It was not till at Metz, when in positive agony, that the Emperor insisted on knowing the truth. He bore the revelation with admirable fortitude. My brother told us that throughout the campaign he suffered severe attacks without a murmur.

It was a most anxious time for us all. We heard that the first operation had done satisfactorily what was required of it. I went to make inquiries and found a number of people surrounding the Empress Eugénie, who, seated at the tea table in a large *bergère*, was talking excitedly to those near her. As I came in, she turned, saying to Dr. Corvisart—"Has Sir Henry arrived? Put him in cotton wool. I beg you to take great care of him. He has the life of the Emperor in his hands." We talked and drank our tea, and tried to appear gay and unconcerned. I watched the hands of the clock. How slowly they seemed to move! After a long time Corvisart came in again and, approaching the Empress, handed her a Sèvres plate on which were several small pieces of crushed stone. The second operation had also been successful. The Empress was delighted and more desirous than before to wrap Sir Henry in cotton wool. I went home with a lighter heart.

A few days later my mother and father came over from Paris. The operations continued and everything promised a happy termination, when the news came that the Emperor was weaker and that the final operation had been decided upon for the next day. This was January the 8th. At eleven o'clock on the 9th a courier was dispatched to inform us of the Emperor's death.

Before he arrived the cries of the men and boys in the streets had already spread the news. It would be impossible to picture our consternation. I could not believe it to be true. I ordered the carriage and drove to Camden Place as fast as my horses could take me. The day was bitterly cold, the sky all grey, and the roofs black with dirt and melted snow. Past Blackheath and Lewisham we flew. The way had never seemed so long, and all the time I tried to persuade myself that it might be a faint, a trance, anything but death.

On arriving, the first person that I saw was the Prince Imperial. He was walking up and down the long gallery with Davilliers. He came forward to meet me, neither of us could speak. With a gesture of despair he turned away and left me that I might go on to the Empress, who was in the inner drawing-room. Then I heard from her lips the dreadful truth in all its details. She told me that, wishing to secure for their patient, in view of the proposed operation, a good night and quiet sleep, the doctors had ordered a

dose of chloral, which had been administered by Corvisart; that, no doubt, in his anxiety he had given a larger dose than was absolutely required. Was it by mistake or ill judgment? Certain it is that from that dose—double dose, some said—the poor Emperor never woke. The doctors arrived from London too late. Nothing could be done. The Emperor still breathed. Sir William Gull did all in his power to rouse him. He spoke of Sedan, of the capitulation, in the strongest terms, in hopes of awakening some feeling, some consciousness. They sent for the Empress, who prayed him to live for her. She called him every endearing name. At last he opened his eyes, looked at her and smiled. She took his last breath in a kiss. When she lifted her head he was dead. All this she told me as we sat together in the drawing-room.

On leaving the Empress I found the Prince still walking up and down. His grief not to have been with his father at the last was heartbreaking. He had entreated to be allowed to remain. The Emperor had expressed the wish that the Prince should be near him. The Prince had been sent back to Woolwich, accompanied by Adolphe Clary, the day before. No doubt the Empress feared any emotion or agitation for the Emperor, but I was not surprised that the Prince, in the first moment of his despair, declared he could never forget or forgive.

My mother was anxious to hear Sir William Gull's opinion. She wrote to him. His answer was most courteous, but he evaded giving any decided opinion. Long years after, in 1884, when attending my little girl, who was dangerously ill with peritonitis, he asked me if I remembered writing to him. He then said, "It was impossible. I could not sign the certificate of that post-mortem examination. You know, madam, in olden days the devil was said to go about the world as a roaring lion—now he goes about in the guise of a dispensing chemist. This message I sent you eleven years ago"—a message, which as far as I am aware, was never delivered.

I should say here that the prescription ordering the dose of chloral was said to have been signed by Sir William Gull.

The Emperor was very averse from taking it, saying the dose taken on the previous night had made him feel ill and heavy. It was *à contre cœur*, and as if under a presentiment, that he at last gave way to the Empress, who implored him to drink, and swallowed the nauseous stuff.

Rouher, his wife and daughter, had been for some weeks at Chislehurst, having taken a small house in order to be near the Emperor. Madame Rouher was a small, nervous woman and very easily upset. The Emperor's illness and death told on her nerves, and, hearing that she was suffering, Mr. Garden went to inquire. He was

met first by a terrible smell of roast mutton and of garlic ; next by M. Rouher himself, who said that it was with some difficulty they had saved Madame Rouher's life. What had happened was this : she could not, would not, believe the dose of chloral had killed the Emperor. She wished to try the experiment on herself. She persuaded one of the doctors to give her the same amount of chloral that had been given to the Emperor. At twelve o'clock the next day she showed no signs of waking. Doctors were sent for in every direction, and at length succeeded in bringing her round. A dangerous experiment. I suppose, being younger and in better health, she had a greater chance of life.

The news of the Emperor's death was immediately telegraphed abroad, and London was once more crowded with relations—friends—Napoleonists. Prince Napoleon had given up his house in Hyde Park and was at Claridge's. The Princess Mathilde was at Thomas's in Berkeley Square, very cross and very sorry for herself. She has always hated England.

The Duke and Duchess de Mouchy were at the Pulteney. The Duke disliked the cooking at the Pulteney and requested that, as the hotels belonged to the same proprietor, the chef at Brown's should be sent to the Pulteney during their stay. The exchange was made after pressure, much to the annoyance of the visitors at Brown's.

Mouchy had particularly wished for the change, as so many French people were in London that my sister was obliged to receive a great deal, more especially in invitations to dinner.

My eldest brother, Joachim, was also at the Pulteney, and Achille, though at Camden Place, was constantly in town. He brought to Anna's first big family dinner a Russian Baroness, whose name I forget. Like all the Russians I have ever known, she had great charm of manner and was a perfect linguist, French and English being as familiar to her as her own language. She had the gift of palmistry to a wonderful degree. This was my brother's principal reason for bringing her. He thought it would be a pleasant and amusing diversion at a time when we were all so miserably out of spirits. Alas! It did not prove the success he had intended. At first the Baroness was gay and witty and told us two or three fortunes very cleverly. Presently Clément Duvernois came up and asked her to tell him his future. She looked at his hand and becoming suddenly very serious, declared that she would not reveal anything she saw. Prince Napoleon laughed and his mockery annoyed her. She said she would speak in private if Monsieur Duvernois chose. They went into the other room. What was told we never knew, but we noticed how white Duvernois was. He looked as if he was going to faint, and asked for a glass of wine. Prince Napoleon chaffed him

and turning to the little Russian he said: "Now it is my turn, Madame." When the Prince came towards us again, he was whiter even than Duvernois—but with anger; almost speechless with anger. He asked for his carriage and drove away: so the evening came to a sorry end.

My brother and the Baroness dined next day with me at Lowndes Square. Mr. Garden took a great fancy to her. She read his hand, and he said she had told him some very curious things, both events in the past and predictions for the future. She told him he would die alone with no one near him—a prediction which came true on the 2nd of June, 1892, when he was found dead alone in his room, his arms on a table, his head fallen forward and resting on them. The Baroness said Russians always used cigar ash for their teeth and asked Mr. Garden to keep all the ash from his cigars and send it her in a year's time. He sent her the following year a small gold box filled with ashes. I have often wondered what has become of her, and if she still tells her friends and acquaintances how they will live and how they will die! I have never heard of her since we parted.

As I have already said, my health was not very good just then, and I was able to go to Chislehurst only once more before the funeral. I wanted to pay my respects to the Empress, but I much deprecated the thought of seeing the lying in

state. I had no idea that the *Chapelle Mortuaire* would be so placed that it was impossible to go through the gallery which ran all along the house without catching, at least, a glimpse of the chapel. It occupied a small room in a recess about the middle of the gallery and almost facing the entrance-hall; a room belonging, as it were, to the gallery, as it was without doors or curtains of any kind. I passed on as quickly as I could, but not without the sight, for a second, of the figure lying there with the face like yellow wax. I can see it as I did then—a sight one never forgets.

I did not go to the funeral, I was the only member of the family absent, with the exception of my father and mother and Prince Napoleon. There was an immediate stampede after the ceremony; every one left for France; and London —for me—was empty once more.

CHAPTER XI

THE EX-EMPRESS

The Emperor's will—The Prince Imperial—"Papa, she's pinching me!"—Daniel Home—Coming-of-age of the Prince Imperial—The box of chocolates—An enterprising princess—Anecdote of the Empress of Austria—Lord and Lady Stradbroke

THE following morning the Prince Napoleon went to Chislehurst to put himself at the disposal of the Empress. She pressed him to take at once cognizance of all papers, letters, documents, in the Emperor's working-room. She mentioned that seals had been affixed to every drawer and cabinet. Prince Napoleon naturally imagined that this had been done by some legal authority. On entering the study he saw a profusion of seals everywhere, on everything. On approaching, he saw the seals were all those of M. Franceschini Pietri, who accompanied him. The Prince opened one or two drawers and then withdrew. He refused to act as guardian to the Prince Imperial, or take any responsibility as regarded the Emperor's will. Certain papers of importance, historic deeds of great value which early in October he

had seen the Emperor put into the drawers he now opened, had disappeared. These papers Prince Napoleon had read, and knew to be of political importance. One of them had been a treaty signed between the Emperors Francis Joseph and Napoleon III promising the help of Austria to France in case she went to war with Prussia. Had not other documents even more immediately important and private gone likewise? How could he tell?

This is what occurred—or, to be more exact, what was rumour at the time at Camden Place. I cannot in any way answer for the truth of what I am going to say.

M. Pietri, accompanied by Mme. le Breton, had the night before, as had been done in the case of the Duke de Morny, gone through all the papers and documents, private and political; after which the seals had been placed.

Every one knows, as it is at Somerset House, that the will found in the Emperor's desk was dated *April 1865*—five years, therefore, before the war. In his will he leaves the whole of his private fortune to the Empress, only mentioning his son in recommending to him—their future Emperor—the people of France.

From his very infancy the little Prince Imperial was brought up very strictly. It was according to the Empress's wish that it should be so. She always spoke of herself as *mère*

romaine. I recall to mind several incidents of his childhood which it may be interesting to relate, as some of them took place in my presence. Every Sunday we dined at the Tuileries—*les diners de famille*, none others present except the service. The circle formed, the doors were thrown open to announce their Majesties—"L'Empereur—L'Impératrice." The Emperor held the hand of the little Prince. He had been taught to kiss the hand of the Princesses of the Imperial family. On one particular Sunday he made a dreadful mistake, he forgot, and also kissed Prince Napoleon's hand. The Emperor laughed, but the Empress was angry. She seized the child, who cried out "Papa, elle me pince' ("Papa, she is pinching me"), and the poor little fellow was dispatched in disgrace. The Prince was between four and five years old at this time.

In the spring of the same year, I was at Fontainebleu, with a large series of guests. The Prince Imperial came in after breakfast, before going out for his walk, delighted to show the Empress a beautiful box of chocolates which had been sent him. She told him to go round the room and offer his chocolates to all the guests. Going from one end of the room to the other, handing his treasures, the child gave way to the great temptation of putting one in his mouth. Immediately he felt his neck clutched from behind,

and he was made to spit out the chocolate and have the box taken from him. I was so sorry for the child; I have never forgotten the scene, nor the look of pain on the Emperor's face.

It was at Biarritz, three years later, the Prince, then about eight years old and not a very good sailor, was dreadfully nervous and frightened on so rough a sea as the Bay of Biscay. Nevertheless the Empress insisted—no doubt very rightly—that he should go with her on some very short cruises. The child, terrified one day when the sea was behaving tempestuously, sought Duperré, who said: "Voyons donc, Monseigneur, vous n'avez pas peur? Mais vous n'êtes qu'un marin *d'eau douce.*"[1] The Prince between his tears and his fears—much to the amusement of all around—answered: "Et vous, Duperré, vous n'êtes qu'un marin *d'eau filtrée.*"[2]

One morning about the middle of February I received a message from the Empress telling me to find Mr. Daniel Home and bring him to her. We had all known him in the days of France. I knew him better perhaps than most, as he thought I was more in sympathy with his spirits and was anxious I should be present at a séance. He was in high favour at the Tuileries. Long evenings were spent—and entertaining

[1] "I say, Monseigneur, surely you are not afraid! You are only a sailor of fresh water."

[2] "And you, Duperré, you are a sailor of filtered water."

ones—in listening to the spirits he evoked, in seeing the wonderful things they did. To tell you all I saw and heard would be impossible, and no reader would believe me if I did. I will only say that one so impressionable, so impulsive as the Empress could not fail to be deeply moved and painfully excited. This power, which Mr. Home certainly had, gained such an influence at Court, he worked so skilfully on the feelings of the Empress, he evoked for her the past, the present, the future, in such a terribly convincing way that the Ministers at a Cabinet meeting requested that Mr. Home should be required to leave France. I was sorry, for I really liked him. Our interesting evenings were over—no more wonders to subjugate and surprise us—no more suppers after the Opera, with unseen hands playing the tunes on accordion or piano—no more tables covered with glass and plate lifted suddenly above our heads—no more noise as if every window and mirror in the room was ringing with sounds that told us that Home was coming, was in the house.

The message from the Empress must be obeyed. I hesitated, very much perplexed. It was such a terrible responsibility. I knew what she wanted. I knew what a fatal effect it might have on a temperament so nervous, so excitable. Nevertheless, I could not refuse. I sent for Home. He responded to my first call, though

years had passed since we two had met and for one of us, at least, the world had changed. When I saw him I thought him looking dreadfully ill. We talked a long time, but nothing I could say would persuade him to go to the Empress. He knew, as I did, that she wished to see the Emperor. He told me of his broken health, and said he did not dare venture on a trial which, if he succeeded, must use his strength and weaken him considerably. He told me of his wife's death. He told me a great deal about his little boy, a child of seven, who said he saw his mother constantly and held long conversations with her. Home had married a Russian.

I wrote and expressed all my regret that I was unable to do as the Empress wished. She was much grieved and disappointed.

Prince Pierre Bonaparte, younger brother of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, of whom I have spoken, married, in 1853—without the Emperor's consent—a young Corsican, Justine Ruffin. The marriage was never acknowledged during the Empire and *de facto* was not legal in France. The Prince was not received at Court and he went to Brussels, where he lived till the Republic was proclaimed, the Emperor granting him an allowance of £4,000 a year. In 1872 he came to England with his wife and two children, a boy and a girl. The allowance failing him, he had very little to live on, and his wife, a handsome woman with all her wits

about her, started a large dressmaking and millinery business in Bond Street, under her husband's name, much to the indignation of the Empress. All London flocked to Princess Pierre Bonaparte to be gowned, to see, I suppose, what a princess could do as an amateur dressmaker. Prince Pierre had asked help from the Emperor before consenting to the step his wife proposed. It was unwise to put before their Majesties the alternative. It was considered a threat, and the refusal to receive them or in any way assist them was the natural consequence. I had from my earliest girlhood been fond of my cousin (uncle *à la mode de Bretagne*). On my arrival at Lowndes Square, I went to see Prince Pierre at his private residence, 9, Hyde Park Place, and met his wife for the first time. I asked them to dine with me one evening when I was sure of being quite alone, as I was certain of a severe reprimand, if not my *congé*, from the Empress should my indiscretion reach her ears. The Princess Pierre told me her enterprise was a great success, and that she was able to send her son to one of the high English schools, not Eton, I forget which. For some years she prospered, then failed, I believe, and Prince Pierre returned with his family to France. I had lost sight of them after 1873 and was much surprised when Prince Lucien came to me one day during the winter, I think of 1876, and asked me to go to

Chislehurst with him to implore the Empress's aid for his brother. He had great hopes; I had none, but I was most anxious to second his endeavours. The position was such a sad one. Prince Pierre had written that he was in the greatest distress—that they were almost without bread—that if no one would help him, he was determined to shoot himself. He could no longer bear the miserable existence to which he and his family were reduced. Prince Lucien in telling me all this was so comical in his manner and comments that, sad as the position was, I could not refrain from laughing, when throwing up his arms he said in tones of despair—"Il faut obtenir un secours! Mon Dieu! si mon frère se tue, je ne pourrai plus jamais me montrer à l'Athenæum!"

As I had foreseen, nothing was to be obtained from the Empress. She was very angry, with me especially; though she kept Prince Lucien to dinner, she said to me: "Ma chère, je ne vous retiens pas à diner, nous serions treize." It was Sunday. I returned to Claridge's by a late train, no dinner ordered, a weary, hungry, but not a wiser, woman.

I may console myself that I am not the only guest who has had the experience of being sent away dinnerless from Chislehurst.

I was staying at Claridge's in the early spring of 1876. I had my usual rooms on the ground floor of the Davies Street entrance; a charming

suite of rooms, so much more quiet and private than the Brook Street houses, the first floor of which this particular year was occupied by the Empress of Austria and her suite. I dare say many people remember the awful storm of the last days of March, when in a few hours the ground was heavily covered with snow, telegraph wires and posts torn down, trees blown about and trains impeded. The Empress of Austria and two of her ladies had gone by appointment on a visit to the Empress Eugénie. They were in the train *en route* for Chislehurst when the storm broke over them. On arriving at the station the hurricane had already made such havoc that it was almost impossible to cross over and get to the carriages in waiting. One of the ladies, being in delicate health, was wheeled to the carriage on a porter's luggage truck. The storm continued with such intensity that it was nearly eleven o'clock at night when they again reached Claridge's, having been away since three o'clock. No dinner had been offered to them at Camden Place. They were very hungry, very tired, almost ill, and they complained bitterly of the want of hospitality shown them.

Miss James, the housekeeper, an old friend of mine, was eloquent on the subject. I spent part of so many winters and springs at Claridge's in those days that it was almost like home. I had known the hotel well in my halcyon days

when it was Mivart's and I — a somebody *incognita.*

In spite of his threat, Prince Pierre did not kill himself. He died, however, and after his death his widow was taken up and helped by members of the Bonapartist party, principally, I am told, by M. Paul de Cassagnac. Her son, Prince Roland, is now well known in England as in Paris, a great scholar, as were most of the Lucien branch of the family. He married an heiress, Mlle. Marie Blanc of Monte Carlo fame, who died at the birth of her first child, a daughter,[1] leaving Prince Roland all her fortune. As I have mentioned M. Paul de Cassagnac, I may say here that he and Prince Napoleon were at one time at daggers drawn. There was some very serious political misunderstanding between them, the Empress holding entirely with M. de Cassagnac. I cannot remember what the details were sufficiently to do more than register the fact.

In April, Mr. Garden and his younger brother went on a shooting expedition to South Africa. My mother remained with me and I took a house at Brighton, where we spent the month of May. I went down to Southampton with Mr. Garden, as I wanted to see him off. During my two days' absence I left the Princess with Miss Garden, Mr.

[1] Prince Roland Bonaparte's daughter lately married Prince George of Greece, brother of Queen Alexandra; but this, of course, is since Princess Caroline's death.

Garden's eldest sister, at a hotel in Albemarle Street where we often stayed. The house in Lowndes Square had been given up. On my return to town I found the Princess very bored and rather haughty. She complained that she had not been properly treated at the hotel. She was not accustomed to an *omelette* for *dinner*—and no sweet. She supposed it was because she was alone that a breakfast *mets* had been served for dinner. I had unfortunately neglected to order for the Princess during my absence, and Miss Garden did not know that it was not correct. I remember when I first came to Redisham on a visit, I could not get accustomed to the Suffolk repasts, and Mr. Garden very kindly sent to London for our old chef François, who stayed with my father through our troubles, and came and taught them how to order and how to cook a dinner. Now I can eat anything or nothing indifferently.[1]

In January 1874 I went to meet my father, who came over from Paris and was staying at Brown's Hotel for a few weeks. Then I went on, in February, to Mrs. Hankey, a very old friend of my mother's, for the festivities given for the Duke of Edinburgh's wedding. We went to see the illuminations and I thought

[1] In point of fact the Princess Caroline was rendered indifferent in this matter by the necessity of living mainly on a regimen of dry toast during the last few years of her life.

REDISHAM HALL, SUFFOLK.

The English Home of Princess Caroline.

them the poorest I had ever seen. Several dinner-parties we had with Lord Monson and Alfred Rothschild. I lingered on at Portland Place, as I had Tim and her nurse with me. I drove to Camden Place to introduce my daughter to the Empress. I had asked the Empress to be her godmother, but she hesitated and said, after consulting Cardinal Manning, she did not think she could accept unless I would allow the child to be a Catholic. Mr. Garden had not objected, but on reflection I did not think it wise, and so it was decided that she should bear the Empress's name and she was accordingly christened Eugénie Jacqueline; my mother, who at that time had not become a Catholic, standing godmother.

The Empress was working at her embroidery-frame when I arrived, and, as we wanted to chat, I sent the nurse away and we put the child down to roll and crawl about the floor. I was much interested in what the Empress was saying. She had heard different reports respecting some business transactions of my second brother, Prince Achille Murat. She, as always, had been told very exaggerated accounts by her *entourage.* I really knew nothing very authentic about the matter, but I promised to make inquiries at the fountain head and let her know the truth. As it happened, I was able to ascertain. Mr. Garden had a lawsuit about a horse with one of the Paris

horse-dealers and had sent his English solicitor over to attend to the case in court. I told the Empress this and assured her that I would instruct Mr. Frome to see the Prince and would let her know as soon as possible, but I felt sure she need not be too anxious as I was certain that nothing of the kind she anticipated had occurred. The following two letters, one from the solicitor, one from the Empress, will show how right I was in defending my brother from the accusation wrongfully brought against him.

Grand Hotel, Paris,
le 3me. *Febry*, 1874.

My dear Princess Caroline,

Your letter of Friday was sent on to me here, where I have been staying since Saturday. I saw the Prince Achille on Sunday and found that both he and the Princess have been all heavy losers by the Spanish Bank. I shall see the Count de Choiseul and also the Prince Achille again this afternoon, when I shall learn more particulars. But I hasten to answer your letter lest you may think it has not reached me. On my return to town I will call and give you all the information I can learn on the subject. As far as I can at present make out, the Princess has lost over £3,000. I believe it is a very bad affair.

I return to England to-morrow night.

Believe me, I remain,
Very faithfully yours,
Charles T. Frome.

The Princess Caroline Murat.

Camden Place, Chislehurst,
7 fevrier, 1874

MA CHÈRE NIÈCE,

Je vous renvoie la lettre que vous m'avez envoyée. D'après mes renseignments, ce n'était pas seulement une perte d'argent que nous devions craindre, mais encore, ce qui est pire, un scandale. Dieu veuille que ce ne soit pas! . . . Ma pauvre cousine est bien à plaindre! Je vous prie de me tenir au courant de l'affaire, *si vous le pouvez.* Embrassez votre jolie petite fille et croyez à tous mes sentiments affectueux.

EUGÉNIE.

[Translation.]

Camden Place, Chislehurst,
February 7, 1874.

MY DEAR NIECE,

I send you back the letter that you sent to me. According to information given me, it was not only a loss of money that we had to fear, but also what would be still worse, a scandal. Please God that this may not be! My poor cousin is very much to be pitied! I beg you to keep me *au courant* of the affair, *if you can do so.* Kiss your pretty little girl for me and believe in my affection.

EUGÉNIE.

Before leaving I was curious to hear about the Prince Imperial's coming of age, which would be on the 16th of March. I learnt that great rejoicings were in preparation. It was proposed that a pilgrimage of some thousands of people

should come to Camden Place. The Prince Imperial had himself written to ask the Prince Napoleon to be present, but the Prince had refused. His withdrawal after the Emperor's funeral, the attitude since preserved towards him, the enmity with which the Prince himself had been taught to regard him, his misunderstandings with the Empress, all made it easy for me to see the motives which had prompted him to decline the invitation. I regretted his decision for many reasons, but I held my peace; speaking would be of no avail. What could the "pot de terre contre le pot de fer" do but break? After tea I took leave of her Majesty, deciding to remain in town till after the 16th. I sent child and nurse back to Redisham a few days later and moved to the Pulteney Hotel, where some of my friends from France where staying—Prince Alexander de Wagram, Marquis d'Hérisson—and on the 16th we journeyed down to Chislehurst in company. Eight thousand people of all classes had come from every point of France to greet the Prince Imperial. Willis's Rooms had been chosen for the purpose of distributing permission to enter the grounds of Camden Place. During all day on the 14th and 15th crowds had assembled at the doors, pressing, pushing for admittance, eager to get the cards for the 16th. The cards were very simple, bearing only the inscription—

N

Camden Place, N. Chislehurst.
March 16th, 1874.

Admit M.....

The 16th was a perfectly heavenly day. I never saw a brighter English sky. "Queen's weather" as we say here. In the old days of France I should have said "soleil d'Austerlitz," but there is no "soleil d'Austerlitz" in these days.

At ten o'clock a Low Mass was said at the little Church of St. Mary to the memory of the late Emperor. The Empress and the Prince walked back side by side. On the lawn in the shade of a large cedar tree two tents had been placed, one large enough, I should say, for two or three thousand people, with an *estrade* in the centre, the other, a smaller one, was reserved for buffets and tables that groaned under the weight of the preparations for the entertainment of such numerous guests. Round these tents eighty-six posts were affixed at intervals, each post bearing in large letters the name of one of the eighty-six departments of France. An unfortunate idea, it seemed to me, as it brought so forcibly to every mind the two missing ones, Alsace and Lorraine. Standing on the *estrade* in the centre of the tent, the Duke de Padua addressed the Prince in the

name of all those present and absent who were still faithful to the name of Napoleon.

The Prince Imperial, standing with the Empress and family and officials of his household grouped around him, replied in calm, measured tones, speaking so distinctly that each word could be heard by all.

This was his maiden speech; I thought of our dead Emperor. How proud he would have been could he have heard, could he have seen the son he so worshipped, on this his eighteenth birthday!

We caught a late train back to the Pulteney, and had a gay dinner and evening. The next day all my friends left for Paris, and my heart was like a ballroom when all the guests are gone and the lights are put out. I returned drearily to Suffolk, envying those who, more fortunate than myself, could breathe the air of France.

News from South Africa came very rarely, and at long intervals. Mr. Garden was travelling up-country in pursuit of big game. His last letter had intimated that he should be away nearly a year longer. As the year 1874 was drawing to a close my patience gave way. I felt weary and homesick. I determined to go to Paris and regain a little courage for the fight with life. I stayed in Paris over the new year, and saw the dawn of 1875 from a *pied à terre* in the Boulevard Malesherbes. What a change! How

different it all was from what I had known. We were all dispersed; no Tuileries, no New Year festivities; no bouquets, bonbons, trinkets from devoted admirers.

My mother was with my sister at Mouchy, my eldest brother at Grosbois, my brother Achille in the Caucasus, but my father was with me. We both wished we might go away anywhere—to be thus in Paris was greater pain than pleasure. Also "Dattie," as Tim was then called, was a young lady of not quite two years. She disliked everything around her, would eat nothing, called French bread sour, cried for batter pudding and gravy and beer, said it was all nasty when it was with difficulty procured, and proceeded to be sick every time she touched food. I decided to go to Pau for the remainder of the winter. I took a small pavilion belonging to the Hôtel de France, and there, with rather a large suite, Mr. Garden found us on his return in the month of April. He was rather put out at my being abroad, as he had telegraphed from Madeira for me to meet him at Southampton, and not very pleased at finding me settled with a retinue of servants, as I had thought it necessary to take two nurses as well as a maid and a lady companion, also my own and my father's valet, and a gentleman who always accompanied the Prince.

Soon after Mr. Garden's arrival the men went off together on a fishing expedition to

Germany, and I returned to England, and went for a few weeks to Richmond.

Mr. Garden wrote and gave me their address, "Pike Hotel, Lucerne." They wrote and wrote again and complained that no letters had reached them. I might have known that it was one of an Englishman's practical jokes; but I was younger in those days, and very unaccustomed to jokes being played on me. Yet I honestly confess I was more than stupid not to see that the address should have been "Hôtel du Brochet," and that "Pike Hotel" would not be understood by German locals, and so my letters came back with "*Insufficient address.*" I was very angry, and remained in indignant silence till their return.

I have omitted to relate three things which took place in the summer of 1875, while Mr. Garden was away. The marriage of Colonel Bonham with Gina Sheriff comes first to my mind. It was a pretty country marriage—tents on the lawn—refreshments, toasts and speeches. The people in great form were Lady Stradbroke and Colonel Chester, who told me he had been to Chislehurst in 1872 and had had a very long political conference with the late Emperor—a conference in which the Emperor had spoken very openly of his hopes and plans for the future, not disguising the fact that he was organizing things for the restoration of the Empire, and his abdi-

cation in favour of his son. I was highly entertained, as I knew there was not one word of truth from beginning to end. Whatever the Emperor's ideas may have been I am sure he never confided them to Colonel Chester, nor do I think Colonel Chester was ever at Camden Place. The Misses Clarke from Worlingham were in their highest spirits. I had gone over with a pair of *percherons* —French post-horses—and a postilion. I drove away a few moments before the bride and bridegroom. Presently, about two hundred yards down the road, Miss Garden and myself were literally pelted with rice, slippers, and every conceivable horror. The horses shied across the road, and the man had some trouble in controlling them. We thought it rather a bad joke, but the Clarkes were highly delighted at their success and shouted with laughter. Lady Stradbroke gave a dance to celebrate the wedding. Fireworks were going on at some little distance in front of the house. I talked for some time to Lord Stradbroke, quite a type of the old school, and to Lord Waveney, whom I knew very well; I so often went to Flixton, which, according to my ideas, was by a long way the best kept and the finest place in these parts; and he spoke of de Caux and Patti. Lord Waveney said he met de Caux at dinner, he was a good talker—yes, very sufficient for himself, but very insufficient for others. He was for a long time in the

Emperor's household, but had to give up his position on account of his marriage, as no one could marry a singer and hold their position at Court. I asked for my carriage early, and had my foot on the steps when a sudden rocket startled my horses and they bolted with door open, steps down, and footman nearly knocked off his feet. Lady Stradbroke shouted for the police, who arrived, but were not of much avail in arresting my two runaways. Eventually the coachman mastered them and they were brought back. Miss Garden was already in the carriage, and a Miss Arnold whom I had brought to Henham; I had also offered a seat to a man staying with us, who had been to Southwold for the day, and walked back to Henham and got into the carriage before it drove up for us. Miss Arnold, not knowing any one was in the carriage, was rather frightened when the horses bolted, and being thrown forward, clutched the unfortunate man by the head, knocked his hat off, and left a very serious impression on it before she could regain her seat.

Two or three nights later we went to a ball at Mr. Doughty's. I danced once with the master of the house. There was supper *par petites tables*, as we say in French. Every one pushed to try to get to the top of the room to Lady Stradbroke's table. I thought it very vulgar behaviour, and wondered why Suffolk people

seemed so ignorant in comparison with London and the people I met in town. I was told Suffolk had been asleep and needed waking up. Two people were most rude and ill-mannered—a Mr. and Mrs. H——. I suppose it was in some way intimated to them, for a day or two after they came to call. My carriage was drawn up and I was just coming out of the door. I looked at them, bowed and smiled as amiably as I could and, stepping into my carriage, drove off. I am glad to say we never met again, nor do I know if they are now alive. Miss Garden was slightly fluttered, as she had known them all her life.

CHAPTER XII

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

I am rebuffed by the Empress—The Prince Imperial at Cowes—The Orleans Club—Spiritualism—Death of my father—A crowning blow—The amiable qualities of the Empress Eugénie—Her superstitions—The Zulu war—The Prince Imperial volunteers—General Fleury—The Prince's equipment—The question of his will—His last night in England—"Too late!"—The Duchess Malakoff—Zizi d'Arcos—"The Four Widows"—Funeral of the Prince Imperial—Queen Victoria and Princess Beatrice—Incidents in the Highlands—"Je Suis Louis Quatorze"

THE Empress was at all times—even in exile—very strict with regard to etiquette. I forget, but I think it was for the 1st of January, 1896, that I received an invitation to dinner at Camden Place. I went up to Claridge's, thinking it rather an expensive command. The train was somewhat late, and by the time my maid had unpacked and I was dressed, we were too late to think of catching the train to Chislehurst by which the other guests would travel and find carriages at the station to meet them. Mr. Garden ordered a landau, and we posted full speed, but the driver, as ill-luck would have it, lost his way. The night

was dark. Mr. Garden got out and looked around to take his bearings, and put us on the right road. All this lost time, and it was nearly nine o'clock when we arrived at Camden Place. As the dinner hour was 8.30 our reception was more than cool, although I was profuse in apologies. The Empress said she would never ask me to dinner again. She could not understand why I could not come by train like other people. It was only that I liked to give myself airs, she added. I mentioned that I had come up from Suffolk; but this observation was ignored. At last I was allowed to take my seat by the Prince Imperial, who was, as always, amiable and kind.

Mr. Garden was too furious for thoughts, and I so confused I could not eat. The Prince chatted, and after a while I recovered and chaffed him about his flirtations with a Spanish lady, a Mme. ——, a great friend of the Empress. He said she was still a very pretty woman. I laughed and said, "Monseigneur, je ne savais pas que vous aimiez les jambes de bois." He answered, "En effet je les préfères plus légerès—en bouchon par example." It was said that the lady had a cork leg.

It was the last New Year I ever spent with her Majesty and the Prince.

In the summer of that year I was asked to go for the Cowes week on board Mr. N. Wood's yacht, the *Corinne*. Something went wrong with

the yacht, at the last hour, and we took rooms at the Marine Hotel, Cowes, to wait for the necessary repairs. At the hotel, which was crammed, I found I was next to Lady George Lennox. Our balconies touched. She had a Miss Melita Ponsonby with her, an old maid who always did duty for the different members of the Lennox family. I made her acquaintance many years after at Brighton when she was with Lady Alexander Lennox. Some of her sayings are traditional. On the other side was Mrs. Standish, a very pretty Frenchwoman, married to Henry Standish, half English, half French, being the son of the Duke de Mouchy's aunt, Mlle. de Noailles, who married a Mr. Standish, very rich, but for some reason, after the birth of her second son, Cecil, they separated, and she lived entirely in France with her two sons, who were brought up with the Duke de Mouchy, whose mother died when he was quite young. Henry Standish had always remained on the best of terms with his father, came often to England to visit him, and inherited a large fortune at his death. On the evening of my arrival I heard from my maid that rooms had been retained for the Prince Imperial. I thought I was clever at guessing, but I was mistaken this time. Before the Prince came, Mrs. Standish had the honour of a visit from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. I was reading on my balcony when my attention was suddenly

drawn to two gentlemen laughing and talking below. I was surprised to see Henry Standish and Mr. Francis Knollys. They walked up and down, I should say, for nearly an hour. I was so astounded at what I considered Henry Standish's inconceivable behaviour that I expressed my opinion openly. I was told that it was correct etiquette for the husband to entertain Mr. Francis Knollys, or any one else in attendance, when so august a personage did a lady the honour of a visit.

I had a large basket of beautiful grapes put in the Prince Imperial's room on his arrival. Two things disappointed me: First, the person who accompanied the Prince was Adolphe Clary, and I knew he would make himself as disagreeable as he dared. Next, the yacht was longer in repairing than had been expected, and I was not able to entertain the Prince on board as I had wished to do. The Prince, on the morning after his arrival at Cowes, sent for me to come and see him. We were on the point of sitting down to lunch. Mr. Garden was a person unaccustomed to Court life, and thought an Englishman's luncheon waited for no man. I had to make my excuses and say I would come an hour later. This put Clary in a rage. He ordered the Prince's carriage for the hour I had named and scarcely allowed us ten minutes' conversation.

I was grieved to find the Prince looking ill

and tired, with his arm in a sling. I asked him if he had been to the wars. He told me he went down to Aldershot with a very gay party. After dinner they called on him to make a speech. He said he would rather give them a song, which he did, standing on a table. There was much laughing and cheering, but some young fellow, gayer than the rest, tipped up the table suddenly. The Prince lost his balance and fell backwards on to the grate where a big fire was burning, the table falling on him. Before any one could reach him, his arm was badly burned. He said he felt still very unwell, although several weeks had elapsed since his accident. Clary was knocking at the door for the second time, so we took our leave. The Prince said he had only come for a day or two for a garden *fête* being given at Eaglehurst, the pretty place occupied by the Bathyani's. I knew Mme. Bathyani slightly, having met her once or twice on her visits to her sister, Mme. Bornemann, who was one of my oldest friends in Paris. Mme. Bathyani had her niece, Anna Bornemann, with her. Rather a pretty girl, who married Comte Lutzow.

When the *Corinne* appeared in the waters of the Solent I went on board and spent a day or two off Ryde. On returning to London I went to Camden Place before burying myself in Suffolk. The Empress was in excellent spirits, with quite a crowd of French people round her, all strolling

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

[*Photograph by Bassano.*

or sitting on the lawn. Princess Poniatowska among others, who seemed in one of her frivolous moods, was catching the Empress's hand and biting, or pretending to bite, her little finger. There was evidently some joke I did not understand. The Prince Imperial was practising athletic sports with two of his friends.

While all this was going on the Empress was endeavouring to read me some passages of a letter she had just received from King Oscar of Sweden, which related to my youngest brother, who after 1870 was sent by the Emperor to King Charles, and was given by him a position in his military household. He remained with the King, who became very fond of him, and wished for him constantly during his illness. The King died in September 1872. My brother told me his greatest trial had been keeping watch through two nights of the lying in state of the dead sovereign. He left Sweden when King Oscar came to the throne, and shortly after, in November 1873, married a Russian, Princess Orbeliani. It was about the christening of their first son to whom he was to stand godfather that King Oscar had written.

Finding it quite impossible that I should hear or understand what she was reading to me, the Empress handed me the letter, saying, "Put it in your pocket. You can read it at your leisure and copy the parts that interest Louis—bring it back

the next time you come." I was rather tired in the evening when I got back to Claridge's, and thought no more of the letter. The next morning, long before the usual hour for my maid to call me, I heard a great knocking at my door. I was afraid something had happened to the children left in the country. I called out to know, and was angry but relieved when the porter said it was a note from Camden Place and that an answer was required. I told him the messenger must wait or return later, as I objected to being disturbed before my usual time. When my maid came with my breakfast she brought me the note. As I had suspected from the first it was from Clary, saying he was directed to ask me to return the King's letter per bearer. Gamble, the head of the stables, was the messenger. I told him I had not taken notes from the letter according to the Empress's wish, and would send it by messenger some time in the afternoon. Gamble said his orders were not to return without it, so the poor man, much to his disgust, had to wait a considerable time. What capital Clary thought we could make out of a letter of no particular interest to any one, I could not fathom. Mr. Garden was more than annoyed. I said I was sure it was Clary's usual spite, but Mr. Garden considered, and rightly, that having made use of him in every possible way all through the autumn and winter of 1870, having allowed him to go to

and from Wilhelmshöhe and elsewhere, as her courier, taking her dispatches without her ever offering to pay one farthing of the expenses, having herself many times given him a number of cyphered telegrams to send off, which had cost him a small fortune of which no payment had even been suggested, he was entitled to a certain amount of courtesy, and at all events civil treatment "from her paid flunkeys," as he put it. How little he knew the Empress! How little he knew the systematic rudeness which was carried on by her Court officials at the Tuileries and which continued on a small scale at Chislehurst! Many others, like Mr. Garden, felt and said they had never received the most trifling acknowledgment of all they had done and spent for her Majesty at the time of her flight and afterwards.[1]

The very first free day I went to see the Empress and hoped to have some light thrown on the incident, but I was able to elucidate nothing. The Prince and I talked together a

[1] At the time of Napoleon's death the fortune of the Empress was considerable. Apart from the value of her jewels and her properties in Spain, she owned three houses in the Rue d'Elysée computed to be worth £80,000, two buildings in Rue d'Albe worth £36,000, estates at Solferino £60,000, Jouchere £20,000, Biarritz £40,000, the Imperial palace at Marseilles £64,000, an estate in the Basses-Pyrénées £48,000, and £75,000 in cash, which, increased by legacies and thrift, gave her a total income of not less than £80,000 a year.

long time. He said how dull life was at Camden Place. We were going to take a party to Greenwich for a fish dinner on the Sunday following. Mr. Garden was to drive us down on a coach. I told the Prince it would give me real pleasure if he would join us. He said he was too sorry, he would have enjoyed it immensely, but it was impossible. I pressed him, asking why. Had he a previous engagement? He said he was certain the Empress would object. "Do let me ask," I ventured to say. "I am sure I can induce her to let you come." The Prince got rather red and said, "Non! ma cousine, je ne demande jamais rien, parceque je n'admets pas que l'on me refuse." I was grieved and surprised, I had no idea of the state of things, though of course I had heard rumours that the Prince was not his own master.

The next day I went to Bayswater to see my old uncle *à la mode de Bretagne*, Prince Louis Lucien. I wanted to talk the matter over with him. He was absolutely devoted to the Prince, and strongly advised me to accept his decision and keep what he had said to myself. It was good advice, and I strictly adhered to it. He said at times the Prince was wonderfully young and gay, and amused me by relating that the last evening he had spent at Chislehurst there was a great hue and cry because the Prince was nowhere to be found. Clary had announced dinner and

the Empress was waiting impatiently while the search continued up-stairs and down, inside and out, high and low. The Empress at last was going in to dinner with Prince Louis Lucien, when passing through the door, they heard a cock crow. Looking behind them they saw the missing culprit seated on the top of a very high screen. He jumped down, begged pardon for his joke—pardon which it seems was not as cordially given as he had anticipated. I can understand it, as personally I should have been perfectly furious if one of my children had ever played such a joke on me—more especially on a guest night.

For me 1877 was a very quiet year. I cannot remember any event worth recording except the birth of my second daughter. My father and mother passed the summer with me, my father leaving a week or two before the child's birth. All through the fall of the year I was ill. My mother did not return to France till August. Early in 1878 we engaged rooms at Claridge's and spent the winter in town. I saw a great deal of Miss Sykes—and of her friends, Lord Ranelagh, and his daughter, Emmy Jones. One of Lord Ranelagh's daughters was married to Mr. Le Breton, Mrs. Langtry's brother. The other was unmarried at the time I knew her but married, later on, Mark Napier who went out to Egypt, as it may be remembered, as the chosen barrister to defend Arabi Pasha. Miss Sykes

was also very intimate with Lady Archibald Campbell. She was anxious I should give them all a dinner at the Orleans Club which was just then the great fashion. To dine at the Orleans was the proper thing to do. Lady Archibald was a firm believer in spirits. She had been converted by a Mr. Williams whom I thought a very second-rate medium—certainly no one who had known Daniel Home could be in the least impressed by him. At dinner the conversation turned to this topic and some one sitting by Lady Archibald said, "I will believe in your spirits if they will tell me the winner of this year's Derby." She turned angrily to me and said in a loud voice: "Princess, I had no idea you would ask so commonplace a person to meet us." I was rather annoyed, as the commonplace person happened to be the member of the Orleans who was giving me the dinner. A day or two after we went, Lady Archibald, Miss Sykes and myself, to a séance at Mr. Williams'. We were ushered into a dark room, very small, with a table in the centre and curtains behind, with a door which led evidently into a small room or closet. Lady A. had a cold, and a familiar spirit was evoked who seemed quite at home and proved to have a soothing effect. I confess I saw absolutely nothing, and went away very disappointed. I had heard such wonders talked of in advance. In the evening I went to Princess Malcolm Khan,

and we had a good laugh over my adventures. Another friend of Miss Sykes she introduced to me, was the sister of a man called Jacobson whom I had known in the carbineers when they came to Norwich. Col. Napier brought him once to shoot at Redisham. I liked the sister better than the brother. She was handsome and very good company. Colonel Nassau Lees, who had a pretty house in Piccadilly, was a friend of Lord Ranelagh's. At one of his dinners I had next me Baker Pasha. To my surprise he did not look in the least like a Don Juan, nor did he talk like one. I thought him of Arcadian simplicity. I was more and more convinced he had been unjustly treated, and I longed to tell him so. It was not till later that he became Pasha. I made the acquaintance of Sir Samuel Baker and his two unmarried daughters at a concert at Sir Henry Rawlinson's. The house was very small and crowded. The staircase—as in most cases in English entertainments—being the most comfortable place. The Misses Baker thought they could sing, and were among the performers of this amateur concert. The Empress was much interested in Sir Samuel Baker's travels, and both he and Lady Baker were very kindly received at Camden Place.

The winter had slipped away, and we were all planning a large party and luncheon on board a steam launch for the boat race, which that year

was, I fancy, to take place on the 13th day of April. My father, who had for a long time been in delicate health, was not so well, so my letters said, but the English newspapers were giving rather alarming accounts—I was preparing to go to Paris, when I received a letter, saying my father was very much better, and there was no occasion for my presence. I still was undecided, feeling half inclined to ignore the advice and go and see for myself. I sent a telegram and heard he was better. This was Tuesday, the 9th of April. On Wednesday about eleven o'clock I got a telegram saying my father had died that morning at nine o'clock.

I will not attempt to speak of my sorrow—nor will I accuse any one. Mr. Garden thought that I was not in a frame of mind to go to Paris. It was alas! too late. He strongly urged my remaining in London and letting him go without me. I could not bear to do this, and decided to see the children at Redisham before crossing to France. I came here, arriving by the last train, and was forced to leave to catch the night boat from Dover the next day. I was after all prevented going. When I reached London I was feeling so ill I had to let Mr. Garden go alone. I cannot describe my solitude. I could not help thinking that I might have had a line, a word of sympathy from the Empress, the only person of the family in England. None came, but knowing what had

been done in cases of less near relatives I was certain a Mass would be said at Chislehurst on the day of the funeral. No words can express what I felt on being told that the Empress was lunching at Marlborough House with a large party of guests invited to meet some foreign Prince. This at the very hour of the funeral service in Paris. It was the crowning blow. I was wounded to the heart. Such public disrespect to the dead—such disregard for the living. Yet the Empress Eugénie is one of the most devout, one of the most fervent of Catholics. With her, religion, as with most Spaniards, is rapturous, exalted fanaticism. To hurt, to wound, to crush those over whom you have power? She was the Empress—the mother, as we hoped, of our future Emperor. From that day to this no mention of what I am relating has ever passed my lips. It has been buried in my heart during all these long years. If I could have cried my indignation to the world I might perhaps have felt less bitter. Nevertheless, let me say that the Empress Eugénie has many great and noble qualities. Otherwise how could she have so endeared herself to the Emperor, who trusted her implicitly, and gained over him the influence which carried us to our ruin? With the Empress everything is impulse. She is always swayed by the feeling of the moment. She can be most generous to a fallen foe. She forgives with admirable forbear-

ance and sweetness an injury done her by one she loves. She can be gracious and fascinating as no one else when she chooses. She can acknowledge an error, make an apology, say *mea culpa* with infinite charm. I am going to tell two instances of her enviable power of humiliating herself.

M. Achille Fould was Prime Minister. At this time the Empress was present at all Cabinet Councils held at the Tuileries in the Salle des Conseils. On the day of which I am speaking some very important political question was under discussion. The Empress was more than usually excited. Without reflecting, allowing her feelings to get the better of her prudence, she addressed M. Fould in a tone and manner which he considered offensive. He left the room, and immediately afterwards sent in his resignation. The moment was a critical one ; any change of ministry would in all probability have occasioned most serious results. It would, of course, be interesting if I could say what the question was ; but that belongs to history, and I could not trust my memory sufficiently to mention it in memoirs. The Emperor was greatly disturbed, what was to be done? M. Fould refused to remain in office. Neither the Emperor nor his colleagues could persuade him to overlook this public offence. Everything was at sixes and sevens when the Empress herself came to the rescue. Nobly sacrificing her own pride, she wrote a most charming

note to M. Fould, asking his forgiveness, and humbling herself to request as a personal favour and token of his pardon that he would withdraw his resignation. He answered her appeal, thanking her, and at once begged of the Emperor that he might retain his portfolio.

I admired the Empress for this act, the more so that I did not feel quite sure I should have had the courage so to lower my pride. Again, when Regent, the Empress was wrongly informed as to a certain person in an official position of some importance in one of the departments. With a stroke of her pen, and by telegraphic dispatch, she revoked him. The accusation had been that he was acting the part of a traitor. The unfortunate man, who was entirely devoted to the Imperial cause, was struck with horror at this sudden blow: we were told that his hair became white in one night. Years after, at Camden Place, in 1874, on the occasion of the coming of age of the Prince Imperial on his eighteenth birthday, the Empress ordered that an invitation be sent to M. ——, and before hundreds of Frenchmen assembled, who had come over to greet the Prince, she went up to him and publicly made *amende honorable* for what she had done, acknowledging, I believe, that she had in haste misjudged him and committed an act of cruel injustice which she deeply regretted, or something to this effect. I was not near enough

to hear the actual words, nor should I perhaps remember accurately.

Achille Fould, Minister of Finance, was much favoured at one time at Court. He took advantage of his position to give himself airs and behave in a most ridiculously patronizing way to the Emperor's family. I remember at the marriage ceremony of the Emperor, Fould coming into the so-called *salon de famille*, where all the Princes and Princesses of the family as well as all the Ministers and dignitaries of the Empire awaited the entrance of Napoleon and his bride. He seemed himself to want to claim the dignity of Majesty, bowing graciously to right and left and offering his hand to some of the more highly favoured. He stopped to speak to my father and held out his hand with a very condescending air. The Prince only shrugged his shoulders, saying: "Pass on, I never give my hand to such as you." Fould, somewhat surprised, hesitated and asked for an explanation; but the Prince, not being of a very enduring nature, said: "Pass on, and quickly. Take care that you do not make me repeat it." The Emperor wrote to my father remonstrating with him and complaining that he had ill-treated one of his Ministers at the wedding. The Prince replied that to oblige the Emperor and avoid offending him in future, he would refrain from being present at the Tuileries on official occasions. The Emperor did all in his

power to make my father see things in a different light, but failed. All the Prince answered was: "I will obey and come to the Tuileries, but not even you, Sire, can induce me to shake hands with a man I despise."

Like most persons who have experienced the world's reverses and vicissitudes, the Empress Eugénie yielded to a belief in omens and superstitions. She wore a beautiful emerald. Where it came from, or who gave it her, I never knew, but after the death of the Emperor and the Prince, she became very superstitious about it. She did not wish to dispose of it, yet she did not care to keep it in her possession. My sister said, "Oh, give it to me; I am not in the least superstitious." The Empress, I believe, hesitated and refused, so certain did she feel that the stone brought ill-luck. She, however, yielded to persuasion and gave the emerald. Little more than a year elapsed when my sister lost her only daughter, a lovely girl of thirteen, carried off in a few days by malignant fever. Most people dislike opals on account of the evil influence they are supposed to have on the lives of those who wear them. The will of my grandmother, the Queen of Naples, brought me the gift of two bracelets—one a wide band of black and white enamelled snakes holding a cameo of my grandfather, the other a plain gold band with a huge opal in the centre.

Snakes as well as opals are said to be unlucky.

The snake bracelet, however, I was allowed to keep, but the opal was immediately sold by my father's orders. I have often wondered what influence these doubly unlucky gifts have had on my life. While I am on the topic of opals and superstitions, I must relate one more instance. After my mother's death, among the few things sent me was a ring with three opals, a large one in the centre and a smaller one on either side, with a circle of black enamel round the ring. I was foolishly annoyed that this ring should have been selected to send to me. One afternoon in London, a year later, the spring of 1880, Mrs. Waldo Sibthorpe—a friend of Lady North's whom I often met—came to see me, and in our chat over our cup of tea I told her of the ring. She said, "Do give it me; I should so like to have it." After discussing my feeling that it might bring her ill-luck and my unwillingness to run the risk, I allowed myself to be persuaded. She carried off the ring in triumph. From that time misfortune seemed to pursue her. For years now she has been an invalid. No one knows how she has suffered; no one sees her. Two or three nurses are in constant attendance. Before falling ill she had, I believe, three deaths in her family—her father, her mother, and her husband.

How absurd these superstitions seem! Yet one cannot help thinking that certain stones, like certain dates, are unlucky to different people.

I spent the summer of 1878 at Redisham, with the exception of paying one or two short visits. In the autumn we had some shooting parties and a house party at Christmas. I went to town during the winter and spring of 1879, staying at Claridge's. I saw a good deal of Prince Louis Lucien and we went several times to Camden Place together. The war was the one topic there as it was two years ago—the war with the Zulus—war that cost France and us one life worth more than the thousands that have been cruelly sacrificed in this South African War, that has lasted nearly two years. As I write these lines, June 1, 1902, I hear peace has been declared to London by the Lord Mayor, from the balcony of the Mansion House.

The Prince Imperial was determined to take part in the Zulu War. He was tired of an idle life at Camden Place ; tired of waiting, longing to be doing something, longing to show them in France that he was a soldier and worthy to be their Emperor. In the first moment of surprise when his wish was communicated to the Empress she opposed it violently. Soon, however, whether by the Prince's persuasive powers or by her own changeable mood—who can say?—she became more eager than the Prince himself. The Duke of Cambridge demurred. He said the responsibility would be too great—the presence of the Prince would create anxieties and difficulties for

Lord Chelmsford. The Empress and the Prince sought the Queen, and it was by Queen Victoria's express permission that the Prince was allowed to join the troops leaving for Zululand. It was said that the Queen wished to give the Prince an opportunity of distinguishing himself. M. Rouher, chief of the Imperialist party, came on wings to Chislehurst to prevent so mad a thing. Alas! he was over-ruled.

It was then proposed that our Prince should be accompanied by thirty young soldiers, many his own friends with whom he had been brought up. My nephew, Prince Joachim Murat, Conneau, Corvisart, Bourgoing, all his own age, would have defended him with their lives. The Empress declined. She said if her son was to go to the war it must be alone like any other soldier, trusting himself, giving himself, to England. General Fleury, among others, was eloquent in putting before the Empress that the Prince belonged to France—that he had no right to risk his life. Nothing availed. The Prince was sent alone.

M. Rouher, who had been one of the principal agents in creating for the Prince Imperial the false position which made his life at Camden Place so painful a one, now knelt, and prayed the Prince, using every argument in his power to induce him to abandon his project. The Prince replied that the Queen had his word, and that, having asked a favour, he would not

break his promise. I am told that General Fleury's *Memoirs*, left to be published after the death of the Empress, will throw light on all these questions. I wonder if they will explain the parsimony which her Majesty exercised towards her son. It is certain that the Prince was constantly so short of money that he was forced to refuse to join his friends at Woolwich on many occasions, being unable to pay his share of expenses. I remember during one of my visits to town being told by Madame B—— the following—

She said she had dined the day before with General Fleury, with whom she was most intimate—that he deplored the position almost of penury in which the Prince lived. He said that a luncheon was given by the Prince to several guests, himself among the number—that when the account was brought the Prince saw that it was much higher than he had anticipated, and not having sufficient money by one or two sovereigns, turned to the General and asked if he would be his banker. The luncheon was in the public room at the St. James—now the Berkeley.

All those who lived more or less at Court under the Second Empire knew that General Fleury, so devoted to the Emperor, was constantly at variance with the Empress. After the Emperor's death the General made a claim for payment for some horses he had bought for

H.M., which caused some displeasure. He also at one time, later on, urged that the Prince should be allowed a house in town for a season—himself remaining with the Prince and seeing that everything was on a proper footing, such as befitted the Prince's position in London *en garçon*. But the appeal was in vain.

The question of the Prince's equipment had been a very serious one. General Fleury was of opinion that the first makers in England should receive orders for saddles, bridles and everything that could be required. Money was, or should have been, of no importance. The arguments and discussions on the subject tired the Prince. The Empress thought that the Stores could supply ready-made saddlery at much less cost. She had most probably been impressed by some of those around her that the ready-made goods were in every respect equal to those suggested by General Fleury and others. Therefore the Prince's entire outfit was bought at the Stores. My readers will soon see why I insist on these details, seemingly of little interest. The Prince always did in every way just as the Empress wished. Could he have given a greater proof of this than the will he left behind him—of which, at all events, the political part was dictated if not, as some affirm, written for and copied by him? The few lines of legacies added the night before he left Chislehurst alone emanated from the

Prince himself. No one who knew the Prince as we did could believe him capable of expressing sentiments and naming a successor which would, and must fatally disunite a party and separate a father and son. The heir to the dynasty, failing the Prince Imperial, was by right of succession, the Prince Napoleon. Could the Prince Imperial have wished to set aside the father in favour of the son? He, so honest, so just, so true in every action of his too short life; he who worshipped his father and had been the Emperor's pupil in all political matters? Comte d'Hérisson says in one of his books that two wills written out by M. Rouher, the political leader of the party, were handed to the Prince. Seeing that he must choose one or the other he selected the one he considered the more moderate.

Putting everything else aside, the Prince Imperial knew that he had no right whatever to designate a successor. The Prince Napoleon was *de facto* rightful heir to the throne of France —if we ignore divine right!

The Prince never wavered in his decision. The die was cast . . . irrevocably. M. Quentin Bauchart tells in his book, *Fils d'Empereur*, that one day a short time before his departure, the Prince and his friend Conneau were walking together when suddenly, as if inspired, the Prince stopped, and looking up at a radiant sky said half aloud, as if to himself, "This is perhaps

my last Spring." The evening before leaving Camden Place the Prince requested that all the servants in the place—many of whom had been with him in France—should assemble in the hall, that he might bid them good-bye. He passed along, shaking hands with each and saying a few words of farewell. They were all agitated, and most of them in tears. The Prince alone was cheerful, encouraging the old servants he had known nearly all his life—bidding them look forward to his return. I was not present, but I heard all I am relating from different persons at the time. This month of February I was in Paris. I had been rather anxious about my mother's health, and a friend of mine who had gone over with Lady North and her daughter *en route* for Nice, wrote me, saying from what he heard, he thought I was left in ignorance of the serious illness of the Princess, and advised my coming immediately. I got this letter on Saturday, the 8th of February, and left by the first available boat, wiring for my brother to meet me, as Mr. Garden was prevented leaving with me. I heard on my arrival that there was little, if any, hope. On Monday my mother died. I cannot write all the sadness of her sufferings—it was awful. I cannot dwell on these souvenirs, but will only say that in consequence we were all unable to be in England at the time of the Prince's departure for South Africa. The night

before he left there was a large dinner party at Camden Place for relations and friends.

My uncle, Louis Lucien, who was present, often told me about that dinner, and his praises of the Prince were without end. He said his anxiety for him on this perilous expedition was very great. He mentioned how touching on this evening were the Prince's attentions to his mother, with what grace and spirit he endeavoured to make the last dinner cheerful—a difficult task when the depression of each heart shows itself so plainly.

It was not, I believe, till twelve o'clock that the Prince sought his room, glad to be alone, glad to be able to think. The night was a dull and rainy one, not unlike the night of years ago, his first night at Camden Place. M. Quentin Bauchart in his book tells us with infinite charm of imagination all the thoughts and feelings of the Prince, in the few hours of solitude of that night. He tells us that the Prince reviewed his whole life, saw it all pass before him as in a panorama, saw himself riding up the Champs Elysées, passing through the triumphal arch, acclaimed by the multitude—heard once more the cries of "Vive l'Empereur! Vive le Prince Imperial!" Saw himself the hero of a short-lived hour at Saarbrück—saw himself flying for his life, after Sedan [1] —his arrival in England after the conflicting

[1] It will be remembered that the Prince did not accompany the Army to Sedan.

dispatches from the Emperor on the one hand and the Empress on the other—his meeting with his mother—the arrival of the Emperor at Dover after the signature of the Versailles treaty. His nine years at Chislehurst—melancholy years of exile—the agony of his arrival from Woolwich too late to see the Emperor alive—his rush to the chamber of death, madly hoping to catch a last breath, a sigh! then his coming of age—the brightness of the scene, the gay crowd, the thousands of French voices lifted in cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" and through it all the voice in his heart whispering, "Oh, that the dead could hear! could see! . . ." Turning from the window where he had been standing, he sits at his writing-table, his one lamp lighting the room: leaning his head on his hands he tries to collect his thoughts: to shut the dream from his mind: to face what is, not what has been—taking his pen he writes his will. He leaves the fortune left by the Princess Bacciochi —about £12,000 a year, which by some reason he was not to enjoy for several years to come—to his mother, and legacies to four of his young friends of "100 mille francs chaque," and other legacies. He recommends his cousin, Prince Victor Napoleon, to the Empress—then throwing down his pen, he prays. . . .

Perhaps, who can say that he loses heart in these moments of despair—at bidding adieu to all

heretofore so loved, going forth alone to the great Unknown. . . . Perhaps a presentiment of evil falls upon him. . . . Perhaps at last, the folly of his act overwhelms him. Perhaps, he remembers St. Helena . . . too late! He, a Napoleon, has promised to be a soldier of the Queen! To fight for England! To wear the English uniform! You see, like M. Bauchart, I am letting my imagination wander—and here I must stop, as I am sure that no such thought as the last expressed was ever the Prince's. Such might, such would have been my feelings had I been in his place—but he was the beloved pupil of the Emperor, who devoted the two years of his exile at Chislehurst to the Prince's education politically, and to forming the Prince's ideas and fashioning his mind according to his own. The Prince's one ambition was to resemble the Emperor in every way. He even tried to copy his walk. . . . The father's love of England lived again in the son, and, speaking of love, was there not another English love which weighed in the balance? Was there not the Princess Beatrice? But love is too delicate a subject to be touched upon lightly, so saying good-bye to conjectures I return to facts.

The dawn of February the 27th saw the Prince *en route* for Southampton where he embarked for Natal—embarked in a campaign to fight and deprive of their liberty a people who had once belonged to his race. It is probably not

well known that the Cape of Good Hope belonged to Holland and was taken from King Louis by the English at the time when the Prince's grandfather was King of the Netherlands.

The Prince took, I believe three horses with him. One died during the voyage or was in some way disabled: another died soon after his arrival in Natal. He bought two horses almost immediately on landing, one, a grey, bore the name of Fate—a quiet animal without vice, but restless and difficult to mount if other horses were moving on. Strangely, this was the horse the Prince was riding on the day of his death—the day when Lieutenant Carey, saying he knew the country well, was sent to select a new encampment, and the Prince asked and obtained permission to accompany him.

So much has been written, so much was said at the time that every one knows all that I could tell of the sad event that followed. Comte d'Hérisson, in his book on the Prince, reminds us that history repeats itself in the Napoleon dynasty. The two Emperors, Napoleon I and Napoleon III, found their death on English soil. Of the two sons of the Imperial race, the Duke of Reichstadt and the Prince Imperial, one it is said died poisoned in Austria, the other by treachery in South Africa; both far from France in stranger-land; leaving a problem for future generations to solve. It was published in the English papers of the day that

in a London hospital, a Communard, when dying, confessed that he had been given "50 mille francs" by the French Government to go to Zululand and bribe those round the Prince to betray and entrap him, and that it was thus that the unfortunate Prince was led to his death: that something of the kind had been proposed before he left England, but that their victim was too closely guarded.

The Prince Imperial left England with his faithful French valet, Uhlmann, and two English grooms recommended to him by some military man in London. On a certain morning he accompanied a small reconnoitring party into the bush where they made a halt. While they were dismounted they were surprised by a body of Zulus and surrounded. The Prince was marvellously skilful in vaulting into the saddle without touching the stirrup, even when his horse was moving. This he no doubt attempted on the fatal day, but owing to a twist or strain from which he had been suffering he probably failed, but succeeded in putting his left foot in the stirrup. As he threw his leg over, the stirrup leather gave way, broke in two, and he fell backwards. . . . I saw the saddle and examined it. It bore the traces of what I have tried to describe. The leather was cut or deeply scratched all across the saddle by the Prince's spur as he fell back. Now, when too late, it was recognized

and bitterly deplored, that had the Prince's equipment been of different make he might have escaped, although alone, abandoned, and unaided, the terrible death that awaited him.[1]

I was not surprised that the Prince had wished to stop and sketch. It was a pastime of which he was particularly fond and he did water colours rather prettily: a talent he no doubt inherited from the Emperor, whose principal amusement it was during his captivity at Ham. In 1839, when returning to the United States from Florence after the death of the Queen, his mother, my father obtained permission of the French Government to visit his cousin, Prince Louis Napoleon; he brought back a charming souvenir, a small landscape painted by the Prince. It was mounted in tortoiseshell—a card case and memorandum book combined. It took my six-year-old fancy and I have never forgotten it, though I cannot remember seeing it after we left America.

It was to Lord Sidney that the Queen confided the saddest of all missions—to acquaint the

[1] This statement is confirmed by the late Dr. Archibald Forbes, who was in Zululand as a war correspondent and knew the Prince Imperial well, and who wrote—

"No doubt he made a desperate effort, trusting to the strength of his grasp on the band of leather crossing the pommel from holster to holster. That band tore under his strain. I inspected it next day and found it no leather at all, but paper faced. So that the Prince's fate really was attributable to shoddy saddlery."—*Century Magazine*, June 1893.

Empress Eugénie of the death of her only child, the Prince Imperial of France. On arriving at Chislehurst, Lord Sidney was received by the Duke de Bassano, who, on hearing the news, asked to be allowed to convey to the Empress the presence of Lord Sidney and prepare her for the dreadful message he bore. It was therefore in reality the Duke de Bassano who told the poor mother of her loss.

The Empress was not totally unaware that some accident had happened to the Prince. A letter had come early in the morning from a club friend to Pietri, who was away on a holiday. The Empress opened the letter—she scarcely knew why—no doubt a presentiment, an anxious feeling prompted her. The letter was marked "Immediate," and had been sent by train and taken up to Camden Place by a railway porter. So it was that, seeing the Duke approach her, she cried, "You have bad news of the Prince—I know—I will start at once—I am getting ready—giving orders—we leave immediately for Cape Town." In her precipitation she was going to ring the bell to send for her women.

Poor Empress! she had not grasped, she could not grasp, the truth. The Duke, beside himself with grief, summoned all his courage to his aid and faltered out the irrevocable words, "Trop tard —Madame, trop tard." The Empress gave one despairing cry and fell in a dead faint at his feet.

As far as I remember, this was on Friday. On Saturday, by the earliest train I could, I left for London, and took rooms at the Albemarle Hotel. My sister the Duchess de Mouchy, my brother Prince Murat—the two real and most devoted friends of the Empress Eugénie, who had been at her side in all her troubles both before and after our downfall—had already arrived from France. They came over by the night boat and went on to Camden Place. Before the next day all the hotels round me, Brown's, the Pulteney, Claridge's, were full of what in old days I should have called *nos intimes.* The Duchess Malakoff and her daughter had rooms at the Albemarle just above me. The Duchess was a Spanish woman, a very old friend of the Empress. They had been girls together. It was to her friendship that Mlle. Pariega owed her marriage with Marshal Pelissier, Duke of Malakoff. Rather a rough diamond, but with a splendid career behind him.

Stéphanie Tascher de la Pagerie says, "Le titre de Duchesse de Malakoff eut été beau s'il n'eut fallu devenir la femme du Maréchal Pélissier pour y avoir droit."

When I arrived at Camden Place I was in doubt if I should be able to see the Empress. My sister and Zizi d'Arcos were the only two persons who had been allowed access. The poor woman had neither slept nor rested and

scarcely eaten a mouthful since the terrible news had reached her. Unfortunate mother. Her remorse must have been as great as her grief. I pitied her from the bottom of my heart. Could a greater misfortune have befallen her! I can conceive no deeper sorrow than the loss of an only son, and such a son as the Prince Imperial. To her it meant death to every cherished hope.

Zizi d'Arcos was another one of those most intimate at Court although she had no official position. Mrs. Vaughan brought her two pretty daughters to Paris, and through the patronage of the Duke de Morny and Mme. Le Hon had invitations to Court. Zizi, the eldest, became a great favourite with the Empress, who conceived the project of a marriage with one of her oldest friends and admirers—a Spaniard, Domingo d'Arcos. Many years after the marriage, about the time of which I am writing, Domingo, who had been in a very critical state for some time, went out of his mind. The war and his removal to England seemed to give him the finishing stroke and be the torment of his ravings. He died in a London hotel, I think Brown's, I cannot be quite sure. Every one spoke of the devotion of his wife. Her sister, who married a Vaughan, a cousin, could not find words to express Zizi's admirable conduct in nursing her husband through so painful an illness; people were much

impressed. She was welcomed more warmly than ever at Chislehurst. Zizi and her sister usually accompanied the Empress to Windsor, and played the part of ladies-in-waiting whenever their services were required. On these occasions the "four widows," as those on duty with the Queen called them, put their heads together. They had a great deal to say, and the Court looked on in trembling for the gale that usually followed. At Camden Place on her frequent visits Mme. d'Arcos was like a watch-dog, although I am not sure that she always slept on the mat outside her mistress's door.

None of the Empress's *dames du palais*—twelve in number—followed her to England. Most of them belonged more or less to the Faubourg St. Germain. Foremost among these were Mme. de la Bédoyère, whose arrival in a room was often likened by the Tuileries set to the lighting of a chandelier, and her willowy sister Mme. de la Poëze, daughters of the Marquis de la Roche Lambert, more noble than rich. The emoluments were worth accepting, and they lowered their pride to be ladies-in-waiting at the Tuileries. One other I will name—the Marquise de Cadore. She was charming—so lovely to look at. We were always delighted when it was her *tour de service*. So many of the household of the Empress, both men and women, without reason made themselves perfectly odious

THE EX-EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

From a Photograph taken in Paris, 1906.

to the members of the Emperor's family. One day in particular, I remember, some one of them more venturesome than the rest (who were wise enough to confine their incivilities to the younger members such as myself) dared to be discourteous to Princess Marie de Bade, Duchess of Hamilton. She wrote asking the Emperor to come and see her. She afterwards told us that she had complained of the disrespectful attitude of the *entourage* in general—and she added that if the Emperor chose to allow his family to be put under the Empress's slipper she, for one, had no intention of submitting to such treatment. "My dear Marie, what would you have me do?" exclaimed the Emperor. "I give her my family to govern, as I cannot give her the State." The State followed, however, for shortly afterwards the Empress was present at all the Cabinet councils.

What a fearful revelation! How in those hours of solitude and anguish she must have deplored the fatal mistakes, the ill-judged severity, the desire to keep all authority in her own hands, both political and at home! Her very affection and anxiety for her son and the restoration of the Empire led her to exercise over him a control against which his independent spirit was constantly in rebellion. No doubt she now, too late, realized her error—error into which her very love had betrayed her.

I was going back to town; I felt I could not

trespass on the heart-rending misery of that hour. Just then the Empress sent my sister to fetch me to her. The door opened and shut, we were left alone. The room was in profound darkness. It was a trying moment! I could see only to grope my way to a figure seated in the middle of the room in a high arm-chair with a bureau table alongside, a footstool under her feet, and a large rug thrown over her. This was what I saw when my eyes became accustomed to the *clair obscure*. I went forward and, kneeling, kissed her hand. My heart was full of sorrow and pity —such utter hopelessness, such anguish, was in every feature of her face, in every movement of her hands, in the few words she spoke. I remained a few minutes only; understanding what an effort even those few words must cause her. I could be of no use to her. In such a case nothing could be of any avail, vain words a mockery, sympathy almost an offence. All this and more I felt as I left her with her despair.

The next day I returned to Redisham. We had a long-standing engagement for the first week of the July meeting at Newmarket. Mr. Garden was anxious not to disappoint our friends, as a suite of rooms had been reserved for us at the Rutland Arms. I went with him, but was careful not to show myself at the races or anywhere in public. So the week was rather a dull one, and I was not sorry when it came to an end. On the 8th

I travelled back to the Albemarle Hotel. The funeral ceremony was to take place on the 12th. My youngest brother, Prince Louis, had arrived from Russia and was staying at the Pulteney. His wife—in delicate health—had been unable to accompany him. We went to Chislehurst the next morning, with no intention of seeing the Empress, but to hear what had been settled about the ceremonial and if we were to be at Camden Place on the previous day for the reception of the cortège from Woolwich. We learned that our presence would not be required on Friday the 11th.

My sister told me that the Empress thought of nothing, spoke of nothing, but the Prince and his sufferings during the African campaign. She never inquired as to any of the arrangements for the return and reception of the body, nor even asked the day on which it would reach England's shores. The only wish she expressed was that my brother Prince Murat should, with a suite designated, meet the *Orantes* at Portsmouth.

Those designated to accompany H.H. the Prince Murat were H.H. the Prince Charles Bonaparte, the Comte Davilliers, the Marquis de Bassano, the Baron de Bourgoing, the Comte de Turenne, the Vicomte Aguado. To the astonishment of every one, General Fleury, so intimately associated with the Prince's life, more especially during his exile, was not designated to be either

at Portsmouth or at Woolwich on the occasion of the ceremonial of identifying the body. I have already said that the General was not a favourite with the Empress. On many occasions he had ventured to oppose her will both on private and political questions. General Fleury had been one of the first to come over from France to put himself entirely at the Empress's commands, and, I heard, felt most deeply being set aside and allowed no part in the ceremonial. I suppose some observation was made on the subject, as when the Queen entered the Chapelle Ardente on the day of the funeral, General Fleury was ordered to take his place with other generals near the coffin. All the night of the 11th the coffin was guarded by officers of the household or relatives, each hour the guard being relieved. The Duke de Mouchy remained many hours with the dear remains of our lost Prince, and the Empress spent nearly all night kneeling in prayer.

The dawn of Saturday found her still clinging to the coffin, saying between her sobs : " Voilà tout ce qui me reste de mon fils ! "

The opening of the coffin had taken place at Woolwich. The features of the poor little Prince were so disfigured as not to be recognizable—one eye was gone and he was covered with wounds—seventeen, I believe—all received facing the foe. Was it the Prince ? Who could be sure ? Two things only proved his identity. Dr. Thomas

Evans was present at the opening of the coffin. He swore to the teeth he had filled, to the mouth that he had attended for so many years. The scar the Prince had on his left side was there, and gave the second proof required. When quite a boy he fell from a trapeze in the gymnasium and hurt his side. A large abscess formed, and an operation became necessary. The scar left was the one I refer to.

My brother was so overcome during the examination of the body that he nearly fainted, and had to summon all his courage to go through with the painful duty imposed upon him : not to leave the coffin for one second till it was again closed.

The dawn of the 12th of July of the year 1879 was full of golden light and sunshine, seeming such a mockery to the feeling of deep sorrow that invaded my heart as I was roused from my sleep at an early hour. We were under orders to be at Camden Place before the arrival of the Queen, who was due at 10.15. A friend of Mr. Garden's, a Mrs. Crawley, was anxious to get into the grounds to see the funeral procession. I always wonder so sad a sight can attract any one. She had not been able to get a ticket of admission, and I had none to give her. I did the only thing I could do, which was to pass her in in my carriage. At the last moment, just as we were ready to start, it was observed that Mrs. Crawley (who went by the distinguished name of Teddydine) had not

understood that she was required to be all in black. I hastily supplied some few articles of mourning, but Mr. Garden's gloves had to be requisitioned, as mine were of no use! How comic her hands looked! I could not help laughing, though I was in no humour for mirth.

The drive from London to Chislehurst seemed paved with heads, especially as we drew near the latter place. At the stable entrance of Camden Place we drew up to put our passenger out before driving to the house. I knew I was late, and I was getting rather nervous, as no carriage could pass after the hour at which the Queen was expected. The Prince Napoleon, his two sons, his sister the Princess Mathilde, and the Princess Eugénie Murat, my brother's eldest daughter, waited in a small drawing-room overlooking the front of the house reserved for the reception of the Queen, and in which the saddle and everything which had belonged to the little Prince in Zululand had been placed. The room was literally smothered in flowers—wreaths, crosses, bouquets—and the floor covered with roses. As the clock marked twenty minutes past ten, the Queen's approach was signalled, and at 10.25 the Prince Murat, the Duke and Duchess de Mouchy, the generals and officers of the Imperial household, moved forward to receive her Majesty. The Queen carried an immense wreath, which she wished herself to place on the coffin.

She was followed by Princess Beatrice bearing a large violet-coloured crystal cross, with garlands of violets around it—so heavy that General Fleury, I think it was, took it from her and handed it to the Duke de Mouchy, who advanced with her to where the Queen was standing near the catafalque, which was raised by three steps with black and white draperies. An English flag was thrown over the coffin.

The Queen's emotion was evident when she said, "Poor child, you well deserve my crown of laurels."

The Duchess de Mouchy then conducted the Queen to the room of which I have spoken. Prince Napoleon himself presented his sons to her Majesty. A few moments later, eleven o'clock, the Queen and Princess Beatrice left the house, crossing by a pathway of black carpet to the stand erected for the Royal Family. At the same moment the Princess Mathilde and Princess Eugénie proceeded to the little Church of St. Mary, where the funeral ceremony was to take place. I remained in the room, looking at, touching the treasures which were all that remained of our beloved Prince. Meantime the procession was forming slowly beneath the window. . . . Of this I need not speak, as every paper of the day, if referred to, would tell far better and more accurately what took place than could my memory. I knew nothing, saw nothing,

as I stood transfixed, gazing vacantly at the thing before me—one thought, one feeling filled my mind and heart: Had all these hundreds of French people come over the water to see the sight of a Napoleon, a son of France, their Prince Imperial thus carried to his last resting-place! A great tribute was paid, a high honour intended, and had I been the Empress I should have been, as she no doubt was, deeply touched and grateful: but if she had had one drop of our blood in her veins no English flag would have covered his coffin, no English princes would have carried him to his grave. Years after, when this country cried out with one voice that they would have an English princess for their future Queen, one born and bred with them—English heart and soul—how well I understood the wish. . . . Marie Louise and the Roi de Rome—Empress Eugénie and the Prince Imperial—what a lesson for generations to come!

I plead forgiveness, oh my English readers, if ever my Memoirs fall into your hands. Remember then that the writer, who loved her country, loved her race beyond expression, had for nearly thirty-two years been wounded every day by some heathen, who purposely or ignorantly had wantonly crushed her heart, crushed her spirit, hurt her pride, abused her country, stamped upon her race. . . .

Presently I woke with a shudder—the pro-

cession was moving off. Pietri was standing a little way from the window pointing with his arms thrown out in a great gesture of despair to the line now slowly winding through the grounds. At that moment the door opened and Mr. Garden walked in. So great had been my pre-occupation that I had never noticed that he had not taken his place in the funeral procession. He asked if he might order the carriage—he wished to leave immediately. It was neither the time nor place to ask any questions : I only said, " I cannot leave before the Queen."

As soon as the procession had left the grounds the Queen and the Princess Beatrice walked across the lawn to the house. The Queen sent for the Duchess de Mouchy, who accompanied her to the door of the boudoir up-stairs where the Empress had expressed the wish to see her. The room was dark, as when I had seen it. The opening of the door just gave sufficient light for the Queen to see the Empress standing to receive. She threw her arms round her and they mingled their tears and sobs in a long embrace. The Princess Beatrice, finding herself alone, left the drawing-room and went with me to the *Chapelle Mortuaire.* All was as it had been an hour before. The candles were still burning ; the rose leaves—all roses from France—still covered the floor : flowers were thrown here and there, lilies mingling their sweet scent with the perfume of

incense. The Princess knelt and gathered a few flowers—a handful of the roses on which the coffin had rested—all that remained of her short poem of love.

In the autumn, about the second week of September, I was advised by Dr. Playfair that I needed rest and quiet and he suggested either Braemar or Pitlochry. We were very fond of salmon fishing, so we decided for Deeside. The early summer must have been a very rainy one, as on my return home to prepare for my Scotland trip I found the haymakers still in the fields and spent two or three happy days with the children romping in the hay. I left for Braemar on the 18th of September, with two or three friends—Mr. Garden, being detained for a few days on business in town, promised to join us almost immediately. We travelled by the night express to Aberdeen and stayed one day and night there before going on to Ballater. My first experience of a Scotch train—stopping so often and going at a pace that my American trotters of old days would have been ashamed of. On arriving at Ballater, we found a carriage and post-horses waiting for us, and late in the evening we reached the Fife Arms, where rooms had been engaged.

We made excursions every day to some spot of the pretty country round us. Old Mar Lodge and the Quoich were among our favourite resorts.

We had taken luncheon with us one lovely warm morning and intended to do some sketching near the Quoich, when we were disturbed by the sight of the Royal carriages in the distance. Being accustomed to the strict etiquette of the Tuileries, I hastily gathered together all my belongings, live and dead stock, and made a retreat. The Queen often drove through Braemar during my stay.

The Empress Eugénie was daily expected at Abergeldie, lent to her by the Queen. One Sunday morning I saw from my window the Empress and her suite drive past to the little Catholic chapel a hundred yards from the hotel. Considering it my duty, I went to the chapel and waited outside till Mass was said in order that I might present my respects to her Majesty. She was most gracious and talked to me for some time, and we walked back to her carriage together. I then took my leave of her and stood waiting till she had driven off. How often in my life I have done an unwelcome, irksome thing to find that I was unjustly accused and wrongly blamed! So it was in this case.

I remained some weeks longer at Braemar, and then went further north. On returning to town I announced my intention of going to Chislehurst to say good-bye to the Empress, who was then about to undertake her voyage to Zululand to see the spot where the poor little Prince lost his life. She replied "that, being on the eve of her

departure, she was too busy to see me." Knowing the Empress, I was not the least surprised, and should have thought it quite ordinary had I not by the morning's post received a letter from my sister, who was staying at Camden Place, telling me that her Majesty was greatly annoyed at several things I had, or was supposed to have, done during my stay at Braemar. I puzzled my brain in vain to discover in what I had incurred her displeasure. From that day to this I have held myself aloof—only performing such obligations as my position imposed on me. Some year or two later, when talking of different things to my uncle Prince Lucien, he suddenly asked me why I had been so foolish at Braemar? I asked in what. He was astonished to hear that I was absolutely ignorant of the crimes imputed to me. To be true, I had never even taken the trouble to inquire. The Emperor and the Prince both gone, I more or less, alas! English—what could it matter? I was wrong. Everything matters, if not for oneself, for others dear to you. Prince Lucien told me my offences—trivial enough—but here they are. In my haste to leave the Quoich that day when sketching, I had dropped my handkerchief. It had been picked up by one of the Royal party, and the story which reached the Empress was that my handkerchief bore the Royal arms of Naples embroidered in the corners. If it had been true, would it have caused disagreement between

England and Italy? Certainly the French Republic would not have interfered. My handkerchief had a single crown in one corner. The other misdemeanour was that I had been seen with race glasses bracketed on the Queen while her horses were being changed at the hotel. The Queen, it was asserted, had caused inquiries to be made as to who occupied the rooms. She was informed they were mine.

The moment it was mentioned to me I remembered hearing of the incident at the time, for it made quite a sensation in the hotel. Two old maids, who had probably never seen the Queen, had stood, not in any room, but in the doorway of the hotel and annoyed her Majesty by staring at her through eye-glasses. The Queen called one of her attendants and gave some orders, saying, I believe, that if she were to be subjected to such impertinence she should in future change horses elsewhere.

I need scarcely say that I attempted no defence. We all who lived at Court knew too well that a pretext is easily found when wanted. Had not the candidature of Prince Leopold von Hohenzollern to the throne of Spain been made the transparent pretext for the Franco-German war of 1870? I treated the imputation cast upon me with the silent contempt I felt.

My uncle urged me to write, but I refused, and, taking a page from a book of greater suffer-

ings than mine, I withdrew, like the snail, into my shell, carrying my disgrace with me. My mother, who was always very lenient towards the failings and errors of those around her, indulgent to her children, and more especially partial to her sons, ventured once to expostulate with the Empress on the harshness of her judgments and the severity of her decisions. Carried away by her feelings, the Empress answered, "Ah! ma cousine, vous êtes Louis Seize—n'oubliez pas que je suis Louis Quatorze!" In these few words we may read the history of the Second Empire and its reverses.

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